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THE

MIRROR.

A PERIODICAL PAPER, publiſhed at EDINBURGH in the years 1779 and 1780.

Veluti in ſpeculo.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for W. CREECH, *Edinburgh*; and W. STRAHAN, and T. CADELL, *London*.
MDCCLXXXI.

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THE

MIRROR.

N° 75. TUESDAY, *January* 25. 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I REMARK, that you meddle not with the high matters of politics. For this, you muſt anſwer to yourſelf, being that you are able to write printed papers. I am a member of eighty-five ſocieties, all zealous for the liberty of the preſs, in conſiſtency with, and in conformity to, our eſtabliſhment; and ſo I think that you are at liberty to write of thoſe things only whereof you have underſtanding; and, if ſo be, that, by reaſon of your ſilence, you abuſe, or, as one may ſay, vilipend the liberty of the preſs, judge you yourſelf; as for me, I ſay nothing.

But, although you give us no news yourſelf, perhaps you have ſomething to ſay with

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the gentlemen who make the news; and, if ſo, I hope that you will recommend it to them ſo to write, as that they may be underſtood of men who are not book-learned.

They, being book-learned gentlemen, write in divers tongues, whereby we poor ſimple men are at a loſs, and Europe may be overthrown by compacts and aſſociations, or ever we can underſtand the danger.

Not many days ago, I read in the news, that ſome good men put up an advertiſement on a ſtatue, with this ſuperſcription, *pro patria mori*, and that the ſuperſcription rejoiced all honeſt hearts. I inquired of our *deacon*, who received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-ſchool of *Leſmahagoe*, what was the meaning of the words; and he made anſwer, that the words were Latin, and that he thought they would be found in the Latin Dictionary; the which having got, I, on ſearching, diſcovered, that *pro* ſignified *for the ſake of*, and that *patria* ſignified *a man's native country*, and that *mori* ſignified *fooliſh and ſilly perſons*.

Wherefore, by joining together the words, I conjectured, moreover, that the interpretation of *pro patria mori* was *fooliſh or ſilly perſons*

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ſons for the ſake of their native country; or that, *they who act for their native country are fooliſh and ſilly perſons.*

Now, Sir, if ſo be that this is ſo, I moreover conjecture, that the honeſt men who put up the advertiſement, and they who rejoiced thereat, were deceived through ignorance of the Latin tongue, and that to them there was no cauſe of rejoicing.

Of that tongue I think no good: It is reported amongſt us, that the maſs is written in it, the which I renounce, and alſo abominate, &c. I am, SIR, your Honour's, to ſerve you at command,

TIMOTHY SHUTTLEWORTH.

P. S. Weaving performed in all its branches at reaſonable rates; alſo, cloth taken in for the Dalquharn bleachfield.

My worthy correſpondent Mr Shuttleworth, in the after part of his letter, intruſts me with his ſentiments concerning ſome very momentous ſubjects; but I ſhould not deſerve the ho-

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nour of his friendſhip, were I to impart to the public what has been communicated to me in confidence.

Not knowing his direction, and not having been favoured with a cypher from him, I can only ſay, that "that *n. p.* had no more in-"fluence in the matter of the *c. p.* and the "*p. b.* than th— m—n of th— m—n; and "of this Mr Shuttleworth may reſt aſſured."

With reſpect to the Latin words, which have been the innocent cauſe of ſo much uneaſineſs to him, they are taken from a Roman poet, but no Roman Catholic; in metre, accommodated to the courſe of my friend's ſtudies, they ſignify,

That for our fathers' land to die, it is a comely thing.

As, indeed, *I meddle not with the high matters of politics*, I ſhall only add, that it is to be hoped there are very few who conſult *Shuttleworth's* dictionary.

Since I have been deſired to adviſe the *Authors* of news-papers to write intelligibly, I muſt ſay ſomething on that ſubject, leſt my ſilence ſhould be conſtrued into an acknowledgement.

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ledgement of my little credit with thoſe gentlemen.

Of their ſkill in the learned languages, I pretend not to give any opinion. Thus much, however, I may be allowed to ſay without offence, that they are the hiſtorians of the vulgar; that, in our country, the perſons who paſs under the name of the vulgar, are not unconcerned ſpectators of national events, and, "that what relates to all, ought to be "underſtood of all."

A man may write in the native language of his readers, and yet be unintelligible. For example, when contrary propoſitions are poſitively aſſerted, when paragraphs encounter with paragraphs, and "joſtle in the dark," what muſt be the ſtate of him who ſits down to ſpell the news-papers with the determined reſolution of believing whatever he ſees in print?

There is a pleaſure in giving good advice, and therefore, I muſt take this opportunity of going a little beyond my friend's commiſſion.

A witty ſtateſman of the days of our fathers obſerved, "that *John Bull* was always in the "garret, or in the cellar." John's *own* ſiſter *Margaret*, although not quite ſo delicate in

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her ſenſations, has much of the family-diſpoſition. If the wind ſets in to the eaſt, then we are a betrayed, and abandoned, and loſt people; but, on the wind coming round to the weſt, what nation ſo glorious and well-governed as ours? Our perfidious enemies ſhall know what it is to rouſe the *Lion*, to annoy the *Thiſtle*, or to put the *Harp* out of tune.

Such being the diſpoſition of readers apt to be depreſſed or elevated on every occaſion, or on no occaſion, the writers of news-papers ought to be cautious as well in ſlackening as in over-bracing the nerves of their cuſtomers; and the only method I can recommend for attaining this happy *medium*, is, "that they "report nothing but what they believe to be "true;" or, if *that* be to require too much of fleſh and blood, "that they report nothing "which they believe to be fictitious."

"The Britannia, Captain George Manley "commander, is totally loſt on the coaſt of "Barbary; every ſoul on board periſhed."

On board the Britannia, there was the only ſon of a widow, whoſe ſingle fund of ſubſiſtence depended on that pittance of his wages which her dutiful child allotted to her. In the

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the ſame ſhip there was a ſober and induſtrious young man, who had quitted his wife a few months after marriage, that he might provide for a young creature whom he hoped to ſee in its mother's arms at his return.

"It is confidently reported, that ſix or ſeven "men of the crew of the Britannia got ſafe-"ly to ſhore, and that they were made ſlaves, "unleſs, as is to be feared, they were mur-"dered by the natives." *Here* there is a gleam of miſerable and dubious hope darting on the minds of thoſe who had relations on board the Britannia.

"The Britannia is ſafely arrived at Port "Mahon; *ſo that* the report of her having "been loſt is without foundation."—The inference is moſt logical!

In the very next paragraph, it is ſaid, "We "have the pleaſure of informing the public, "that a capital figure-dancer will ſoon make "his appearance on the ſtage."

Are not ſuch things to be found in the news-papers of every week? and is it not a cruel ſporting with the ſenſibilities of human nature, thus to wring the ſouls of parents and wives, of the aged and the helpleſs, and *that* merely to fill up the columns of a news-paper?

It

It is of high national importance that the very earlieſt notice ſhould be given of the near appearance of a figure-dancer; but, ſurely there was no neceſſity of ſaying any thing of the Britannia, in whoſe fate the fates of ſo many little families were involved, until it ſhould have been certainly known whether ſhe was wrecked, or had ſafely arrived in port.

Of late years there has a practice crept in, of making the news-papers not only the vehicle of *public* intelligence, but alſo of the misfortunes, real or imaginary, of private families. For example, "We hear that Mrs "Gadabout was lately detected in an illicit "commerce with her huſband's poſtilion, and "that a proceſs of divorce will be brought," &c.

Invention immediately buſies itſelf in accounting for this incident. After the firſt ceremonies of ſurpriſe and deep regret, the education of the lady is ſcrutinized; it was too ſtrict, or it was too looſe: The character of the huſband is laid before the inqueſt of goſſips: He was moroſe and ſullen, or he ſet an example of extravagance and libertiniſm which *poor* Mrs Gadabout inconſiderately followed. Then ſome one, more expert in tracing effects to

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to their cauſe, recollects having heard, that ſomething of a like nature befell the family many years ago; and that the grand aunt of Mrs Gadabout's father, if common fame lie not, ſtept aſide with the Duke of Buckingham, when he attended Charles II. into Scotland.

In this ſtate of uncertainty, things remain for a week or two, when freſh intelligence is communicated to the public. "The report "of Mrs Gadabout's affair is premature.—"The former article was copied from an-"other paper.—We hope that all concerned "will accept of this apology." Doubtleſs a moſt ſatisfying apology to all concerned!

The writers of news-papers are the hiſtorians of the day; but I ſee no cauſe why they ſhould be the hiſtorians of the lie of the day.

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REFINEMENT and delicacy of mind are not more obſervable in our ſerious occupations, than in the ſtyle of our amuſements. Of thoſe who poſſeſs them, the moſt vacant hours will generally be informed by taſte, or enlivened by imagination; but, with men deſtitute of that ſentiment which they inſpire, pleaſure will commonly degenerate into groſſneſs, ſociality into intemperance, and mirth into riot.

Mr Melfort is one of my friend *Mr Umphraville's* early acquaintance, who continues to reſide in this city, and of whom he ſtill retains ſome remembrance.

That gentleman, in his youth, had applied to the ſtudy of the law, and was admitted to the bar; but, having ſoon after ſucceeded to a tolerable fortune, he derives no other benefit from his profeſſion than an apology for reſiding part of the year in town, and ſuch a general acquaintance there, as enables him to ſpend his time in that ſociety which is ſuited to

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to his diſpoſition. He is often, indeed, to be ſeen in court; but he comes there only as he does to the coffee-houſe, to inquire after the news of the day, or to form a party for ſome of thoſe dinners which he uſually gives.

In my friend's laſt viſit to town, he met with this gentleman, and came under an engagement to dine with him. I was aſked to be of the party, and attended him accordingly.

The company was a large one. Beſide Mrs *Melfort* and her two daughters, there were three other young ladies who appeared to be intimate in the family. The male part of the company was ſtill more numerous. It conſiſted, beſide our landlord, Mr *Umphraville*, and myſelf, of two lawyers, a phyſician, a jolly looking man in the uniform of a ſea-officer, and a gentleman advanced in life, who had ſomewhat of the air and manner of a foreigner, and, I afterwards learned, had left this country at an early age, and lived chiefly abroad ever ſince.

Mr *Umphraville*, who was ſeated next Mrs *Melfort*, ſeemed not leſs pleaſed with the converſation, than with the manners of that lady, who is indeed perfectly well bred and accompliſhed;

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compliſhed; and the ſtranger, whoſe name was *Melville*, appeared equally to reliſh the ſpirit which diſtinguiſhed the diſcourſe of Mr *Umphraville*. I had early obſerved him to mark my old friend, as a member of the company not the leaſt worthy of his attention.

The dinner was ſucceeded by a round of toaſts, during which the ladies received ſcarce any other mark of attention from the company, Mr *Umphraville*, Mr *Melville*, and myſelf, excepted, than that of Mr *Melfort's* calling for their toaſts, which he always diſtinguiſhed, by deſiring us to fill a bumper.

Immediately after this ceremony was ended, they withdrew; a circumſtance which ſeemed nowiſe diſagreeable to the company they left, the greateſt part of whom had hitherto ſat mute, and plainly felt the preſence of the ladies a reſtraint on the freedom and jollity of converſation.

They had no ſooner retired, than Mr *Melfort*, raiſing himſelf in his chair, announced a bumper to the ladies who had left us, an order which was readily complied with, and ſeemed to ſpread an air of ſatisfaction around the table. The ſea-captain ſaid, he was glad the frigates had ſheered off; "and now," added

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added he, "if you pleaſe, Mr *Melfort*, as the "ſignal is given, we may clear the decks, and "form the line of battle."

The Captain's joke was applauded with a loud laugh; during which honeſt *Umphraville*, whoſe face is no hypocrite, caſt to my ſide of the table a look of diſpleaſure and contempt, which I was at no loſs to interpret. Meantime the ſervants removed one half of the table, that we might ſit ſociably, as Mr *Melfort* termed it, round the other which was immediately furniſhed with a ſet of freſh glaſſes, and cleared of every incumbrance that might retard the circulation of the bottle.

Our friends who had been ſo ſilent during the preſence of the ladies, now began to take their revenge, and enlarge their ſhare of the converſation in proportion to the number of bumpers they ſwallowed: they vied with each other in the number of their ſtories and their jokes; all of which ſeemed to be equally reliſhed; and not the leſs ſo, that they now became ſomewhat looſe and licentious.

Mr *Melville* had at firſt endeavoured, tho' in a very eaſy and polite manner, to give ſomewhat of a genteeler turn to the converſation; but his endeavours, though ſupported

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by a good deal of wit and vivacity, could not long withſtand the general diſpoſition of the company. He now found himſelf as little able to reliſh their merriment as Mr *Umphraville*, next whom he was ſeated; and they had begun to enter into converſation of a very different kind, when *Umphraville* received a ſlap on the ſhoulder from one of the company, who at the ſame time reminded him that he was *hunted*.

My friend was at firſt ſtartled with a familiarity to which he was little accuſtomed; having recovered his compoſure, however, he thanked the gentleman, though with an air rather formal and reſerved, for his attention, and drank off his bumper. But having, it ſeems, left a little more than was proper in the bottom of his glaſs, he was ſaluted with a call of "*No heeltops!*" from another corner of the table. This enigmatical advice being explained to him, he complied with it alſo, ſaying, however, with his natural firmneſs of tone and manner, "That it was his rule to "fill and drink his glaſs when and how he "pleaſed; and that, as he had already gone "greater lengths than uſual, Mr *Melfort* muſt "excuſe him if he did not depart from it."

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I saw that Mr *Umphraville* was now heartily tired of the company, and was not sorry when, a little after this incident, both he and Mr *Melville* withdrew. Having remained long enough to witness some jocular remarks to which this gave occasion, I followed them to the drawing-room, where I found they were much more agreeably employed in drinking coffee with Mrs *Melfort*, while one of her daughters obliged my old friend, by playing some Scots airs upon the harpsicord, which the other accompanied with a voice equally sweet and expressive.

The conversation which succeeded was supported, in an easy agreeable manner, by Mr *Melville* and the ladies, with that mixture of serious remark which made it not unpleasing to Mr *Umphraville*; nor did he suffer in their opinion by the part he occasionally took in it. The silent approbation of his countenance, during the performance of the young ladies, and the observations which it gave him an opportunity of making on the character of our native music, had already made the old gentleman a favourite; nor were the rest of the company displeased with the turn of his sentiments, when he complained, that the draw-

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ing-rooms where, in his younger days, the ladies and gentlemen were accuſtomed to the company of each other, were now almoſt totally deſerted; and that, as far as he could obſerve, amidſt the boaſted refinement of modern manners, the gentlemen paid leſs attention to the ladies, both in public places and in private ſociety, than they had done fifty years ago.

After ſome time paſſed in this manner, the noiſe of laughter and of vociferation on the ſtairs announced the approach of Mr *Melfort* and his company. The phyſician, and one of the lawyers, were indeed the only members of it who had choſen to attend him to the drawing-room; both of whom were prodigiouſly fluſtered; and yet, to my aſtoniſhment, they contrived to put a decent face upon it, and fell into fewer improprieties than could have been expected. A drawing-room, however, was not their element; and, after ſwallowing a little coffee, they withdrew, leaving honeſt *Melfort* faſt aſleep in a corner of the ſettee.

Mr *Umphraville* and I took our leave. We were ſcarce out of the houſe when he exclaimed,

"O

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" O rus! quando ego te aſpiciam ?"

And, after a little pauſe, " Good God !" ſaid he, " *Charles*, can ſuch ſcenes be com- " mon at poor *Melfort*'s ? To what a degree " muſt he have loſt all reſpect for himſelf, " and all taſte for true happineſs, who, for " ſuch ſociety as we have this day witneſſed, " can forego the agreeable converſation of his " own family, or who can allow the elegance " of their amuſements to be diſturbed by the " intruſion of his looſe and riotous compa- " nions ?"

I repreſented to my friend, that he ſaw the matter in too ſtrong a light. I obſerved, that the exceſs, on this occaſion, had probably been greater than uſual; Mr *Melfort* was no- wiſe ſingular in the manner of entertaining his friends; that, in this country, the general opinion juſtified the obſervation of the poet, " *Fecundi calices quem non fecere diſertum*;" that wine was ſuppoſed neceſſary to remove the natural reſerve of our manner, and give a proper degree of eaſe and ſpirit to our con- verſation. As to the appearance of *Melfort* and his friends in the drawing-room, I obſer- ved, that a little habit made the occaſional in-

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truſion of a drunken company be conſidered as a ſort of interlude, which ladies could bear without uneaſineſs; and, at any rate, as it was an equal chance that their future huſbands would give ſuch dinners, and receive ſuch gueſts, as their father did, it might not be improper to accuſtom them, in their earlier days, to a ſpecies of converſation and behaviour which they muſt afterwards be obliged to endure.

"Ay," ſays he, "*Charles*, this is your way; "the follies of mankind are familiar to you, "and you are always ready to find an apolo- "gy for them; but I, who, for many years, "have only heard of them, cannot be ſuppo- "ſed to bear their defects with as much pa- "tience. I am ſick of this town of yours; "and, though I could have as much pleaſure "as any man in witneſſing ſuch elegant man- "ners, and partaking in ſuch agreeable con- "verſation, as we ſaw and enjoyed during a "part of this evening, if I muſt purchaſe it, "by ſharing in the intemperance, the noiſe, "and the folly which preceded it, ſhould you "wonder if I long to return to my books and "my ſolitude?"

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All impediments in fancy's courſe,
Are motives of more fancy.

SHAKESPEARE.

AMIDST the variety of objects around us, philoſophers have frequently been employed in pointing out and diſtinguiſhing thoſe which are the ſources of pleaſure, and thoſe which are productive of pain; they have endeavoured alſo to inveſtigate the cauſes and the qualities in the different objects by which theſe effects are produced. I ſuſpect that, in many caſes, we muſt be obliged to have recourſe to the original conſtitution of our frame, and that the moſt penetrating philoſophical inquirers can often go no farther than to ſay, *thus Nature has made us.*

But whatever may be the original ſources of our pleaſure and pain, it is certain that there are various circumſtances which may be pointed out, as adding to or diminiſhing both the one and the other; circumſtances by which the

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the warmth of expectation may be heightened or allayed, and the pangs of disappointment increased or mitigated.

It is a common observation, the justice of which, I believe, will not be disputed, that every passion increases according to the difficulty there is in its gratification. When once a desire for a certain object is raised, every opposition which occurs to the attainment of it, provided it be not such as cuts off all hopes of succeeding, and every perplexity and embarrassment thrown in the way, when the mind is engaged in the pursuit, inflames the desire; the object becomes heightened and exaggerated in our ideas, the mind grows more attached to it, and the expectation of enjoyment from the possession is increased.

To account for this appearance in our nature, it may be observed, that nothing is so apt to make an object figure in the imagination, as to have our attention long and earnestly fixed upon it. This makes it appear in stronger and more lively colours. If it be an object of desire, it appears more and more calculated to give pleasure; if an object of aversion, it appears more and more calculated to produce pain. Every time we view it, there is

an

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an addition made to the impreſſion we have received. The ſenſations it has already given us ſtill continue, and the paſſion it has created receives additional force. If the object be pleaſant, the mind dwells upon its good, if diſagreeable, upon its bad qualities; it broods over them, it amplifies, it exaggerates them.

Now, no circumſtance is ſo much calculated to fix the attention upon any particular object as thoſe difficulties which ariſe in our purſuit of it. The mind, unwilling to be overcome, cannot think of ſubmitting to a defeat, or of giving up thoſe expectations of enjoyment which it has formed. Every little oppoſition, therefore, that is met with, every obſtruction thrown in the way, calls forth a freſh conſideration of the object. We take a view of it in its every form, to try if we can get the better of thoſe difficulties, and remove thoſe obſtructions. The object itſelf, meanwhile, gains complete poſſeſſion of the ſoul. It ſwells and heightens in our imagination, and is no longer ſeen as it is by other men, nor as it would be by the ſame perſon, were other objects allowed to have a place in his mind, or to divide his attention.

From this circumſtance in our nature, that fixing

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fixing our attention upon any one object, or ſet of objects, is apt to increaſe or heighten them in our imagination, a variety of remarks might be made, tending to illuſtrate the hiſtory of the human heart. It is owing to this circumſtance, that a general lover ſeldom forms an attachment to any particular object. It is from the ſame cauſe, that the gentleman who follows no particular profeſſion ſeldom exaggerates the advantages of any one. It is the merchant who limits his views ſolely to commerce that ſees in too ſtrong a light the advantages of trade; it is the man of learning, who is ſhut up within the walls of a college, that exaggerates the advantages of literature; it is the ſcholar who confines himſelf to one branch of ſcience that is the complete pedant. The moral philoſopher wonders how any man can be occupied by the dry unpleaſant ſtudy of the mathematics, while the curious fabric of the human mind remains unexplored. The mathematician is equally ſurpriſed that any man ſhould compare the certainty of mathematical evidence to the vague inquiries of the moral philoſopher. The geometrician, who, by the intreaty of his friends, was prevailed with to read the *Cid* of Corneille,

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Corneille, wondered that any body ſhould admire a thing in which nothing was proved. And the learned *Budæus*, when he was writing his treatiſe concerning the Roman *as*, being interrupted by his maid-ſervant, who told him the houſe was on fire, bad her go tell his wife, for that he did not mind family-matters.

It would far exceed the bounds of this paper to exhauſt this ſubject, or to take notice of the different remarks which may be drawn from it, either with regard to human ſentiments and conduct, or in relation to the fine arts *. I ſhall, therefore, confine myſelf to one other obſervation, on a point which has been treated of by Mr Addiſon in the 40th Number of the *Spectator*, where he juſtifies, againſt the ruling opinion at that time, the practice of thoſe writers of tragedy who diſregard what are called the rules of *poetical juſtice*. To his defence of that practice, I think we may add one argument, which ſeems to have eſcaped him, drawn from the effect of the oppoſition above mentioned to heighten our paſſion for a particular object.

* See *Elements of Criticiſm.*

There

There is implanted in the mind of every man a desire that virtue should be followed by reward, and vice by punishment. But this desire, like every other, gathers new strength by opposition, and rises upon resistance. When, therefore, a virtuous man, amidst all his virtue, is represented as unhappy, that anxiety which we feel for his happiness becomes so much the greater; the more undeserved calamities he meets with, the higher is that principle raised, by which we desire that he should attain an adequate reward; the more he is environed and perplexed with difficulties, the more earnestly do we wish that he may be delivered from them all; and, even when he is cut off by premature death, we follow his memory with the greater admiration; and our respect and reverence for his conduct is increased so much the more, as all our prayers for his happiness, in this life, are disappointed.

On the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites so strongly our indignation against vice, or our desire that it should be punished, as our beholding the vicious successful, and, in the midst of his crimes, enjoying prosperity. Were we always to see the vicious man meeting with a proper punishment

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niſhment for his guilt, wretched and unhappy, our eagerneſs for his puniſhment would ſubſide, and our hatred againſt him would be converted into pity; his guilt would be forgot, and his misfortunes only would affect us. Before the trial of an atrocious criminal, the unanimous voice of the public is, that he ſhould be led out to puniſhment. Suppoſe him condemned, how altered is that voice! His fate is now univerſally pitied and deplored; and, did not the ſafety of thouſands depend on his ſuffering, hardly, in any caſe, ſhould we ſee the laws of juſtice finally put in execution.

There can be no good reaſon, therefore, for obſerving the rules of what is called *poetical juſtice*. The effect which a departure from theſe rules produces, affords the higheſt poſſible teſtimony in favour of virtue. It ſhews, that, where virtue meets with calamities and diſappointments, this, inſtead of leſſening it in our eſtimation, only attaches us ſo much the more warmly to its intereſts; and that, where vice is ſucceſsful, inſtead of creating a feeling in its favour, this only increaſes our indignation againſt it. Were virtue always fortunate,

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were vice always unprosperous, that principle would be enfeebled, by which we desire the reward of the one, and the punishment of the other.

P

N°78.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE praiſes of *friendſhip*, and deſcriptions of the happineſs ariſing from it, I remember to have met with in almoſt every book and poem ſince firſt I could read. I was never much addicted to reading; and, in this inſtance, I think, I have little reaſon to put confidence in authors. How it may be in their experience, I know not; but, in mine, this ſame virtue of *friendſhip* has tended very little to my happineſs; on the contrary, Sir, when I tell you my ſituation, you will find that I am almoſt ruined by my friends.

From my earlieſt days, I was reckoned one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world; and, at ſchool, though I muſt confeſs I did not acquire ſo much learning as many of my companions; yet, even there, I was remarkable for the acquiſition of *friends*. Even there, too, I acquired them at ſome expence; I was

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flogged, I dare say, a hundred times, for the faults of others, but was too generous ever to *peach*; my companions were generous fellows too; but it always happened, I don't know how, that my generosity was on the losing side of the adventure.

I had not been above three years at college, when the death of an uncle put me in possession of a very considerable estate. As I was not violently inclined towards literature, I soon took the opportunity which this presented me of leaving the university, and entering upon the world. I put myself under the tuition of one of my companions, who generally spent the *vacations*, and indeed some of the *terms* too, in London, and took up my residence in that city. There I needed not that propensity which, I have told you, I always possessed, to acquire a multitude of *friends*; I found myself surrounded by them in every tavern and coffee-house about town. But I soon experienced, that, though the commodity was plenty, the price was high. Besides a considerable mortgage on my estate, of which one of my best friends contrived to possess himself, I was obliged to expose my life in a couple of duels, and had very near lost it by

disease,

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diſeaſe, in that courſe of friendſhip which I underwent in the metropolis. All this was more a ſocial ſacrifice to others, than a gratification to myſelf. Naturally rather of a ſober diſpoſition, I found more frequently diſguſt than pleaſure amidſt thoſe ſcenes of diſſipation in which I was engaged. I was often obliged to roar out a *catch* expreſſive of our happineſs, at the head of a long table in a tavern, though I would have almoſt exchanged my place for the bench of a galley-ſlave; and to bellow for a *bumper*, when I would as ſoon have ſwallowed the bittereſt drug in the ſhop of my apothecary.

From this ſort of bondage I contrived to emancipate myſelf by matrimony. I married the ſiſter of one of my friends, a girl good-natured and thoughtleſs like myſelf, with whom I ſoon after retired into the country, and ſet out upon what we thought a ſober well-regulated plan. The ſituation was ſo diſtant, as to be quite out of the reach of my former town-companions; proviſions were cheap, and ſervants faithful; in ſhort, every thing ſo circumſtanced, that we made no doubt of living conſiderably within our income. Our manner of life, however, was to be as happy

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as prudent. By the improvement of my eſtate, I was to be equally amuſed and enriched; my ſkill in ſportſmanſhip (for I had acquired that ſcience to great perfection at the univerſity) was to procure vigour to my conſtitution, and dainties to my table; and, againſt the long nights of winter, we were provided with an excellent *neighbourhood*.

The laſt-mentioned article is the only one which we have found come entirely up to our expectations. My talent for *friend-making* has indeed extended the limits of *neighbourhood* a good deal farther than the word is commonly underſtood to reach. The pariſh, which is not a ſmall one, the county, which is proportionally extenſive, comes all within the denomination of neighbourhood with us; and my neighbour *Gooſtry*, who pays me an annual ſporting viſit of ſeveral weeks, lives at leaſt fifty miles off.

Some of thoſe *neighbours*, who always become *friends* at my houſe, have endeavoured to pay me for their entertainment with their advice as to the cultivation of my farm, or the management of my eſtate; but I have generally found their counſel, like other friendly exertions, put me out of pocket in the end.

Their

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Their theories of agriculture failed in my practice of them; and the ingenious men they recommended to me for tenants, seldom paid their rent by their ingenuity. One gentleman, in particular, was so much penetrated by my kindness and hospitality, that he generously communicated to me a project he had formed, which he shewed me to be infallible, for acquiring a great fortune in a very short time, and offered me an equal share in the profits, upon my advancing the sum of L. 500, to enable him to put his plan more speedily into execution. But, about a twelvemonth after, I was informed that his project had miscarried, and that my L. 500 was lost in the wreck of it. This gentleman is almost the only one of my *friends*, who, after having been once at my house, does not chuse to frequent it again.

My wife is not a whit less happy in acquiring *friends* than myself. Besides all her relations, of whom (for I chose a woman of family) she has a very great number, every lady she meets at visits, at church, or at the yearly races in our country-town, is so instantaneously charmed with her manners and conversation, that she finds it impossible to leave our part

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part of the country without doing herſelf the pleaſure of waiting on Mrs *Hearty* at her own houſe. Mrs *Hearty's* friends are kind enough to give advice too, as well as mine. After ſuch viſits, I generally find ſome improvement in the furniture of my houſe, the dreſs of my wife, or the livery of my ſervants.

The attentions of our friends are ſometimes carried farther than mere words or viſits of compliment; yet, even then, unfortunately, their favours are juſt ſo many taxes upon us. When I receive a preſent of a delicate *ſalmon*, or a nice *haunch of veniſon*, it is but a ſignal for all my good neighbours to come and eat it at my expence; and, ſome time ago, when a nephew of my wife ſettled abroad, ſent me a hogſhead of excellent claret, it coſt me, in entertainments for the honour of the liquor, what might have purchaſed a tun from the wine-merchant.

After ſo many inſtances in which my *friendſhips* were hurtful to my fortune, I wiſhed to hit on the way of making ſome of them beneficial to it. For this purpoſe, my wife and I have, for a good while paſt, been employed in looking out for ſome ſnug office, or reverſion, to which my intereſt with ſeveral powerful friends

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friends might recommend me. But, ſome how or other, our expectations have been always diſappointed; not from any want of inclination in our friends to ſerve us, as we have been repeatedly aſſured, but from various unforeſeen accidents, to which expectations of that ſort are particularly liable. In the courſe of theſe ſolicitations, I was led to engage in the political intereſts of a gentleman, on whoſe influence I built the ſtrongeſt hopes of ſucceſs in my own ſchemes; and I flattered myſelf, that, from the friendly footing on which I ſtood with my neighbours, I might be of conſiderable ſervice to him. This, indeed, he is extremely ready to acknowledge, though he has never yet found an opportunity of returning the favour; but, in the mean time, it kept my table open to all his *friends*, as well as my own, and coſt me, beſides, a headach twice a-week during the whole period of the canvaſs.

In ſhort, Mr MIRROR, I find I can afford to keep myſelf in *friends* no longer. I mean to give them warning of this my reſolution as ſpeedily as poſſible. Be ſo good, therefore, as inform ſuch of them as read your paper, that I have

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have ſhut my gates, locked my cellar, turned off my cook, diſpoſed of my dogs, forgot my acquaintance, and am reſolved henceforward, let people ſay of me what they will, to be *no one's friend but my own.*

I am, &c.

JOHN HEARTY.

I

N° 79.

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N° 79. TUESDAY, *February* 8. 1780.

——*Tanto major famæ ſitis eſt quam virtutis.*
JUVENAL, Sat. 10.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THERE is, perhaps, no character in the world more frequent than that of your negatively good men; people who ſtrictly conform to the laws of decency and good order in ſociety, whoſe conduct is ſquared to the rules of honeſty and morality, and yet who never did one virtuous or laudable action from the day of their birth. Men of this ſort ſeem to conſider life as a journey through a barbarous country, occupied by ſavages, and overſpread with dangers in every quarter. Their only wiſh is to ſteer the ſafeſt courſe, to eſcape any hidden ſnares or precipices, and to avoid exaſperating the enemy; but, to win them by offices of kindneſs, or attach them by real ſervices, they conſider as a fruitleſs waſte of time,

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a needleſs expence, and often a dangerous experiment.

It is not a little ſurpriſing, that theſe *good ſort of men* ſhould, by the decency of their exterior deportment, ſo far impoſe upon the world, as to glide on with eaſe and ſafety, to arrive often at riches and eminence, and, from being free of the cenſure of every ſpecies of open vice, to obtain not unfrequently the reſpect which is due to virtue.

You, Mr MIRROR, like ſome other rigid moraliſts, ſeem, from the general ſtrain of your writings, to require ſomething more towards the formation of a *good man* than the mere abſence of evil, or the mere *livery* of goodneſs. It muſt be allowed, however, that, by a ſcrupulous obſervance of certain rules of decorum, and a timely uſe of the vocables of virtue, the exterior and viſible part of the character is to be attained, which, for moſt of the uſeful purpoſes of life, ſeems to be quite ſufficient. But, as there are ſtill a few who go a little deeper, and are ſcrupulous enough to require a purity of heart as well as of manners, it is pity, that thoſe ſincere good people ſhould loſe all recompenſe for the ſacrifice they make of many comfortable gratifi-

cations,

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cations, while they see the rewards of virtue as certainly attained at a much smaller expence.

From my concern for the few I have mentioned, I have been considering whether it were not possible to devise some means of unmasking those of the former character, some standard by which the two classes might be compared, or statical balance which should show the difference of weight and solidity of such objects as have a similar appearance. I think, Sir, I have been successful, and shall now propose to you my plan.

Imprimis, I lay it down as a rule, that men shall not be judged of by the actions they perform, but by such as they do not perform. Now, Sir, as those useful chronicles of facts, called *news-papers*, have hitherto been only the records of what men have been daily a-doing, I propose to publish a news-paper of a different kind, which shall contain the daily intelligence of all such things as are not done.

For the benefit of such as chuse to encourage my undertaking, I send you a specimen of the work, which I can safely promise, and hereby engage, shall contain more in quantity than any other periodical register whatever.

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"Saturday last, being the festival of Christ-
"mas, a day which the late worthy Sir Tho-
"mas W—— used to commemorate by giving
"a warm dinner to all the poor of the parish,
"the same was celebrated by his son, the pre-
"sent Sir Thomas, with no solemnity what-
"ever."

"Yesterday George B——, Esq; who, by
"the death of an uncle, succeeded lately to
"an estate of L. 4000 *per annum*, gave no
"answer to five charity-letters from the na-
"tural children of his deceased relation, and
"their mother, who works hard for their
"maintenance."

"In the course of last week four poor people
"died in the streets—owing to the great *in-*
"*clemency* of the season."

"On Friday the 24th ult. the Duke of ——
"visited the Royal Infirmary of this city, and,
"after perusing the list of contributions to
"that humane and useful foundation, was
"pleased to give —— a pinch of snuff to the
"gentleman that stood next him."

"It was confidently reported, some days a-
"go, that C—— W——, Esq; had paid his
"father's debts; but this, we are assured, is
"without foundation."

"In

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"In the action lately brought by E. L. a "*pauper*, againſt her ſon-in-law, Lord —— "for an alimony, ſeveral eminent counſel be- "ing applied to in behalf of the plaintiff, re- "fuſed to take any concern in ſo ſhameful a "proſecution."

"W. P. Eſq; who lately ſuſtained a con- "ſiderable loſs by play, has not, as was aſſert- "ed, ſold his hunters and pack of harriers. "He has only diſmiſſed his chaplain, and cut "off the allowance of ſome ſuperannuated do- "meſtics on whom his father beſtowed an- "nual penſions."

"Whereas it has been reported, that R. V. "Eſq; who ſome time ago made a compoſi- "tion with his creditors of five ſhillings in the "pound, has of late given ſeveral entertain- "ments of three courſes, we are deſired to "inform the public, from the beſt authority, "viz. his butler, that the ſaid gentleman ne- "ver gives more than two courſes and a de- "ſert."

"Laſt night, between the hours of nine and "ten, a fire broke out in the kitchen of R. H. "Eſq; which, after burning with ſome vio- "lence for two hours, was happily extinguiſh- "ed. It did no farther damage than the con-

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"fuming of about 20 lb. of coals. It is sur-
"prising how very few *such accidents* have
"happened of late years."

Such, Mr MIRROR, is the nature of the paper which I propose shall give daily intelligence of whatever is omitted to be done in this city and its environs. Besides the recommendation of novelty, its general usefulness must be so apparent, that I can have very little doubt of its extensive circulation. I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

INTEGER.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I Am one of a family of young ladies who read your paper, with which we have been hitherto tolerably well pleased, though we could wish it were not quite so *grave*, and had a little more *love* in it. But we have found out,

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out, of late, that it is none of your own, but moſtly borrowed from other people. A couſin of ours, who is himſelf a fine ſcholar, and has a great acquaintance among the critics, ſhowed us many different inſtances of this. Your firſt paper, he told us, was copied from the firſt paper of the *Spectator*; and, upon looking into both, we found them exactly the ſame, all about the author and the work from beginning to end. Your *Umphraville*, he ſaid, was juſt *Sir Roger de Coverley*; which we perfectly agreed in, except that my ſiſter *Betſey* obſerved, *Umphraville* wanted the *Widow*, which all of us think the very beſt part of *Sir Roger*. Your *Bobby Button*, he aſſured us, was borrowed from N° 13. of *the True Patriot*, publiſhed by Mr *Fielding*, who writes *Tom Jones*; and there, indeed, we found there was a ſtory of a young gentleman who liked French wine better than his country, juſt like *Sir Bobby*. N° 72. which we thought a very *ſweet* paper, he informed us was taken from the *Night Thoughts*; and indeed, though we don't underſtand *Latin*, we ſaw plainly, that the *Mottos* were the ſame to a T. All this, however, we might have overlooked, had not a gentleman, who called here this morning,

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who uſed formerly to be a great advocate for the MIRROR, confeſſed to us, that our couſin's intelligence was literally true; and, more than all that, he told us, that your very laſt number was to be found, every *word* of it, in *Johnſon's Dictionary*.

We ſend you, therefore, notice, Sir, that unleſs you can contrive to give us ſomething new for the future, we ſhall be obliged to countermand our ſubſcription for the MIRROR. We can have a reading of a freſh *Novel* every morning, for the money, with a *ſpick and ſpan* new ſtory in it, ſuch as none of us ever read or heard of in all our lives before.

Yours, &c.

EVELINA.

V

N° 80.

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——————*Ex fumo dare lucem*
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miraculo promat.
HOR.

AUTHORS have been divided into two claſſes, the inſtructive and the entertaining, to which has been added a third, who mix, according to *Horace*, the "*utile dulci*," and are, in his opinion, intitled to the higheſt degree of applauſe.

Readers complain, that, in none of theſe departments is there, in modern writing, much pretenſion to originality. In ſcience, they ſay, ſo much has been already diſcovered, that all a modern writer has left is, to explain and enforce the ſyſtems of our predeceſſors; and, in literature, our fathers have ſo exhauſted the acuteneſs of reaſoning, the flaſhes of wit, the luxuriance of deſcription, and the invention of incident, that an author now-a-days can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram;

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epigram; new attitudes, not object, to his picture; new language, not situation, to his story.

However true this complaint may be in the main, there is one class of writers to whom the charge of triteness does, I apprehend, very little apply. They are generally of the first species mentioned above, who publish useful information to mankind; yet, in the last quarter of the 18th century, their information is often as new as if they had written in the infancy of art and of science, when every field was open to the researches of industry, and the invention of genius. The writers I allude to, are the authors of those little essays which appear in the learned world under the title of ADVERTISEMENTS.

The necessary and ornamental arts of life are equally the objects of the class of authors whom I describe. In both, I will venture to assert, that the novelty of their productions is equal to their usefulness.

It was formerly imagined, that disease was an evil which mankind had inherited as a punishment for the lapse of their progenitor. *Milton* has given, in his Paradise Lost, a catalogue of some of those tormenting maladies which

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which were to be felt by the race of fallen *Adam.*—So has Dr *Dominiceti* in an advertiſement, which is now lying before me; but, with the moſt extraordinary force of original diſcovery, has informed us, that, in his treatment of thoſe diſorders, there is no evil, no pain, but, on the contrary, much pleaſure, and even luxury. "*I engage,*" ſays the Doctor, "*with* pleaſure, *and even* luxury, *to the* "*patient, to increaſe or diminiſh the vital heat,* "*and the circulatory, ſecretory, and excretory* "*functions; to ſoften and relax the too hard* "*and dry muſcular and nervous fibres, and* "*contracted ligaments; and to harden and make* "*compact, and give the proper tone and elaſti-* "*city to the too moiſt and flabby muſcular and* "*nervous fibres and relaxed ſinews, and pro-* "*vide and eſtabliſh an equilibrium between the* "*fluids and veſſels; to ſweeten acrid, corroſive,* "*and ſaline humours; and to cure the dropſy,* "*aſthma, conſumptions, colic, gravel, rheu-* "*matiſm, palſy, pleuriſy, and fevers, ſtone* "*and gout, ſcurvy and leproſy; to mollify and* "*and deſtroy inveterate calloſities, to deterge* "*and cure obſtinate ulcers,* &c.

"*Theſe are not the repreſentations of a* "*Quack's bill; I deteſt the arts of quackery as* "*much*

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" *much as any man living. I deal not in no-*
" *ſtrums or myſteries, or magic or expedient to*
" *captivate :*

" Non ſibi, ſed toto genitum ſe credere mundo."

If he who invented one new pleaſure was formerly thought intitled to imperial munificence, what reward does the Doctor deſerve who has added as many luxuries to the liſt as there are diſeaſes in the catalogues of noſology ?

Our own country has the honour of producing an author, who, in an advertiſement publiſhed not long ago, has added to the ſtores of *natural hiſtory* the following very curious facts, with regard to the properties of air and heat. *Mr Fair*, maſon, oppoſite to the White-Hart Inn, Graſs Market, Edinburgh, thus delivers himſelf on the ſubject of *pneumatics*. " *Air and ſmoke*," ſays he, " *are*
" *two elaſtic fluids, capable of being condenſed*
" *and expanded. Heat, or the fire in the*
" *grate, expands the air. Being expanded,*
" *it becomes lighter. And, as it is in nature*
" *for light matter to ſwim to the top of heavier,*
" *it riſes up the vent, carrying the ſmoke a-*
" *long*

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" long with it. This is the principle by which " fire burns, and ſmoke aſcends. Now, that " the particles of air may be brought above the " fire, that they may be heated to expand and " carry off the ſmoke, ſhould be the chief care " of a maſon in finiſhing of the fire-places. " On the contrary, it is the cauſe of ſmoke."

" The other cauſe of ſmoke is the wind. Wind " is a current of the air always ruſhing into " voids. At the ſame time it goes forward by " the law of gravity, it has a tendency to " preſs downwards. Now, when it blows over " any one object higher than the chimney-top, " gravity brings it downward, preſſing the " ſmoke before it."

It will be obſerved, that, like many other great theoriſts, *Mr Fair* uſes a language in ſome places a little obſcure; and that, in others, as where he mentions the tendency of wind to preſs downwards, his expreſſion borders on the jocular; a liberty in which ſome of the greateſt philoſophers have frequently indulged.

Theſe diſcoveries, however new and aſtoniſhing, are not ſupernatural. But I have juſt now read an advertiſement, which carries its information *beyond the bounds of ſpace and time;*

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time; and, though the modesty of its author allows that she has borrowed something from the *Eastern Magi*, may fairly be deemed an original. "*Mrs Corbyn, at* N° 41. *Stanhope-*"*street, Clare-market, London, by the ge-*"*nuine rules of the real astronomical arcana,*"*for which the wise men of the East were so*"*noted, undertakes to answer all legal astro-*"*logical questions, in a most surprising man-*"*ner. Continues to give the most amazing ac-*"*counts of persons by sea and land. Gives at-*"*tendance at the warehouse every day from*"*ten in the morning to eight at night.*" The wise men of the East, and some other astrologers, might perhaps *retail* some predictions; but the idea of a *warehouse* of prophecy was, I am persuaded, reserved for *Mrs Corbyn* of *Clare-market*.

In the *ornamental* department of science, has there been any thing, since the days of *Medea*, that could so effectually give beauty to homeliness, or restore youth to age, as the *Circassian Wash*, or the *Venetian Flower-water?* or has the cunning of art ever rivalled the productions of nature more successfully than in the *Elastic Cushion and Spring Curls*, "*which*," says the advertisement, "*are as*"*natural*

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" *natural and becoming, nay, by many thought* " *more ſo, than the natural hair itſelf?*"

Nor is the merit of thoſe gentlemen much inferior, where they apply arts already diſcovered to purpoſes which their inventors never dreamed of. *Socrates* was ſaid to have brought down philoſophy from heaven to dwell with men. I think the ſame eulogium may be fairly beſtowed on the very ingenious artiſt, who has informed us in an advertiſement, " *That he makes* leather breeches *by the* " *rules of* trigonometry."

Having thus done juſtice to the merit of thoſe authors, in point of ſubſtance, I proceed to ſhew their excellence in the compoſition and ſtyle of their productions. Amidſt a variety of inſtances, I ſhall make choice of one, merely becauſe it ſtrikes my view in laſt night's Public Advertiſer. It is the production of a very voluminous writer in this department, *Mr Norton of Golden-Square.*

" *E. S. Gent. of Tenterden in Kent, was* " *long afflicted with an inveterate ſcorbutic* " *diſorder. It firſt broke out in hot pimples* " *and dry ſcales all over his face; then ap-* " *peared in great blotches on various parts of* " *his body, and œdematous ſwellings in his legs,*

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"which terminated in dreadful excoriations, "and fœtid ulcers. All this was attended with "a total loss of appetite, and, at last, with "such extreme languor and debility, that the "poor gentleman was utterly despaired of by "several of the most eminent of the faculty "who attended him; till, at last, by the pro-"vidential discovery in the news-papers of the "efficacy of Maredant's drops, *by taking a "few bottles of them, all the above terrible "symptoms began gradually to disappear, his "appetite returned, his complexion regained "its pristine bloom, his skin became as smooth "as that of a new born babe, and his flesh re-"covered the soundness and elasticity of the "most vigorous habit. He has ever since been "perfectly stout, hale, and active, and has "had three children born to him, all thriving "and healthy."*

This may be considered as a sort of tragi-comic recital, and, if examined by the rules of Aristotle, will be found to contain all the requisites of the best dramatic composition. Here is a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning, the breaking out of Mr S's disorder; the middle, the progress of the disease; the end, its perfect cure. Here, too,

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in ſome ſort, is the Αγνωρισις, and here evidently the Περιπετεια, the two great beauties of a perfect drama; the Αγνωρισις, the providential diſcovery of Maredant's drops; the Περιπετεια, the change of ſituation from pimples and ſcales to a blooming complexion, from blotches and ulcers, to ſmoothneſs of ſkin and ſoundneſs of fleſh, from extreme debility and langour, to being the father of healthy children.

Nor is this claſs of writers leſs remarkable for adaptation of ſtyle than for correctneſs of compoſition. The advertiſement above recited of *Dr Dominiceti*, and the daily performances of Meſſ. *Chriſtie* and *Anſell*, ſhew to what *elevation* they can raiſe it, when the ſubject requires elevation. On the other hand, where ſhall we find more truly characteriſtic ſimplicity than in the following notice from a gentleman-tailor? "*Wanted, by a ſingle gentle-*
"*man-tailor, a ſervant-maid, to act as houſe-*
"*keeper and cook, where a girl is kept to attend*
"*and wait upon the maſter. None need apply*
"*who will pretend to manage the kitchen-*
"*fire without his directions, as he underſtands*
"*the management of coal-fires, which few*
"*ſervants in this town do. As he commonly*

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"*dines out of a Sunday, he expects his ser-*
"*vants to go to church, instead of cooking dain-*
"*ties to themselves, such as shoulders of veal*
"*stuff'd*, &c.; *as, though he is a single man,*
"*he is very well instructed by a neighbour how*
"*to manage his family.—Apply next door*
"*to the steps, Panton Square.*"

Other writers, often equally poor and proud, may perhaps object to the class of authors whom I commemorate, that they write not from the love of science, or the desire of fame, but from motives merely interested and selfish. But a little acquaintance with many of their productions will effectually remove this reproach. Is it not benevolence alone that forces Mr *Speediman*, in spite of his natural modesty, to address the public in an advertisement? "Mr Speediman *would be un-*
"*just to the public if he any longer delayed ac-*
"*quainting them of the virtues of his* stomach
"pills." Are there not daily advertisements of sales "*far below prime cost*," which continue for several years, to the evident advantage of the public, and loss of the advertiser? and does not Mr *Molesworth* press adventurers in the lottery to purchase his tickets and shares,

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ſhares, though he knows, by certain calculation, that they are to be drawn *prizes?*

To ſuch men, may not the above-quoted motto of the illuſtrious Dr *Dominiceti* be moſt deſervedly applied?

"Non ſibi, ſed toto genitum ſe credere mundo,"

which, however, as malice is always ready to detract from merit, I heard a wicked wag of my acquaintance tranſlate t'other day to a company of ladies, "That the Doctor's fumi-"gations were to make himſelf live, and to "kill all the world beſide."

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago you inserted in your paper a letter from a lady who subscribed herself *S. M.* giving an account of the hardships she has suffered as the daughter of a man of fortune, educated in the midst of affluence, and then left to the support of a very slender provision. I own the situation to be a hard one; but it may, perhaps, afford her some consolation to be told, that there are others, seemingly enviable, which are yet as distressful, that derive their distresses from circumstances exactly the reverse of those in which Miss *S. M.* is placed.

I lost my father, a gentleman of considerable fortune, at an age so early, that his death has scarce left any traces on my mind. I can only recollect, that there was something of bustle, as well as of sorrow, all over the house; that my coloured *sash* was changed for

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for a black one; and that I was not allowed to drink Pappa's health after dinner, which, before, I had been taught regularly to do. Soon after, I can remember my Mamma being sick, and that there was a little brother born, who was much more attended to than I. As we grew up, I can remember his getting finer play-things, and being oftener the subject of discourse among our visitors: and that sometimes, when there were little quarrels in the nursery, *Billy*'s maid would tell mine, that Miss must wait till her betters were served.

A superiority to which I was so early accustomed, it gave me little uneasiness to bear. The vivacity natural to children, which in me was supported by uninterrupted good health, left me no leisure to complain of a preference, by which though my brother was distinguished, he was seldom or never made happier. The notice, indeed, to which his birth-right intitled him, was often more a hardship than a privilege. He was frequently kept in the drawing-room with Mamma, when he would have much rather been with me in the garden; he was made to repeat his lesson to the company, that they might admire his parts and his progress, while I was suffered to be

playing

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playing blind-man's-buff below ſtairs; he was ſet at dinner with the old folks, helped to light things that would not hurt him, obliged to drink toaſt and water, and to behave himſelf like a gentleman, while I was allowed to devour apple-dumplin, gulp down ſmall-beer, and play monkey-tricks at the ſide-table.

That care, however, which watched his health, was not repaid with ſucceſs; he was always more delicate, and more ſubject to little diſorders than I; and at laſt, after completing his ſeventh year, was ſeized with a fever, which, in a few days, put an end to his life, and transferred to me the inheritance of my anceſtors.

After the firſt tranſports of my mother's grief were ſubſided, ſhe began to apply herſelf to the care of her ſurviving child. I was now become inheritreſs of her anxiety as well as of my father's fortune; a remarkable change was made in every department of my education, my company, and my amuſements. Inſtead of going along with a ſet of other girls of my own age to a claſs for learning *French*, and a public *writing-ſchool*, teachers were brought into the houſe to inſtruct me privately; and, though I ſtill went to a *dancing-ſchool* three days

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days in the week, to practiſe the leſſons which I received from an eminent maſter at home, yet I was always attended by my mother, my governeſs, or ſomebody, by whoſe ſide I was ſtuck up before and after the dance, to the great vexation of myſelf, and the ridicule of my former companions. Of companions, indeed, I was now altogether deprived. I was too conſiderable a perſon to aſſociate with thoſe in whoſe ſports and amuſements I had formerly been ſo happy to ſhare; if at any time I ventured to mention a wiſh for their ſociety, I was immediately checked by an obſervation of my Mamma, that ſhe believed they were very good girls, but not fit company for me.

To prevent the ſolitude in which my ſuperiority would have thus placed me, a little girl, an orphan niece of my mother's maid, was taken into the houſe, whoſe office it was to attend me during all my hours of ſtudy or amuſement, to hold the pin-cuſhion while my maid was dreſſing me, to get leſſons along with me, and be chid if I neglected them, to play games at *Draughts*, which ſhe was never to win, and to lift the *Shuttlecock*, which I commonly let fall; in ſhort, ſhe was to ſerve me

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me for the practice of all that insolence which the precepts of others had taught me I had a right to assume. I feel, at this moment, Mr MIRROR, the most sincere compunction for the hardships which this poor girl suffered while she was with me; hardships from which, at last, she freed herself, by running off with a recruiting serjeant; yet I was taught, at the time, to call her subsistence a bounty, and to account myself generous when I bestowed any trifle beyond it.

While my mind was thus encouraged in perversion, the culture of my body was little less preposterous. The freedom and exercise, which formerly bestowed health and vigour, I now exchanged for the constraints of fashion, and the laziness of pride. Every shackle of dress which the daughters of any great man were understood to wear, I was immediately provided with, because I could *afford* it as well as they. I was never allowed the use of my limbs, because I could *afford* a coach; and, when attacked by the slightest disorder, immediate recourse was had to the physician, because I could *afford* a fee. The consequence was natural; I lost all my former spirits, as well as my former bloom; and, when

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when I first put on the womanly garb, I was a fine lady complete, with cheeks as pale, and nerves as weak as the finest.

I was now arrived at a period when attention and anxiety were to be pointed almost solely to one object, the disposal of my person in marriage. With regard to this event, I was equally the slave of my mother's hopes and fears. I was dressed and re-dressed, squeezed and pinched, that I might catch a fine gentleman who had lately returned from his travels. I was often hurried several miles in the dark to a ball at our county-town, to display myself to a Lord who was to be of the party there; I was walked over hedge and ditch, in order to captivate a country-squire of a very large estate in our neighbourhood; and I was once obliged to hazard my neck, that I might go out a hunting with a Duke. On the other hand, I was in perfect durance when any improper man had been seen to look at me. I was forced to leave the parish-church, upon information received of a young gentleman having bribed the beadle with a shilling to admit him into the next pew; my dancing-master was changed, because his wife died while he was attending me; and my drawing-

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drawing-master, an old bachelor of threescore, was dismissed, because he happened to put his hand on mine in shewing me how to manage my *Crayons*. The only poor man with whom I was allowed to associate was the clergyman of our parish, a very old gentleman of the most irreproachable character. To this indulgence, however, I was more indebted than my mother was aware, or I had any reason to hope. Possessed of excellent sense and great learning, the good man was at pains to teach me the use of the first, and the value of the latter. By his assistance, my mind, which, before, had always been either uncultivated or misled, was informed with knowledge more useful than the extent of my fortune, or the privileges of my birth. He shewed me the folly of pride, and the meanness of insolence; he taught me the respect due to merit, the tenderness to poverty, the reverence to misfortune; from him I first learned the dignity of condescension, the pleasures of civility, the luxury of beneficence. He died, alas! before I could receive the full benefit of his instructions, before he was able to eradicate the effects of early perversion and habitual indulgence; and left me rather in a condition to feel

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feel the weakneſs of my mind than to recover its ſtrength.

My mother did not long ſurvive him. I had been forced to ſee the errors of her judgement, though I could never doubt the warmth of her affection. I was unfortunate enough to loſe her aſſiſtance, when her aſſiſtance would have been more uſeful, and her indulgence leſs prejudicial. In the management of my fortune, which has now devolved on me, I am perplexed with buſineſs which I do not underſtand, and haraſſed by applications which I know not how to anſwer. I am ſometimes puzzled with ſchemes for improving my eſtate, ſometimes frightened with dangers that threaten to diminiſh it; I am vexed with the complaints of poor tenants, and plagued with the litigiouſneſs of rich ones. I never open a letter from my ſteward in the country without uneaſineſs; and a viſit from my agent in town is to me like that of a bailiff. Amidſt all theſe difficulties, I have no relation whom I can truſt, and no friend to whom I can lean; the intereſt which people have in deceiving me, deprives me of confidence in advice, or pleaſure in approbation. In ſhort, it is my ſingular

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misfortune to poſſeſs wealth with all the embarraſſment of poverty, and power with all the dependence of meanneſs.

I am, &c.

OLIVIA.

V

N° 82.

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THE paper of to-day was received from an unknown hand ſeveral weeks ago. The publication of it may, perhaps, appear rather unſeaſonable after the laſt Gazette. There is ſtill, however, much truth in my correſpondent's obſervations, who, I dare ſay, will not regret that *Sir George Rodney's* ſucceſs has ſomewhat leſſened their force.

For the MIRROR.

Romulus et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti.
HOR. EP.

MEN who either poſſeſs a natural fourneſs of temper, or who have been unfortunate in the world from accident or imprudence, or perhaps think they have been ſo from over-rating their own deſerts, are apt to aſcribe to human nature a variety of vices and imperfections. They conſider theſe as the

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chief ingredients of the compoſition of mankind, and that their virtues and good qualities are only exceptions from the general rule, like accidental ſtrokes of genius, or colouring, in the works of a painter whoſe performances, on the whole, are coarſe and irregular.

Nothing can be more groundleſs and unjuſt than this accuſation. I am convinced, that, upon a thorough examination, though we might diſcover many vicious and profligate individuals, we ſhould find, in general, that human nature is virtuous and well diſpoſed, and little merits the abuſe that peeviſh or unfortunate men are inclined to beſtow upon it.

One charge, much inſiſted upon againſt mankind, is public ingratitude. With what juſtice or truth this is urged, we may judge, by examining the behaviour of men from the earlieſt period to the preſent times; and, in doing ſo, I flatter myſelf we ſhall be able to diſcover that the reverſe is true, and that a ſtrong ſpirit of gratitude has appeared on all occaſions where it was due, though, in different ages and countries, it has been expreſſed in a different manner.

In Ægypt and ancient Greece, the tribute paid by the public voice to the benefactors of mankind,

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mankind, was to consider them as objects of divine worship, and, for that purpose, to inroll them among the gods. Such was *Ceres*, for the invention of corn, *Bacchus*, for the discovery of wine, and a variety of others, with whom every school-boy is acquainted. If a man of superior strength and valour happened to repel an invader, destroy a monster, or perform any notable deed of public service, he was revered while living, and, after his death, his memory was respected, and a species of inferior worship was paid to him, as a hero, or a demi-god.

In later times, in the Grecian states, the general who fought a successful battle, or destroyed an enemy's fleet, had statues erected to him by the public voice, and at the expence of the public. The Romans did not think of honouring their active or fortunate commanders with statues; but they had their triumphs and ovations bestowed by the public, and supported by the voluntary applause and attendance of a grateful populace.

I should be extremely sorry if the moderns yielded in the article of public gratitude either to the Greeks or Romans. I shall not enter upon the practice or manners of other Euro-

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pean nations; but I can venture to assert, with some degree of confidence, that the people of Great Britain possess a degree of public gratitude unexampled in any other age or country.

In making this assertion, I do not allude to public monuments, hereditary pensions, or thanks of parliament, which, though of a public, and seemingly of a general nature, may nevertheless proceed from a very limited cause. —I allude to that universal effusion of honest gratitude which the good people of England frequently bestow on successful commanders, by putting up their pictures as *signs* for their taverns and ale-houses, and frequenting these more than any other, till the reputation of the original begins to be obscured, by the rising glory of some new favourite.

I must, at the same time, observe, that great statesmen have seldom experienced this mark of public applause. The late *Mr Pitt* was, indeed, an exception from the remark; but he was, in fact, a minister of war only, and never meddled with finance. A first Lord of the Treasury, let him be as wise as *Ximenes*, and as moderate as *Fleury*, cannot expect to be revered on the sign-post of an alehouse; every

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every article of consumpt there has felt the weight of his hand; and, whether the company get drunk in wine or punch, or enjoy the cool collations of tea and coffee, still the reckoning recals ideas that lead to execrations on the whole system of finance and taxation, from the department of the first minister to the walk of the lowest exciseman; and, by an easy transition, the dislike of the system and the offices passes, in some degree, to the persons of those who fill them.

But, as the same cause of unmerited obloquy does not exist with respect to our admirals and generals, they have been often and much the objects of this species of public gratitude. It is needless to go far back. In the year 1739, Admiral Vernon took *Porto-bello with six ships only*. The public gratitude to him was boundless.—He was sung in ballads.—At the ensuing general election in 1741, he was returned from three different corporations; but, above all, his portrait filled every sign-post; and he may be figuratively said to have sold the ale, beer, porter, and purl of England for six years.

Towards the close of that period, the Admiral's favour began to fade apace with the colours

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colours of his uniform; and the battle of Culloden was total annihilation to him. When the news of that victory reached England, a new object presented itself to the public favour; and the honest Admiral, in every sign-post, made way for the more portly figure of the *glorious Duke of Cumberland.*

The Duke kept possession of the sign-posts a long time. In the beginning of last war, our Admiral in the Mediterranean, and our Generals in North America, did nothing that could tend, in the least degree, to move his Royal Highness from his place; but the doubtful battle of *Hamellan*, followed by the unfortunate convention of *Stade*, and the rising glories of the *King of Prussia*, obliterated the glorious Duke of Cumberland as effectually, as his Royal Highness, and the battle of Culloden, had effaced the figure, the memory, and the renown of Admiral Vernon.

The Duke was so totally displaced by his Prussian Majesty, that I have some doubts whether he met with fair play. One circumstance, indeed, was much against him; his figure being marked by a hat with the *Kevenhuller* cock, a military uniform, and a fierce look, a very slight touch of the painter converted

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verted him into the King of Pruſſia; but what crowned the ſucceſs of his Pruſſian Majeſty, was the title beſtowed upon him by the brothers of the bruſh, "*The glorious Proteſtant* "*hero*;" words which added ſplendour to every ſign-poſt, and which no Britiſh ſubject could read, without peculiar ſenſations of veneration and of thirſt.

For two years *the glorious Proteſtant hero* was unrivalled; but the French being beat at Minden upon the 1ſt of Auguſt 1759, by the army under *Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwick*, the King of Pruſſia began to give place a little to two popular favourites who ſtarted at the ſame time, I mean *Prince Ferdinand* and the *Marquis of Granby*. — *Prince Ferdinand* was ſupported altogether by his good conduct at Minden, and his high reputation over Europe as a general; — the *Marquis of Granby* behaved with ſpirit and perſonal courage every where; but his ſucceſs in the ſign-poſts of England was much owing to a compariſon generally made between him and another Britiſh general of higher rank, but who was ſuppoſed not to have behaved ſo well. Perhaps too, he was a good deal indebted to another circumſtance, to wit, the *baldneſs* of his head.

The

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The next who figured in the sign-post way was the celebrated *John Wilkes, Esq;*—This public honour conferred on him was also an effusion of gratitude; for he was supposed to have written the Earl of *Bute*, who was both a Scotsman and a favourite, out of power, and to have resisted and explained the illegality of general warrants. Besides, he fought a bloodless duel with *E. Talbot*, and was shot in the cause of liberty by *Mr Martin* of the treasury. All these were great weights in the scale of popularity; and, though *Mr Wilkes* never attained the glory either of *Admiral Vernon* or the *Duke of Cumberland*, yet his visage has filled many a sign-post, and much ale and gin has been sold under his auspices.

These are the last whom the people of Great Britain have thought worthy of being so honoured; and, though the thing itself may seem ludicrous, yet the tale has a moral, by no means flattering to the well-wishers of this country.——We have been now for five years employed in attempting to reduce our rebellious colonies; we have been two years at war with France, and one with Spain; many troops have been raised, many millions have been expended; expeditions without number have

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have been planned and ſupported, and the moſt powerful fleets have been fitted out that the coaſts and dock-yards of England ever beheld; yet, during this long period, with ſo many opportunities and ſo much force, we have not an admiral whoſe head would ſell a ſingle can of flip, nor a general whoſe full length would procure cuſtom for an additional pot of porter.

That this expreſſion of public gratitude may be ſometimes miſplaced, I will by no means deny; but ſtill this tribute paid by the people is more likely, than any other circumſtance, to be a ſure proof of real merit. The Sovereign may be miſinformed as to the deſervings of thoſe whom he is pleaſed to honour; and although, in the preſent reign, no ſubſtantial mark of unmerited favour has been conferred, yet every body remembers the late *General Blackney*, who gave up Minorca, made a Lord for defending it, merely to ſupport a ſinking adminiſtration, What reliance can be had on the thanks of parliament as a proof of public merit, may be learned from the anſwer of a gallant ſea-officer, (not an admiral), who, upon being told that the Houſe of Commons meant to give him thanks for his intrepid and

ſucceſsful

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ſucceſsful conduct on the coaſt of France, ſwore, if they did, he would inſtantly reſign his commiſſion.

Perhaps, at that time, ſome recent inſtance of party-injuſtice and partiality had brought the thanks of parliament into diſrepute; but, be that as it may, I ſhall never think our affairs, either by ſea or land, in a proſperous condition, till I ſee the ſign-poſts of England filled with freſh figures of generals and admirals. When that happens, it will be a ſure proof, that our affairs have taken a favourable turn, and that ſome of our commanders have, at laſt, acted in a manner ſuitable to the troops and treaſure with which, from the beginning of this war, they have all been ſo liberally ſupplied.

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IN a paper publiſhed at *Edinburgh*, it would be improper to enter into any compariſon of the writers of this country with thoſe on the other ſide of the *Tweed*. But, whatever be the comparative rank of *Scottiſh* and *Engliſh* authors, it muſt ſurely be allowed, that, of late, there have been writers in this country, upon different ſubjects, who are poſſeſſed of very conſiderable merit. In one ſpecies of writing, however, in works and compoſitions of *humour*, there can be no ſort of doubt that the Engliſh ſtand perfectly unrivalled by their northern neighbours. The Engliſh excel in comedy: ſeveral of their romances are replete with the moſt humorous repreſentations of life and character, and many of their other works are full of excellent ridicule. But, in Scotland, we have hardly any book which aims at humour, and, of the very few which do, ſtill fewer have any degree of merit. Though we have tragedies written by Scots authors, we have no comedy, excepting Ramſay's *Gentle*

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Shepherd; and, though we have tender novels, we have none of humour, excepting those of *Smollet*, who, from his long residence in England, can hardly be said to have acquired in this country his talent for writing; nor can we, for the same reason, lay a perfect claim to *Arbuthnot*, who is a still more illustrious exception to my general remark. There must be something in the national genius of the two people which makes this remarkable difference in their writings, though it may be difficult to discover from what cause it arises.

I am inclined to suspect, that there is something in the situation and present government of Scotland, which may, in part, account for this difference in the genius of the two countries. Scotland, before the union of the two kingdoms, was a separate state, with a parliament and constitution of its own. Now the seat of government is removed, and its constitution is involved in that of England. At the time the two nations came to be so intimately connected, its great men were less affluent than those of England, its agriculture was little advanced, and its manufactures were in their infancy. A Scotsman was, therefore,

in

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in this situation, obliged to exert every nerve, that he might be able to hold his place.

If preferment, or offices in public life, were his object, he was obliged to remove from home to a city, which, though now the metropolis of the united kingdoms, had formerly been to him a sort of foreign capital. If wealth was the object of his pursuit, he could only acquire it at home by great industry and perseverance; and, if he found he could not easily succeed in his own country, he repaired to other countries, where he expected to be able to amass a fortune. Hence it has been remarked, that there are more natives of Scotland to be found abroad than of any other country.

People in this situation are not apt to indulge themselves in humour; and few humorous characters will appear. It is only in countries where men wanton in the extravagancies of wealth, that some are led to indulge a particular vein of character, and that others are induced to delineate and express it in writing. Besides, where men are in a situation which makes it necessary for them to push their way in the world, more particularly if they are obliged to do so among stran-

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gers, though this may give them a firmneſs and a reſoluteneſs in their conduct, it will naturally produce a modeſt caution and reſerve in their deportment, which muſt chill every approach to humour. Hence, though the Scots are allowed to be brave and undaunted in dangerous ſituations, yet baſhfulneſs, reſerve, and even timidity of manner, unleſs when they are called forth to action, are juſtly conſidered as making part of their character. Men of this diſpoſition are not apt to have humour: it is the open, the careleſs, the indifferent, and the forward, who indulge in it; it is the man who does not think of intereſt, and who ſets himſelf above attending to the proprieties of conduct. But he who has objects of intereſt in view, who attends with circumſpection to his conduct, and finds it neceſſary to do ſo, is generally grave and ſilent, and ſeldom makes any attempt at humour.

Theſe circumſtances may have had a conſiderable influence upon the genius and temper of the people in Scotland; and, if they have given a particular formation to the genius of the people in general, they would naturally have a ſimilar effect upon its authors: the

genius

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genius of an author commonly takes its direction from that of his countrymen.

To these causes, arising from the present situation and government of our country, may be added another circumstance, that of there being no court or seat of the Monarch in Scotland. It is only where the court is, that the standard of manners can be fixed; and, of consequence, it is only in the neighbourhood of the court that a deviation from that standard can be exactly ascertained, or a departure from it be easily made the object of ridicule. Where there is no court, it becomes of little importance what dress the people wear, what hours they observe, what language they express themselves in, or what is their general deportment. Men living at a distance from the court become also unacquainted with the rules of fashion which it establishes, and are unable to mark or point them out. But the great subject for wit and ludicrous representation arises from mens having a thorough knowledge of what is the fashionable standard of manners, and being able to seize upon, and hold out a departure from it, in an humorous point of view. In Scotland, therefore, which, since the removal of the court, has become,

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in a certain degree, a provincial country, there being no fixed ſtandard of manners within the country itſelf, one great ſource of ridicule is cut off, and an author, by that means, is not led to attempt humorous compoſition, or, if he does, has little chance of ſucceeding.

There is another particular which may have had a very conſiderable effect upon the genius of the Scots writers, and that is, the nature of the language in which they write. The old Scottiſh dialect is now baniſhed from our books, and the Engliſh is ſubſtituted in its place. But, though our books be written in Engliſh, our converſation is in Scotch. Of our language, it may be ſaid, as we are told of the wit of *Sir Hudibras*, that we have a ſuit for holidays, and another for working-days. The Scottiſh dialect is our ordinary ſuit; the Engliſh is uſed only on ſolemn occaſions. By this means, when a Scotſman comes to write, he does it generally in trammels. His own native original language, which he hears ſpoken around him, he does not make uſe of; but he expreſſes himſelf in a language in ſome reſpects foreign to him, and which he has acquired by ſtudy and obſervation. When a celebrated Scottiſh writer, after the publication of his *Hiſtory*

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ſtory of Scotland, was firſt introduced to *Lord Cheſterfield*, his Lordſhip, with that happy talent of compliment for which he was ſo remarkable, addreſſed him, at parting, in theſe words: "I am happy, Sir, to have met with "you,—happy to have paſſed a day with you, "—and extremely happy to find that you ſpeak "*Scotch*.—It would be too much, were you to "*ſpeak*, as well as *write* our language, better "than we do ourſelves."

This circumſtance of a Scottiſh author not writing his own natural dialect, muſt have a conſiderable influence upon the nature of his literary productions. When he is employed in any grave dignified compoſition, when he writes hiſtory, politics, or poetry, the pains he muſt take to write in a manner different from that in which he ſpeaks, will not much affect his productions; the language of ſuch compoſitions is, in every caſe, raiſed above that of common life; and, therefore, the deviation which a Scottiſh author is obliged to make from the common language of the country, can be of little prejudice to him. But, if a writer is to deſcend to common and ludicrous pictures of life; if, in ſhort, he is to deal in humorous compoſition, his language muſt be, as nearly

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nearly as poſſible, that of common life, that of the bulk of the people. But a Scotſman who wiſhes to write Engliſh cannot eaſily do this. He neither ſpeaks the Engliſh dialect, nor is it ſpoken by thoſe around him: any knowledge he has acquired of the language, is got from books, not from converſation. Hence Scottiſh authors may have been prevented from attempting to write books of humour; and, when they have tried it, we may be able, in ſome meaſure, to account for their failure.

In confirmation of theſe remarks, it may be obſerved, that almoſt the only works of humour which we have in this country, are in the Scottiſh dialect, and moſt of them were written before the union of the kingdoms, when the Scotch was the written, as well as the ſpoken language of the country. The *Gentle Shepherd*, which is full of natural and ludicrous repreſentations of low life, is written in broad Scotch. Many of our ancient Scottiſh ballads are full of humour. If there have been lately any publications of humour in this country, written in good Engliſh, they have been moſtly of that graver ſort, called *irony*. In this ſpecies of writing, where the author himſelf

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himſelf never appears to laugh, a more dignified compoſition is admiſſible; and, in that caſe, the diſadvantage of writing in a language different from that in which the author ſpeaks, or thoſe around him converſe, is not ſo ſenſibly felt.

N° 84.

N° 84. SATURDAY, *February* 26. 1780.

Clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene patres. HOR.

TO diſpute the right of *Faſhion*, to enlarge, to vary, or to change the ideas, both of man and woman kind, were a want of good breeding, of which the author of a periodical paper, who throws himſelf, as it were, from day to day, on the protection of the polite world, cannot be ſuppoſed capable. I pay, therefore, very little regard to the obſervations of ſome antiquated correſpondents, who pretend to ſet up what they call the invariable notions of things, againſt the opinions and practice of people of condition. At the ſame time, I muſt obſerve, that, as there is a *College* in *Phyſic*, and a *Faculty* (as it is called in Scotland) in *Law*, ſo, in *Faſhion*, there is a ſelect body, who enjoy many privileges and immunities, to which pretenders, or inferior practitioners in the art, are by no means intitled. There is a certain grace in the rudeneſs,

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neſs, and wit in the folly of a perſon of faſhion, to which one of a lower rank has no manner of pretenſion.

I am afraid that our city (talking like a man who has travelled) is but a ſort of mimic metropolis, and cannot fairly pretend to the ſame licenſe of making a fool of itſelf, as *London* or *Paris*. The circle, therefore, taking them in the *gros*, of our faſhionable people here, have ſeldom ventured on the ſame beautiful irregularity in dreſs, in behaviour, or in manners, that is frequently practiſed by the leaders of the *ton* in the capitals of *France* or *England*.

With individuals, the ſame rule of ſubordination is to be obſerved, which, however, perſons of extraordinary parts, of genius above their condition, are ſometimes apt to overlook. I perceive, in the pit of the playhouſe, ſome young men, who have got fuddled in *punch*, as noiſy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking *Burgundy*; and others, who have come ſober from the counter, or the writing-deſk, give almoſt as little attention to the play as the men of L. 3000 a-year.—My old ſchool-acquaintance, *Jack Woudbe*, t'other morning, had

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had a neckcloth as dirty as a Lord's, and picked his teeth after dinner, for a quarter of an hour, by the assistance of the little *mirror* in the lid of his *tooth-pick case*. I take the first opportunity of giving him a friendly hint, that this practice is elegant only in a man who has made the tour of Europe.

Nature and *Fashion* are two opposite powers, that have long been at variance with one another. The first is allowed to preside over the bulk of the people known by the denomination of the *vulgar*; the last is peculiar to the higher orders of the state, and by her honours they have a title to be distinguished. Attention to interesting scenes, civility to those we ought to oblige, and propriety in public behaviour, belong to Nature, and are therefore the property of the people. It is a direct infringement on the rights of Fashion, if the inferior members of the community shall laugh where they should cry, be noisy where they should be silent, rude where they should be civil, or dirty where they should be cleanly. These are the badges of greatness, and, like certain *coats-armorial*, are only to be borne by illustrious personages.

These are matters in which, I think, I may venture

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venture to interpoſe my advice or animadverſion. But, as to ſome more delicate ſubjects, I am very doubtful whether they come within the limits of my juriſdiction, or how far it would be prudent in me to exerciſe it, if they did. I mean this as a general apology for not inſerting a variety of letters from unknown correſpondents, giving me information of certain irregularities in the manners and deportment of the faſhionable world, which they deſire may be taken immediate notice of in the MIRROR One who writes under the ſignature of *Ruſticus*, tells me, that *painting* is now become ſo common a practice among our fine ladies, that he has oftener than once been introduced to a lady in the morning, from whom, till he informed himſelf of her name, he was ſurpriſed to receive a curtſy at the play or the concert. Another, who ſubſcribes himſelf *Modeſtus*, deſires me to imitate the example of the *Tatler*, by animadverting, not on the large, but the ſmall ſize of the *petticoat*, which, he ſays, has ſo ſhrunk up this winter, that there is more of the——*ankle* ſeen than he can find countenance to look at.

To the firſt of theſe correſpondents I muſt

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anſwer, that I think the ladies, (whoſe number I am inclined to believe is ſmall), who chuſe to dreſs their faces in *rouge* or *carmine*, are exempted from all cenſure; they certainly do it to pleaſe themſelves, as they know how much it is deteſted by the men. Or, perhaps, they are of that icy order of females who have made vows of perpetual celibacy, and thus varniſh over their beauty, as *virtuoſi* do certain delicate natural productions, which are meant to be looked at, but never to be touched. As to the complaint of *Modeſtus*, I can only account for the preſent ſhortneſs of the petticoat, from the attention of the ladies being ſo much ingroſſed about their *heads*, as to leave them no leiſure to take care of the other extremity; as generals who are anxious to cover one part of their works, are apt to leave an oppoſite quarter defenceleſs.

But the moſt ſerious complaint I have received, is a letter ſubſcribed *Cenſor*, arraigning, with true *Juvenalian* ſeverity, the conduct of a certain *Club*, which, in the words of my correſpondent, "continues, in defiance "of decency and good manners, to inſult the "public in *Large Characters*, in the front of "every

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"every news-paper in town. This," he adds, "moves my indignation the more, when I "conſider that ſeveral of its principal mem- "bers are arrived at a period of life which "ſhould teach decorum, at leaſt, if it does "not extinguiſh vice."

In anſwer to this angry correſpondent, I will tell him the following ſtory. Some years ago, I happened to be in *York*, at the time of the *aſſizes*. Dining one day in a tavern with ſome gentlemen of that city and its neighbourhood, we were violently diſturbed by the noiſe of ſomebody below, who hooted and hollow'd, ſmacked his whip, and made his ſervants ſound their French horns, in ſhort, rehearſed, during the whole time of our dinner, all "the glorious tumult of the "chace." Some of the company, after ſeveral ineffectual meſſages by the waiter, began to be angry, and to think of a very ſerious remonſtrance with the ſportſman below. But an elderly perſon, who ſat oppoſite to me, pacified their reſentment: "I know the gentle- "man who diſturbs you," ſaid he; "his "head-piece was never one of the beſt; but "now, poor man! I believe we muſt let him

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" alone.—Since he is paſt running down the
" fox in the field, he muſt e'en be allowed to
" hunt him in the parlour."

I

N° 85.

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Poſſum oblivīſci qui fuerim? Non ſentire qui ſim? Quo caream honore? Qua gloria? Quibus liberis? Quibus fortunis?

CIC. ad ATT.

A PERIODICAL publication, ſuch as the MIRROR, is, from its nature, confined chiefly to proſe compoſitions. My illuſtrious predeceſſor, the SPECTATOR, has, however, ſometimes inſerted a little poem among his other eſſays; and his example has been imitated by moſt of his ſucceſſors. Perhaps it may be from this cauſe, that, among the variety of communications I have lately received, many of them conſiſt of poetical compoſitions. I muſt obſerve in general to theſe correſpondents, that, though the inſertion of a poem now and then may not be altogether improper for a work of this kind, yet it is not every poetical compoſition that is fit for it. A poem may be poſſeſſed of very conſiderable merit, and may be intitled to applauſe, when publiſhed in a poetical collection, though,

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from its subject, its length, or the manner in which it is written, it may not be suited to the MIRROR. I hope my poetical correspondents, therefore, will receive this as an apology for their poems not being inserted, and will by no means consider their exclusion as proceeding from their being thought destitute of merit.

Among the poetical presents I have received, there is, however, one, which seems very well suited to a work of this kind. The gentleman from whom I received it says, he has been informed, that it was founded on the following inscription (probably written from real feeling) on the window of an inn situated in the *Highlands* of Scotland.

" Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
" A life of wandering is the greatest wo;
" On all their weary ways wait Care and Pain,
" And Pine and Penury, a meagre train;——
" A wretched *Exile* to his country send,
" Long worn with griefs, and long without a
" friend!"

This poem contains a description of the situation of a Scotch gentleman who had been obliged to leave his country for rebellion against

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gainſt our preſent happy government. It points out the fatal conſequences of ſuch treaſonable attempts, and repreſents the diſtreſs of the perſon deſcribed, in a very intereſting and pathetic manner.

S

THE EXILE. AN ELEGY.

WHERE, 'midſt the ruins of a fallen ſtate,
The once fam'd *Tiber* rolls his ſcanty wave,
Where half a column now derides the great,
Where half a ſtatue yet records the brave;

With trembling ſteps an *Exile* wander'd near,
In *Scottiſh* weeds his ſhrivel'd limbs array'd;
His furrow'd cheek was croſs'd with many a tear,
And frequent ſighs his wounded ſoul betray'd.

Oh! Wretch! he cry'd, that like ſome troubled ghoſt
Art doom'd to wander round this world of wo,
While memory ſpeaks of joys for ever loſt,
Of peace, of comfort, thou haſt ceas'd to know!

Theſe

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Theſe are the ſcenes, with fancy'd charms endow'd,
Where happier Britons, caſting pearls away,
The fools of ſound, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliſs and freedom ſtray.

Wou'd that, for yonder dome, theſe eyes could ſee
The wither'd oak that crowns my native hill!—
Theſe urns let ruin waſte; but give to me
The tuft that trembles o'er its lonely rill.

Oh! ſacred haunts! and is the hillock green
That ſaw our infant-ſports beguile the day?
Still are our ſeats of fairy faſhion ſeen?
Or is my little throne of moſs away?

Had but Ambition, in this tortur'd breaſt,
Ne'er fought to rule beyond the humble plain,
Where mild Dependence holds the vaſſal bleſt,
Where faith and friendſhip fix the chieftain's reign;

Thus had I liv'd the life my fathers led;
Their name, their family, had not ceas'd to be;
And thou, *Monimia!* on thy earthy bed!—
My name, my family, what were theſe to thee!—

Three

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Three little moons had ſeen our growing love,
Since firſt *Monimia* join'd her hand to mine;
Three little moons had ſeen us bleſt above
All that enthuſiaſt hope cou'd e'er divine.

Urg'd by the brave, by fancy'd glory warm'd,
In treaſon honeſt, if 'twas treaſon here,
For rights ſuppos'd, my native band I arm'd,
And join'd the ſtandard *Charles* had dar'd to rear;

Fated we fought, my gallant vaſſals fell,
But ſav'd their maſter in the bloody ſtrife;
Their coward maſter, who cou'd live to tell
He ſaw them fall, yet tamely ſuffer'd life.

Let me not think;—but ah! the thought will riſe,
Still in my whirling brain its horrors dwell,
When pale and trembling, with uplifted eyes,
Monimia faintly breath'd a laſt farewell!

"They come, ſhe ſaid; fly, fly theſe ruthleſs "foes,
"And ſave a life, in which *Monimia* lives;
"Believe me, *Henry*, light are all her woes,
"Except what *Henry*'s dreaded purpoſe "gives.

"And

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" And would'ſt thou die, and leave me thus
" forlorn,
" And blaſt a life the moſt inhuman ſpare?
" Oh! live in pity to the babe unborn
" That ſtirs within me to aſſiſt my prayer!—"

What could I do? contending paſſions ſtrove,
And preſs'd my boſom with alternate weight,
Unyielding honour, ſoft perſuaſive love—
I fled and left her—left her to her fate!

Faſt came the ruffian band; no melting charm,
That e'er to ſuffering beauty Nature gave,
The ruthleſs rage of Party can diſarm;
Thy tears, *Monimia*, wanted pow'r to ſave.

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whoſe faithful love ſtill link'd them to her ſide,
Torn from their dwelling, trod the deſert plain,
No hut to ſhelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick drove its ſnow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darkneſs wrapp'd the heath they paſt,
Save one ſad gleam, that, blazing far behind,
The ancient manſion of my fathers caſt.

Calmly

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Calmly ſhe ſaw the ſmouldering ruins glare;
" 'Tis paſt, all-righteous God! 'tis paſt,
" ſhe cry'd;
" But for my *Henry* hear my lateſt pray'r!—"
Big was her burſting heart;—ſhe groan'd,
and died!—

Still, in my dreams, I ſee her form confeſs'd
Sailing, in robes of light, the troubled
ſky!—
And ſoon, ſhe whiſpers, ſhall my *Henry* reſt—
And dimly ſmiling, points my place to die!

I hear that voice, I ſee that pale hand wave!
I come once more to view my native ſhore;
Stretch'd on *Monimia*'s long-neglected grave
To claſp the ſod, and feel my woes no
more!

Z

N° 86.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MANY ineſtimable medicines, as well for preſerving health as for curing diſeaſes, are overlooked by our modern practitioners. An attempt to revive ſome of thoſe obſolete remedies, though it may appear better ſuited to a *medical* performance, yet does not ſeem altogether foreign to the MIRROR; ſince a *ſound mind*, according to the well-known apophthegm, is in natural alliance with a *ſound body*, the ſame publication which is calculated for the improvement of the one, may, not improperly, be made ſubſervient to the health of the other.

I. The firſt that I ſhall mention is of ſovereign efficacy in reſtoring debilitated ſtomachs to their proper tone. It renders the body vigorous, and it prolongs the days of man even unto extreme old age. Of it *Tulpius*, an eminent

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nent phyſician of Amſterdam, treats in his *Obſervationes Medicinales.*

In ſome languages it is called *Cha*, in others, *Tzai*; but with us it has received the appellation of *Tea.*

II. There is another ſimple of a ſingular kind: according to the great traveller *Pietro della Valle*, it is cooling in ſummer, and warms in winter, without, however, changing its qualities.

It expelled a gout of thirty years ſtanding from the toes of the Reverend *Alexander d'Albertus*, a bare-footed friar of Marſeilles, aged ſeventy.

For a long time *Madame de Lauſun* could not walk without the aid of a crutch; and, no wonder; for the good lady "had numbered the froſts of four ſcore and two winters." She was ſeized with what my author calls a *tertian quartan* ague, which undoubtedly is a very bad thing, though I do not find it in my dictionary: but ſhe tried Father Alexander's remedy; her youth was renewed, as one might ſay [*comme rajeunie*], and ſhe threw away her crutch.

The wife of *M. Morin*, phyſician at Grenoble, was reduced to the laſt extremity by a

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confirmed *Ptiſic*, of no leſs than ſixteen years endurance: at length the Doctor found out a method of laying the diſeaſe that had ſo obſtinately haunted his bed. By way of experiment he adminiſtered the remedy to his *chere moitie* [dear half], which is French for a wife. She recovered of her Ptiſic, and afterwards, by uſing the ſame remedy, of another diſeaſe with a horrible Greek name, a *Peripneumony*.

I might add many and various effects of this medicine ſtill more wonderful. *That* of the public ſpeaker, who was ſeized with a fit of modeſty, is the moſt remarkable. By taking a ſingle doſe, he felt himſelf reſtored to his wonted compoſure of mind; and he declared that he could, with eaſe, have ſpoken out another hour.

For this, and other authenticated cures, the inquiſitive reader is referred to the treatiſe of *Philip Sylveſter du Tour*, concerning the virtues of *Coffee*.

III. There is a certain weed, "which, ta-"ken a while after meat, helps digeſtion; it "voids rheum, &c. A little of it being "ſteeped over night in a little white wine, is "a vomit that never fails in its operation. It "cannot endure a ſpider, or a flea, or ſuch "like

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"like vermin: it is good to fortify and pre-
"ſerve the ſight, being let in round about
"the balls of the eyes once a week, and frees
"them from all rheums, driving them back
"by way of repercuſſion: taken into the ſto-
"mach, it will heal and cleanſe it; for my
"Lord Sunderland, preſident of York, ta-
"king it downward into his ſtomach, it cured
"him of an impoſthume, which had been of a
"long time engendering out of a bruiſe he
"had received at foot-ball, and ſo preſerved
"his life for many years."

Theſe are the words of *Howel*, in his letters, where he enlarges on the praiſe of *Tobacco*.

IV. But there is ſtill another medicine of aſtoniſhing virtues, which have been circumſtantially related by *Matthiolus*, an Italian phyſician of the ſixteenth century: it is "a
"liquid, which, when ſkilfully prepared,
"proves a powerful anti-ſeptic [an oppoſer
"of corruption] to every thing ſteeped in it;
"and ſo, by removing all tendency to cor-
"ruption, it is a comforter and a reſtorative,
"and preſerves and prolongs the lives of
"thoſe who uſe it. It not only cheriſhes the
"natural heat, and preſerves it in its full vi-
"gour, but it likewiſe renovates, as it were,

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" and vivifies the animal ſpirits, gives an a-
" greeable warmth to the ſtomach, ſharpens
" the apprehenſion and underſtanding, clears
" the eye-ſight, and repairs the memory: it is
" more peculiarly beneficial to thoſe who are
" of too cold a temperament, and who are
" ſubject to crudities of the ſtomach, and o-
" ther diſorders proceeding from cold affec-
" tions. It therefore affords a ſovereign re-
" lief to all who are tormented with pains in
" the ſtomach or bowels, proceeding from
" wind or indigeſtion; as alſo to thoſe who
" are ſubject to giddineſs, the falling ſickneſs,
" a relaxation of the nervous ſyſtem, inve-
" terate melancholy, hypocondriacal diſor-
" ders, palpitations of the heart, tremors, and
" fainting fits."

Matthiolus ſubjoins the method of uſing this medicine:

℞. *Once a day a table ſpconful of* Aquavitæ *diſtilled from the beſt wine.* But, with all deference to his authority, *Aquavitæ*, diſtilled even from the beſt wine, is not ſuperior in any of its virtues to our great ſtaple, *Whiſky:* for, from the reſearches of our own patriotic philoſophers, theſe two concluſions may be deduced; 1*ſt*, That *Whiſky* is a liquor pleaſant

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to the taſte; and, 2*dly*, That it is *a wholeſome ſpirit*.

V. I ſhall conclude with a receipt which might have been conſidered as of general importance in the ſeventeenth century, and may prove of no leſs importance in the nineteenth.

Bartholomeus Carrichters, in his *Secret*, b. 2. c. 12. publiſhed a *recipe* which is mightily commended by *Hector Schlands*, in an epiſtle to his learned friend *Gregorius Horſtius*; ſee *Horſtii* Epiſt. Medic. i. § 7. 1612. "℔. Dogs "greaſe, well diſſolved and cleanſed, 4 ounces. "Bears greaſe, 8 ounces. Capons greaſe, 24 "ounces. Three trunks of the miſletoe of "hazle, while green; cut it in pieces, and "pound it ſmall, till it becomes moiſt: bruiſe "it together, and mix all in a vial. After "you have expoſed it to the ſun for *nine* "weeks, you ſhall extract a green ointment, "wherewith if you anoint the bodies of the "*bewitched*, eſpecially *the parts moſt affected*, "and the joints, they will certainly be cured."

This *recipe* was tried with amazing ſucceſs in the caſe of a young girl whoſe condition was truly deplorable; for "ſhe vomited feathers, "bundles of ſtraw, and *a row of pins ſtuck in* "*blue paper, as freſh and new as any in the*

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"*pedlar's ſtall*, pieces of glaſs windows, and "nails of a cart-wheel;" as may be ſeen in "*The Wonderful and True Relation of the Be-*"*witching a young girl in Ireland*, 1699, by Daniel Higgs.

It is with the utmoſt diffidence that I give my own ſentiments in the *Materia Medica*, eſpecially on a ſubject which has been expreſſly treated by ſuch men as Dr Bartholomeus Carrichters, and Dr Hector Schlands. May I then be permitted humbly to propoſe this *quære*, Is there not ſome reaſon to conjecture, that the *recipe* ſo effectual in the caſe of *bewitching*, would anſwer equally well in the caſe of *childblains*?

I am, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

N° 87.

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Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and, as that natural fear in children is increaſed with tales, ſo is the other.

BACON.

THERE is in the mind of man a fund of ſuperſtition, which, in all nations, in all ages, and in all religions, has been attended with effects powerful and extraordinary. In this reſpect, no one people ſeem intitled to boaſt of any ſuperiority over the reſt of mankind. All ſeem, at one time or other, to have been alike the ſlaves of a weak, a childiſh, or a gloomy ſuperſtition. When we behold the Romans, wiſe and great as they were, regulating their conduct, in their moſt important affairs, by the accidental flight of birds; or, when threatened by ſome national calamity, creating a dictator for the ſole purpoſe of driving a nail into a door, in order to avert the impending judgement of Heaven, we art apt, according to the humour we are in, to ſmile at

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at the folly, or to lament the weakneſs of human nature.

A little reflection, however, is ſufficient to ſhow, that, with all our advantages, we ourſelves are, in this particular, equally weak and abſurd. The modern citizen of Rome, who thinks he can appeaſe an offended Deity, by creeping on his knees up the ſteps of *St Peter's* ſo many times a-day; or the pious Neapolitan, who imagines that carrying forth the relicts of *St Januarius*, is ſufficient to ſtop an eruption of Mount Veſuvius, are equally objects of pity with the good Roman, who devoutly aſſiſted at driving the nail into the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*.

It is amuſing to obſerve the conduct of our firſt reformers in this particular. Their penetration led them to diſcover the groſs errors and manifold ſuperſtitions of the church of Rome, and their ſpirit and ſtrength of mind, aided by fortunate circumſtances, enabled them to ſet themſelves free from thoſe ſhackles in which Europe had been held for ſo many ages. But no ſooner had they done ſo, than they and their followers adopted another mode of ſuperſtition, in the place of that which it had coſt them ſo much pains to

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pull down. To *maſſes*, and *crucifixes*, and *images*, were ſubſtituted a *preciſe ſeverity of manner*, and *long ſermons*, and a certain mode of *ſanctifying the Sabbath*, which were inculcated as conſtituting the *ſum* of virtue, and as comprehending the whole duty of a Chriſtian. So ingenious are men in finding out ſomething to put in the place of true piety and virtue! Neither is this confined to one religion or to one ſect. To the ſame cauſe muſt be attributed the broad brim and plain coat of the *Quaker*, the ablutions of the *Gentoo*, the pilgrimages of the *Mahometan*, the ſevere faſts obſerved in the *Greek church*, with numberleſs other inſtances that might be mentioned.

There is a ſpecies of ſuperſtition, which perhaps might be traced back to a ſimilar origin, that often lays ſtrong hold of the imagination, and fills the mind with terrors and apprehenſions, which reaſon and philoſophy have not power to eradicate, when once they have fairly got hold of us. Of this ſort is the dread of apparitions, of ſpirits, and of witches. Mr Addiſon, in an excellent paper in the Spectator, has ſhewn the folly of thoſe apprehenſions, and has cautioned parents to be particularly careful to preſerve their children from

thoſe

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thoſe little horrors of imagination which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to ſhake off when they grow up. He juſtly obſerves, that, next to a clear judgement and a good conſcience, a ſound imagination is the greateſt bleſſing of life. Perhaps it might be going too far to attribute to this eſſay of Mr Addiſon the reformation ſo ſtrongly recommended by him. It is, however, certain, that all theſe apprehenſions, formerly productive of ſo much real uneaſineſs, are now, in a great meaſure, unknown. We have ſo far ſucceeded in *plucking the old woman out of our hearts*, and we no longer ſee a brave ſoldier afraid to walk through a dark paſſage, or an intrepid ſailor ſhrink with horror at the thought of paſſing the night in a ſolitary apartment.

There is, however, another weakneſs ſomewhat a-kin to this, that, I am afraid, ſtill prevails among us, which my fondneſs for children, and the pleaſure I find in prattling with them, give me frequent opportunities of obſerving. I mean, a cuſtom of terrifying children, and filling their young minds with gloomy apprehenſions of death. This is one of the moſt common methods employed by ignorant

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ignorant nurſery-maids, and fooliſh parents, to frighten infants into obedience. But nothing can be more abſurd, or attended with more pernicious conſequences. Were a perſon of a timid frame of mind under a neceſſity of croſſing the ocean, would it be the part of a friend to magnify the danger, and to amuſe him, all the way to the port where he was to embark, with accounts of ſtorms and tempeſts, and with a fearful picture of the many and various hazards to which he muſt be expoſed on the voyage?

A wiſe parent, attentive to the future happineſs of his children, ought to follow a very different rule of conduct. From their earlieſt infancy, he ought to make the idea of death familiar to them; he ought to accuſtom them to look upon it, not only without fear, but with the ſame indifference as on any other unavoidable occurrence to which they are daily expoſed. By this means, they will, as they advance in life, be led to conſider it as a friend rather than an enemy; they will perceive, that, but for death, this world would be a priſon more dreadful than any the moſt cruel tyrant ever invented; they will look forward to it as the only period to the cares of

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of this life, as a happy paſſage to that better world, where only they can expect a complete reward for a faithful diſcharge of their duty in this.

However abſurd a dread of witches and apparitions may be, the conſequences attending it are not ſo bad as thoſe that flow from the fear of death. The one, it is true, fills the mind with many diſagreeable apprehenſions, and cauſes many uneaſy moments; but the other unfits a man for diſcharging his duty in ſociety, and too often expoſes him to infamy and diſgrace. Courage is a quality that depends, in ſome meaſure, on the conſtitution of the body; and it has been obſerved, that the ſame individual is not, at all times, and upon all occaſions, equally brave. I cannot help being of opinion, however, that, if a boy, from his earlieſt infancy, were taught to view death in a juſt light, he would imperceptibly acquire a ſtrength of mind, that would enable him to face danger, and to do his duty, on all occaſions, without being obliged to ſummon up his reſolution, and to call reaſon to his aid, upon every trying emergence.

I have heard it ſaid, that, if men were accuſtomed

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cuſtomed to deſpiſe death, they would be apt, through a ſort of fool-hardineſs, to throw away their lives on every ſlight occaſion, or idle quarrel. But, for my own part, I entertain a very different opinion; that fool-hardineſs is ſeldom to be met with in a man of a calm, firm, determined mind, who knows how to eſtimate the true value of life. In general, it proceeds from a ſecret conſciouſneſs, that leads a man to put too high a value on the quality of courage, and to indulge his vanity by a diſplay of it; as we often ſee men moſt deſirous to be thought to poſſeſs thoſe virtues and thoſe talents, to which, in reality, they have the leaſt pretenſions.

I was much pleaſed with a converſation I had on this ſubject, on a viſit I lately paid to Lady ———, the wife of my much-valued friend General ———, who is now abroad fighting the battles of his country. I found her in her dreſſing-room, ſurrounded by a group of the moſt lovely children. After they retired, ſhe began to complain, that, with all the attention a parent could beſtow, it was often impoſſible to prevent children from receiving bad and improper impreſſions from ſervants and attendants. "It was but juſt now," ſaid ſhe, "your favourite,

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"vourite, little Charles, told his brother, "that, if he was a bad boy, he would be put "into a black box, carried to the church-"yard, thrown into a hole, and covered over "with earth." After ſome obſervations on the bad tendency of repreſenting death in frightful colours, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had often been diſpoſed to think the poets to blame in this particular, who, by dwelling on all the circumſtances attending our diſſolution, and preſenting them to the imagination in ſtrong and lively colours, often leave an impreſſion which reaſon is not able entirely to wear off. She inſtanced the well-known lines of Shakeſpeare:

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
"To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
"This ſenſible warm motion to become
"A kneaded clod; and the dilated ſpirit
"To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
"In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
"To be impriſoned in the viewleſs winds,
"And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
"The pendent world; or to be worſe than
"worſt
"Of thoſe that lawleſs and uncertain thought
"Imagine howling;—'tis too horrible!
"The wearieſt and moſt-loathed worldly life,
"That

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" That age, ache, penury, impriſonment,
" Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
" To what we fear of death."—

" It is impoſſible," ſaid ſhe, " to read thoſe " lines without being affected by them. Yet, " were I to judge from my own feelings, I " ſhould think the ſentiment unjuſt. If to " me," continued ſhe, ſtealing a glance at the picture of my friend, while an involuntary tear half ſtarted in her eye, " if to me, there " be any thing terrible in death, it proceeds " from the thoughts of what I ſhould leave, " not from the dread of what I ſhould meet " with."

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MY Father was a farmer in a tolerably reputable ſituation. I was his eldeſt ſon; and, at the age of ſix years, I was ſent to the pariſh-ſchool, to be taught reading and writing. My father naturally made inquiries concerning my progreſs, and the ſchoolmaſter gave him the moſt flattering accounts. After I had ſpent the uſual time in learning to read and write, my maſter ſaid it would be a pity to cut ſhort a boy of my genius, and adviſed my father to allow me to remain a year or two longer at his ſchool, that I might get a little Latin. This flattered my father's vanity, as it put his ſon in a ſituation to appear ſomewhat above that of the children of the neighbouring farmers. I was allowed to ſit on the ſame bench at ſchool with our landlord's ſon, and I had ſometimes the honour to be whipped for his faults. In ſtudying *Latin* I ſpent three years.

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years. The account which my father received of my progreſs in that language, led him to follow my teacher's ſuggeſtion, to give me a little *Greek*. Having gone thus far, the tranſition was eaſy; it would be a pity, ſaid our ſanguine adviſers, to loſe all the knowledge I had got; with my application, and my genius, if I proſecuted my ſtudies, I might become a very learned, and a very great man. If I ſtudied divinity, (which was propoſed), I might in time preach in the pulpit of the very pariſh in which my father lived; nay, I might riſe to be a Profeſſor in the Univerſity, or become *Moderator* of the *General Aſſembly* of the Church of Scotland.

I was accordingly entered a ſtudent in the univerſity. My father conſidered my fortune as now made; and my expectations were not inferior to his. But I ſoon found my ſituation at the univerſity a very hard and uneaſy one. My father had been able to ſupply me tolerably with neceſſaries at the pariſh-ſchool; but to do this, at the univerſity, ſituated in a great and expenſive town, was above his power. I was obliged to walk about, therefore, with a ſhabby coat, and with an empty purſe. I could not attend all the lectures I wiſhed, for

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want of money to purchaſe admiſſion, or to procure the neceſſary books. I now likewiſe found, that, far from being more knowing than my college-companions, as my country-ſchoolmaſter flattered me would be the caſe, moſt of them knew more than I did; they had been better taught, and had profited accordingly. Poverty, want of books, of friends, and of the other conveniencies of life, were not circumſtances very well ſuited for the ſtudy of the beauties of *Homer* and *Virgil*, nor for making a progreſs in the abſtract ſciences; but, with all theſe difficulties, I gave ſuch cloſe and intenſe application, that I was able to pick up a good deal of learning, and my diligence drew the attention of ſome of the profeſſors. By their intereſt, I was recommended to Mr *M*——, a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, who reſided in the town where the univerſity is ſituated, to be tutor to his children; and accordingly he was pleaſed to engage me at the ſalary of L. 20 a-year, with the additional advantage of living in his houſe. I now thought the world was all before me, and every thing ſeemed to flatter me with preſent happineſs and future exaltation. Out of my ſalary I hoped to afford to be better

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ter dreſſed, to buy more books, and to attend more lectures. I expected, from the knowledge I had acquired, to be able to make a figure in the company which reſorted to Mr M.'s. I doubted not that they would ſingle me out as a prodigy of learning and genius; that, by their favour, I might be recommended to ſome lucrative or honourable place; or, at leaſt, that I ſhould, by Mr M.'s intereſt, be ſettled as a miniſter in ſome church, after having pleaſantly ſpent a year or two in his family in attending to my pupils, from whoſe progreſs and improvement I expected equal pleaſure and reputation. How theſe hopes have been anſwered, I proceed to inform you.

When I entered to Mr M.'s family, I found it was expected that I ſhould not only attend to the ſtudies of the eldeſt ſon, a lad of about fourteen, but that I was likewiſe to take care of all the younger children, conſiſting of no fewer than ſix. Some of theſe were to be taught to read, others, who were too young for that, I was to look after, and walk out with when they went abroad, to keep them out of harm's way, to prevent them from falling into a ditch, or being run down by a carriage. This I ſaw muſt occupy my whole time;

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time; and every thought of reading for my own improvement was to be laid aſide. But though, in this manner, a temporary ſtop was to be put to my learning, I ſtill flattered myſelf I ſhould make it up by the improvement and knowledge of the world I ſhould acquire from the ſociety and converſation at Mr M.'s. But this expectation was as vain as the former. When there were ſtrangers of diſtinction at the houſe, I was not allowed to ſit at table, but was placed in a corner of the room with the younger children, where my province was to attend to what they eat, and to cut their meat for them. When the family were alone, or the gueſts were ſuch as Mr M. did not think neceſſary to treat with much ceremony, I was permitted to ſit at table; but I ſoon found, even when this was the caſe, that I was not to be permitted to talk there. Seldom, indeed, was there any converſation which was worth joining in; but when any occurred in which I ventured to join, what I ſaid was received in ſuch a manner, that I was obliged to reſolve to be ſilent. If I threw in an obſervation which ſtarted a doubt of the juſtice of any thing that was ſaid, I was conſidered as an impertinent conceited fellow, who

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who had no right to expreſs his doubts; if I endeavoured to ſupport any opinion, I ſaw I was deemed officious and troubleſome. Mr M. who, to the credit the world juſtly gave him for a great fortune, wiſhed alſo to add the reputation, though without any pretenſions, of learning, was afraid, when I opened my mouth, leſt people ſhould think that his ſon's tutor was more knowing than he; and, therefore, took care always to contradict me flatly, and with an air of ſuperiority; and, ſometimes, even made a joke of that awkwardneſs of manner, which it was impoſſible one in my ſituation could have eſcaped. You may judge what effect this treatment muſt have upon one who can reliſh the beauties of the claſſics, and has read many of the moſt eminent French and Engliſh authors. Poor, helpleſs, and dependent as I am, ſomething within tells me that I am ſuperior;—but I have no title to be proud.

For ſome time, the only pleaſant moments which I had in Mr M.'s family, were thoſe employed in reading with my eldeſt pupil. But this continued a very ſhort time. The young gentleman ſoon began to deſpiſe one, whom he ſaw his father and his father's friends

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friends treat with so much disrespect; and, instead of following my directions, took care to do the very reverse of whatever I desired him. I perceived also he made me the subject of jest with his companions. In vain did I venture to represent this in the gentlest manner to Mr M. I was the worse used for my complaints; he ascribed his son's little progress to my remissness, not to any fault in the boy, who, I soon found, had much more influence with his father, in regard to his education, than I had.

Such, Mr MIRROR, is my situation with the upper members of the family. With those of an inferior rank, it is not a whit more agreeable. John, the footman, receives a salary nearly equal to mine, and he wears a better coat. He, therefore, looks upon himself as a finer gentleman than me; and, as I am but little respected by those whom he considers as his betters, he does not think himself bound to respect me at all. At dinner, he seldom hears when I call; and, when he does, I often get fish-sauce to my pudding, and pepper instead of sugar to my pancakes. Nor is John to be blamed for this; for he sees his master give me port, or punch, while he and his

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his guests drink claret. For some time, indeed, after I came to reside in the family, I received much complaisance from Mrs *Deborah Hitchcock* the house-keeper. Mrs Deborah is now considerably past her fortieth year; in her person, thick and squabby, with a mouth a little awry, and eyes a little asquint. Mrs Deborah frequently sends her compliments, and asks me to drink tea with her, or invites me to evening entertainments with her gossiping companions. She is sometimes also so kind as to visit me in my own apartment,—says she wonders I do not tire when alone; that she and I, from our situation in the family, should be companions to each other; and she has several times hinted, that, by her long residence in Mr M.'s, she has acquired a sum which might be of use to a young man like me.

Thus, Sir, have I given you a view of my situation in Mr M.'s family for more than two years past that I have resided in it. My pupil is doing no good under my care. I am not respected in the family, the servants insult me, and my farther progress in learning is stopped. I have often resolved to give up my place; but what will become of me, if I do?

Others

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Others will not enter into my motives; they will attribute my conduct to folly or ill temper; and I shall be thrown upon the wide world without a friend, without money, and with a mind ill calculated to struggle with poverty and misfortunes. It has occurred to me, that, if you print this letter, and Mr M. chance to see it, it may produce some change in my situation; or, if it has no other effect, it may at least serve as a justification of my conduct in leaving his family.

I am, &c.

K. B.

THE case of Mr K. B. may perhaps be exaggerated; but I suspect his situation is not altogether uncommon. Indeed, I have been often surprised to see men of excellent sense in every other particular, and fond of their children, so inattentive to those who have the care of them. It should not, methinks, require much reflection to convince them, that there is a good deal of respect due to those on whom so important a trust as the education

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of their children is devolved; it ſhould require but little obſervation to ſatisfy them, that, unleſs the parents regard the tutor; it is impoſſible the children can; that, unleſs the inſtructor be honoured, his precepts will be contemned. Even, independent of thoſe conſiderations, ſomething is due to a young man of education and of learning, who, though his ſituation may make it neceſſary for him to receive a ſalary for his labours, may, from that learning which he has received, and that taſte which it has given him, have a mind as independent as the wealthieſt, and as delicate as the higheſt born.

But, while I venture to ſuggeſt thoſe hints to ſuch gentlemen as may be in a ſituation to afford tutors for their children, I would recommend the peruſal of Mr B.'s letter to perſons in that condition from which he has ſprung. I have of late remarked, with regret, in this country, a diſpoſition in many, who, from their ſtation and circumſtances, ought to have been bred farmers or manufacturers, to become ſcholars, and men of learned profeſſions. Let ſuch perſons and their parents be aſſured, that, though there may be a few ſingular inſtances to the contrary, there

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is no purſuit which requires a competency, in point of fortune, more than that of a man of learning. A young man who has not enough to make him eaſy, and to bear the expence requiſite for carrying on his education, can hardly be expected to riſe to any eminence. The meanneſs of his ſituation will humble and depreſs him, and render him unfit for any thing elegant or great; or if this ſhould not be the caſe, there is much danger of his becoming a prey to anxiety and chagrin, and perhaps paſſing a neglected and a miſerable life. K. B. ſeems to have ſuffered much; he may ſtill have much to ſuffer; had he followed his father's profeſſion, he might have been both happy and uſeful.

A

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I WAS lately one of a pretty numerous company of both ſexes, when a lady then going to be married was the ſubject of converſation, and was mentioned, by a gentleman preſent, as a very *accompliſhed woman*, to which the company in general aſſented. One lady remarked, ſhe had often heard that phraſe made uſe of, without being able preciſely to underſtand what was meant by it; that ſhe doubted not it was beſtowed with propriety on Miſs ——; but, as ſhe was not of her acquaintance, ſhe wiſhed to know, whether, when one was ſaid to be an accompliſhed woman, we were to underſtand ſuch accompliſhments as muſic, dancing, French, &c. which a boarding-ſchool affords, or thoſe higher attainments which the mind is ſuppoſed to acquire by reading and reflection? Reading and reflection, repeated, with an iro-

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nical ſneer, a very fine gentleman, who ſat oppoſite to her; I wonder how any one can fill girls' heads with ſuch ridiculous nonſenſe. I am ſure I never ſaw a woman's learning have any other effect than to make her conceited of herſelf, and a plague to her neighbours. Were I to enter the *ſhackles*, I have too much regard to my own eaſe to chuſe a lady of *reflection*; and, had I any daughters, I ſhould probably have plague enough with them, without their being *readers*. Another lady, without taking the ſmalleſt notice of what the gentleman had ſaid, obſerved, that ſhe did not wonder young ladies were diſcouraged from taking much pains in improving their minds, as, whatever a girl's underſtanding or mental accompliſhments might be, they were univerſally neglected, at leaſt by the gentlemen; and the company of any fool, provided ſhe was handſome, preferred to theirs.—But, as this lady was rather homely, I durſt not rely on her opinion.—An elderly gentleman then ſaid, he did not ſee that reading could do a woman any harm, provided they confined themſelves to books fit for them, and did not meddle with ſubjects they could not underſtand, ſuch as religion and politics. As to the

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the first, he said, that, if a woman went regularly to church, said her prayers, read her Bible, and did as she was bid, he thought it all that was necessary; and as for politics, it was a subject far beyond the reach of any female capacity. This gentleman had a little before given a very circumstantial (and I am sure I thought a very tiresome) account of the method of making votes for the next general election, to which the company seemed to pay very little attention; and, if that was what he meant by *politics*, he was certainly in the right; for I acknowledge I did not understand one word of it; nor did any of the ladies present, as I afterwards found, comprehend it more than myself.

A young gentleman, who, from his correct manner of speaking, I suppose, belonged to the law, and who had hitherto listened with great attention, then took upon him to be our sex's advocate, and was proceeding to show (in a very sensible manner, as I thought) the little danger that was to be feared, and the great advantage that might be reaped from a young lady's appropriating a considerable part of her time to reading, provided her studies were properly directed, when the arrival of

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ſome ceremonious viſitors put an end to the converſation; and the company ſat down to cards.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting, with a good deal of uneaſineſs, on what I had heard. For, if there is really no ſuch thing as mental accompliſhment rendering a young lady more amiable, or, if reading is to be of no real ſervice to us, I have certainly employed a great part of my paſt life to very little purpoſe. I was brought up in the country, where reading was not only my greateſt amuſement, but I was always told, that, by that, and making proper reflections on what I read, I ſhould become contented with myſelf, and be beloved and reſpected by all who knew me; and, by theſe improvements alone, could hope to equal my ſiſter, who is a great deal handſomer than I, but who could ſeldom be perſuaded to open a book.

But the converſation above mentioned, which happened very ſoon after I came to town, has raiſed many doubts in my mind, as to the real importance of my former ſtudies. I have mentioned my uneaſineſs to ſeveral of my female companions, who are all (eſpecially

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ly such as are not handsome) very much interested in it, and would be very happy to see a MIRROR on this subject, though they were much surprised at my courage in proposing to write to you; which, indeed, I never could have done, had I been able to find any other way to communicate my distress.

If you think this letter worthy your attention, I intreat you to give us, as soon as possible, your opinion as to what sort of accomplishments a young lady ought to be most anxious to acquire, and whether there is not some real advantage to be derived from reading; for, I would fain think the young gentleman was in the right, though I am sorry I have never seen him since, to hear what he had further to say on the subject.

But if, on the contrary, you convince me, that I either cannot, or need not aim at any mental accomplishments, I shall lay by my book, and proceed to finish some ornamental pieces of work, which have hitherto advanced very slowly, as I was always more solicitous to improve my mind, than to adorn my person. I am, Sir, your constant reader and admirer,

EMILIA.

In

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In doubts of such moment, I am cautious of giving an opinion, except, like some crafty lawyers, by other doubts. In answer, therefore, to my fair correspondent, I will subjoin another letter from one of her own sex, who, though of inferior rank, seems, in the latter part of her epistle, to judge sensibly enough of personal and mental accomplishments.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I Am just going to commence business as a *Milliner*, and am resolved to bestow more than common pains in furnishing out as elegant a shop-list as possible, being of opinion, that much of the employment a shop-keeper gets, is owing to the attraction of a happy-fancified sign, advertisement, or shop-bill. In executing this intention, I have met with several difficulties; and, therefore, am induced to trouble you for a solution of them. A friend of mine, whom I consulted, (because, as he was often reading, I imagined him to be a wise and learned man), advised me to look into a book called *Johnson's Dictionary*,

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tionary, which he ſaid would ſpell, explain, and deſcribe to me, any thing I was at a loſs about. Accordingly, after ſome difficulty, I procured a ſight of this book from a relation, who was acquainted with a bookſeller. But, as this ſame Johnſon explains his words in a foreign language, I am as much at a loſs as ever; becauſe I am totally ignorant what language it is, and, therefore, cannot judge, whether what he ſays be ſuch a deſcription of my commodities, as will bring me cuſtomers. Upon my looking, for inſtance, at his explanation of *net-work*, I find it to be, "any "thing reticulated or decuſſated with inter-"ſtices betwixt the interſections." Now, Mr MIRROR, I beg the favour of you to tell me what language this is. You certainly can eaſily do it, when you have obtained ſuch a character in town for wiſdom and learning. If it ſhould be French, be ſo good as tranſlate it to me; and, if it proves to be ſuch a deſcription as I think ſuits the net-work I have on hand, I ſhall moſt gladly inſert it in my bill. But, if it ſhould turn out to be Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Dutch, or any other Heathen language, I would not meddle with it for all the world; for no perſon then would come

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near my ſhop. I am adviſed by all my friends to put as much French into my bills and advertiſements as poſſible; and, indeed, I believe the advice is good; for I have a relation a *Perruquier*, as he calls himſelf, who has told me, that he believed he owed almoſt all his buſineſs (and a great deal he had) to an advertiſement in the news-papers interlarded with French words. It began thus; for I copied it letter for letter, "*Perruques au dernier* "*gout*, made to fit the head, *avec une air bien* "*degagé*, to be had," &c. This wigmaker informed me, that there was ſcarcely a young beau in town who wore a wig that could reſiſt his advertiſement.

I ſhould beg pardon for the freedom I am uſing, in thus taking up your time about a matter which muſt appear ſo trifling to you; but, if you are a benevolent man, (and ſuch I have heard you are), it will readily occur to you, that, though my requeſt appears of a trivial nature, yet it treats of an affair of very great conſequence to me. This conſideration has emboldened me to apply to you; and, if you take the trouble to give me your aſſiſtance on this occaſion, I promiſe you to take in your MIRROR to my ſhop for the amuſement

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ment of my cuſtomers; though, upon ſecond thoughts, I am doubtful whether it may not rather hurt my buſineſs. A mirror is as neceſſary to a milliner's ſhop, as the goods that are in it; but then it muſt be a mirror for the body. Now, yours is one for the mind; and my beſt cuſtomers, in all probability, will conſiſt of a ſet of ladies who ſeldom or never look into their minds at all: for thoſe ladies, Mr MIRROR, who decorate their perſons in the higheſt extravagance of the faſhion, and who, of conſequence, are the beſt cuſtomers to the milliners, are generally ſuch, I am told, as have their minds worſt dreſſed and leaſt ornamented. Beſides, the ladies generally find ſomething in the bodily mirror which pleaſes them; but your mental looking-glaſs is one of ſuch juſt reflection, that, if my ladies ſhould view themſelves in it, I am afraid they would be ſo diſſatisfied and diſpleaſed with ſeeing their minds ſo unadorned as they really are, that they would go away in very bad humour, and without laying out a ſixpence in ornaments for their perſons.

I muſt, therefore, before I venture upon this ſtep, conſider further of it, and have the opinion of my friends on the matter. I have

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a good mind, Sir, to consult yourself upon it. I think so highly of you, that I scruple not to abide by your determination. Be so good, therefore, as to tell me in your answer, whether you think I ought to venture to take in your MIRROR to lie on my counter.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

LETITIA LAPPET.

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Verum etiam amicum qui intuetur tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur ſui. Quocirca et abſentes adſunt, et egentes abundant, et imbecilles valent, et, quod difficilius dictu eſt, mortui vivunt; tantus eos honos, memoria, deſiderium proſequitur amicorum. Ex quo illorum beata mors videtur, horum vita laudabilis. CICERO.

"LIFE," ſays *Sir William Temple*, "is like "wine; who would drink it pure, muſt "not draw it to the dregs." Such, I confeſs, has ever been my opinion, although, in reckoning up the good things of this world, long life is commonly eſtimated as one of its chief bleſſings.

I am ready to allow, that an old man, looking back on a well-ſpent life, in which he finds nothing to regret, and nothing to be aſhamed of, and waiting with dignity for that event which is to put a period to his exiſtence, is one of the moſt venerable and reſpectable of

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all objects. The idea that he is soon to quit the busy scenes of life, throws a tenderness around him similar to that we feel in bidding adieu to a friend who is to leave us for a long time.

There is, however, something wonderfully unpleasant in the decay of the powers of mind and body, the necessary consequence of extreme old age. To those around them, particularly to those with whom they are more nearly connected, the imbecility which almost always attends persons in a very advanced period of life, affords one of the most affecting spectacles that can well be conceived. It is a situation truly interesting; and, while it teaches us to make every allowance for the weakness of age, it disposes us, by every attention, by every mark of observance, to smooth the steps of the aged, and to remove, as much as possible, those clouds that hang on the evening of life.

It must, at the same time, be admitted, that there are men who live to a very great age, in the full possession of their faculties, and, what is still more, with all the affections of the mind alive and unabated. Yet, even where this is the

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the caſe, I cannot, for my part, conſider long life as an object much to be deſired.

There is one circumſtance, which, with me, is alone ſufficient to decide the queſtion. If there be any thing that can compenſate the unavoidable evils with which this life is attended, and the numberleſs calamities to which mankind are ſubject, it is the pleaſures ariſing from the ſociety of thoſe we love and eſteem. Friendſhip is the cordial of life. Without it, who would wiſh to exiſt an hour? But every one who arrives at extreme old age, muſt make his account with ſurviving the greater part, perhaps the whole, of his friends. He muſt ſee them fall from him by degrees, while he is left alone, ſingle and unſupported, like a leafleſs trunk, expoſed to every ſtorm, and ſhrinking from every blaſt.

I have been led to theſe reflections by a loſs I lately ſuſtained in the ſudden and unlooked-for death of a friend, to whom, from my earlieſt youth, I had been attached by every tie of the moſt tender affection. Such was the confidence that ſubſiſted between us, that, in his boſom, I was won't to repoſe every thought of my mind, and every weakneſs of my heart. Poſſeſſed of excellent natural parts, and of e-

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very accompliſhment education could beſtow, he pleaſed ſtill more by the gentleneſs of his manners, and the uncommon ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition.

It is not many months ſince I paid him a viſit at his ſeat in a remote part of the kingdom. I found him engaged in embelliſhing a place, of which I had often heard him talk with rapture, and the beauties of which I found his partiality had not exaggerated. He ſhowed me all the improvements he had made, and pointed out thoſe he meant to make. He told me all his ſchemes, and all his projects. And, while I live, I muſt ever retain a warm remembrance of the pleaſure I then enjoyed in his ſociety.

The day I meant to ſet out on my return, he was ſeized with a ſlight indiſpoſition, which he ſeemed to think ſomewhat ſerious; and, indeed, if he had a weakneſs, it conſiſted in rather too great anxiety with regard to his health I remained with him till he thought himſelf almoſt perfectly recovered; and, in order to avoid the unpleaſant ceremony of taking leave, I reſolved to ſteal away early in the morning, before any of the family ſhould be aſtir. About daybreak, I got up, and let myſelf

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myſelf out. At the door I found an old and favourite dog of my friends, who immediately came and fawned upon me. He walked with me through the park. At the gate he ſtopped, and looked up wiſhfully in my face; and, though I do not well know how to account for it, I felt, at that moment when I parted with the faithful animal, a degree of tenderneſs, joined with a melancholy ſo pleaſing, that I had no inclination to check it. In that frame of mind I walked on (for I had ordered my horſes to wait me at the firſt ſtage) till I reached the ſummit of a hill, which I knew commanded the laſt view I ſhould have of the habitation of my friend. I turned to look back on the delightful ſcene. As I looked, the idea of the owner came full into my mind; and, while I contemplated his many virtues and numberleſs amiable qualities, a ſuggeſtion aroſe, if he ſhould be cut off, what an irreparable loſs it would be to his family, to his friends, and to ſociety. In vain I endeavoured to combat this melancholy foreboding, by reflecting on the uncommon vigour of his conſtitution, and the fair proſpect it afforded of his enjoying many days. The impreſſion ſtill recurred, and it was ſome conſiderable

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time before I had ſtrength of mind ſufficient to conquer it.

I had not been long at home when I received accounts of his being attacked by a violent diſtemper, and in a few days after I learned that it had put an end to his life.

This blow, for a time, unmanned me quite. Even now, the chief conſolation I find is in the ſociety of a few choſen friends. Should they alſo be torn from me, the world would to me be as a deſert; and, though I ſhould ſtill endeavour to diſcharge my duty in that ſtation which providence has aſſigned me in life, I ſhould never ceaſe to look forward, not without impatience, to thoſe peaceful manſions where the weary are at reſt, and where only we can hope to meet again with thoſe from whom we have been parted by the inexorable hand of death.

R

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Non quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum, quidquid Etruſcos
Incoluit fines, nemo generoſior eſt te;
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitârint,
Ut plerique ſolent, naſo ſuſpendis adunco
Ignotos. HOR.

IN eſtimating the conduct of men, we naturally take into account not only the merit or blame of their actions, abſtractedly conſidered, but alſo that portion of either which thoſe actions derive from the ſituation of the perſons performing them. Beſides the great moral laws by which every man is bound, particular ranks and circumſtances have their peculiar obligations; and he who attains elevation of place or extent of fortune, increaſes not only the pleaſures he has to enjoy, but the duties he has to perform. This, however, moraliſts have always complained, is apt to

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to be forgotten; the great are ever ready to exercise power, and the rich to purchase pleasure; but the first are not always mindful of benignity, nor the latter of beneficence.

In the lighter duties of life, the same rule takes place, and is, in the same manner, but little attended to. In these, indeed, it is more liable to be disregarded from an idea of its unimportance. Yet, to the little and the poor, the behaviour of the great or the rich is often as essential as their conduct. There may be tyranny and injustice in the one as well as in the other; nay, I have known many men who could forgive the oppression of the powerful and the encroachments of the wealthy in more material instances, who never could pardon the haughtiness of their demeanour, and the fastidiousness of their air.

It is strange, methinks, that the desire of depressing the humble, and overawing the modest, should be so common as it is among those on whom birth or station has conferred superiority. One might wonder how it should ever happen, that people should prefer being feared to being loved, to spread around them the chilness of unsocial grandeur, rather than the warmth of reciprocal attachment. Yet, from

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from the pride of folly, or of education, we find this is often the caſe; there is ſcarce any one who cannot recollect inſtances of perſons who ſeem to have exchanged all the pleaſures of ſociety, all intercourſe of the affections, for the cold pre-eminence of ſtate and place.

But, in the ideas of their power, it is proper to inform ſuch perſons, they are frequently miſtaken. It muſt be on a mind very contemptible indeed, that mere greatneſs can have the effects they are apt to aſcribe to it. They cannot blaſt with a frown or elevate with a ſmile, from rank or ſtation alone, without ſome other qualities attending them. 'Tis with rank and ſtation, as an acquaintance of mine, ſomewhat of a coxcomb, though a better thing from nature, obſerved to me of dreſs, "Every man," ſaid he, looking at himſelf in a mirror, "every man can put on a "fine coat; but it is not every man who can "wear one."

It is, by no means, ſo eaſy to do the honours of a high ſtation as many who attain high ſtations are apt to imagine. The importance of a man to himſelf is a feeling common to all; to ſettle with propriety the claims of others, as well as of ourſelves, requires no inconſiderable

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inconſiderable degree of diſcernment; and the jealouſy of inferior ſtations in this matter, will criticiſe with the utmoſt nicety the determinations of their ſuperiors. In proportion as the great claim reſpect or adulation, the ſpirit of thoſe beneath them will commonly refuſe it. We ſee daily examples of men, who go on arrogating dignity, and procuring contempt; who meet with ſlights where they demand reſpect, and are refuſed even the attention to which they are intitled, becauſe they would impoſe attention rather than receive it.

But it is not always by haughtineſs of demeanour that people ſhew themſelves moſt haughty. There is a claim of ſuperiority, amidſt the condeſcenſion of ſome men infinitely more diſguſting than the diſtant dignity of ordinary pride. Somebody has called the part which the inferiors of ſuch people play, "holding the lower end of familiarity." *Orgilius* keeps a *pack* of thoſe end-holders conſtantly about him. He calls them by their names, as he does his hounds; they open at his jeſts, follow the ſcent of every obſervation he makes, and run down every character he attacks. For all this he rewards them exactly

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as he does his favourite dogs, by allowing them to dirty his parlour, and feed at his table; and, like the maſter of many a pack, he is deſpiſed by all his neighbours who have underſtanding, and hated by all thoſe who want it.

Nothing is more difficult than the art of a *patron*; the power of patroniſing is but one ingredient in its compoſition. A patron muſt be able to read mankind, and, to conciliate their affections; he muſt be ſo deſerving of praiſe as to be independent of it; yet receive it as if he had no claim, and give it value where it is juſt, by reſiſting adulation. He muſt have that dignity of demeanour which may keep his place in the circle; yet that gentleneſs which may not overpower the moſt timid, or overawe the meaneſt. If he patroniſe the arts, he muſt know and feel them; yet he muſt ſpeak to the learned as a learner, and often ſubmit the correctneſs of his taſte to the errors of genius. With ſo many qualifications requiſite for a patron, it is not wonderful that ſo few ſhould ariſe; or that the bunglers whom we ſee attempt the part, ſhould ſo frequently make enemies by offices of friendſhip,

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ſhip, and purchaſe a lampoon at the price of a panegyric.

There is a ſort of female patronage, of which I cannot forbear taking notice, though it be ſomewhat out of place here. It is conſidered as of little importance, though, I am apt to believe, its conſequences are ſometimes of a very ſerious nature. In ſome great houſes, *My-Lady*, as well as My-Lord, has a train of followers, who contend for that honour which her intimacy is held to confer, and emulate thoſe manners which her rank and faſhion are ſuppoſed to ſanctify. Let the humanity of ſuch a patroneſs lead her to beware, leſt her patronage be fatal to her favourites. If the glare of grandeur, or the luxuries of wealth, deprive them of the reliſh of ſober enjoyments; if the eaſe of faſhionable behaviour ſeduce them from the ſimplicity of purer manners; they will have dearly purchaſed the friendſhip which they court, or the notice which they envy. Let ſuch noble perſons conſider, that to the young ladies they are pleaſed to call their friends, thoſe ſober pleaſures, thoſe untainted manners, are to be the ſupport of celibacy, the dower of marriage, the comfort and happineſs of a future life.

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life. It were cruel, indeed, if, by any infringement of thoſe manners, any contempt for thoſe pleaſures, (too eaſily copied by their inferiors), they ſhould render the little tranſient diſtinctions which they beſtow in kindneſs, a ſource of laſting miſery to thoſe who receive them.

To the behaviour of the rich, the above obſervations may apply; wealth, in a commercial country like ours, conferring, in a great meaſure, the dignity of title or of birth. There are, however, ſome particular errors, into which the poſſeſſors of ſuddenly-acquired fortunes are apt to fall, that defeat the ends at which they aim, that diſguſt where they meant to dazzle, and only create envy where they wiſhed to excite admiration. When *Lucullus*, at a dinner to which he has invited half a dozen of his old acquaintance, ſhows his ſide-board loaded with plate, and brings in ſeven or eight laced ſervants to wait at table, I do not reckon the dinner given, but ſold. I am expected to pay my reckoning as much as in a tavern; only here I am to give my admiration, and there my money; and it is certain, that many men, and ſome very narrow ones too, will ſooner part with the laſt

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than with the former. I have ſometimes ſeen a high-ſpirited poor man at *Lucullus's* table, affronted by the production of *Burgundy*, and refuſe *Champaigne*, becauſe it had the *borachio* of our landlord's fourſcore thouſand pounds on't, This was honeſt, and Lucullus had not much title to complain; but he knows not how often his Burgundy and Champaigne are drunk by fellows, who tell all the world, next day, of their former dinners with him at a ſhilling ordinary, with ſixpenny-worth of punch, by way of regale, upon holidays.

There is an obligation to complacency, I had almoſt ſaid humility, of manners, which the acquiſition of wealth or ſtation lays on every man, though it has often, eſpecially on weak minds, a directly-oppoſite effect. A certain degree of inattention, or even rudeneſs, which, from an equal, we may eaſily pardon, from a ſuperior, becomes a ſerious injury. When my ſchool-companion, *Marcus*, was a plain fellow like myſelf, I could have waited him half an hour after the time of appointment, and laughed at his want of an apology when we met. But now that he is become a great

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great man, I count the minutes of my attendance with impatience; and, when he ſwaggers up to his elbow-chair without an acknowledgement, I hate him for that arrogance which I think he aſſumes, and almoſt hate myſelf for bearing it as I do. The truth is, *Marcus* was born in the rank, but without the ſenſibilities of a gentleman; a want, which no office in the ſtate, no patent of dignity, can ever ſupply. If the term were rightly underſtood, I might confine my admonitions on the ſubject of this paper to three words, "Be "a *gentleman*." The feelings of this character, which, in point of manners, is the moſt reſpectable of any, will be as immediately hurt by the idea of giving uneaſineſs by his own behaviour, as of ſuffering uneaſineſs from the behaviour of another.

V

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LOOKING from the window of a house where I was visiting some mornings ago, I observed, on the opposite side of the street, a sign-post, indicating a person to live there, by trade a *Figure-maker*. On remarking to a gentleman who stood near me, that this was a profession I did not recollect having heard of before, my friend, who has a knack of drawing observations from trifles, and, I must confess, is a little inclined to take things on their weak side, replied, with a sarcastic smile, that it was one of the most common in life. While he spoke, a smart young man, who has lately set up a very showy equipage, passed by in his carriage at a brisk trot, and bowed to me, who have the honour of a slight acquaintance with him, with that air of civil consequence which puts one in mind of the notice a man thinks himself intitled to. "That "young gentleman," said my friend, "is a "*Figure-maker*, and the chariot he drives in "is his *sign-post*. You might trace the bre-

"thren

"thren of this trade through every ſtreet,
"ſquare, and houſe in town. *Figure-ma-*
"*king* is common to all ranks, ages, tem-
"pers, and ſituations: there are rich and
"poor, extravagant and narrow, wiſe and
"fooliſh, witty and ridiculous, eloquent and
"ſilent, beautiful and ugly *Figure-makers.* In
"ſhort, there is ſcarce any body ſuch a cy-
"pher from Nature, as not to form ſome
"pretenſions to making a figure in ſpite of
"her."

"The young man who bowed to you is an
"extravagant *Figure-maker*, more remarkable
"from being ſucceſſor to a narrow one I
"knew his father well, and have often viſited
"him, in the courſe of money-tranſactions,
"at his office, as it was called, in the garret-
"ſtory of a dark airleſs houſe, where he ſat,
"like the genius of lucre, brooding, in his
"hole, over the wealth his parſimony had ac-
"quired him. The very ink with which he
"wrote was adulterated with water, and he
"delayed mending his pen till the characters
"it formed were almoſt illegible. Yet he too
"had great part of his enjoyment from the
"opinion of others, and was not inſenſible to
"the pleaſures of *Figure-making.* I have of-

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"ten seen him in his thread-bare brown coat, "stop on the street to wait the passing of "some of his well-dressed debtors, that he "might have the pleasure of insulting them "with the intimacy to which their situations "intitled him; and I once knew him actual- "ly lend a large sum on terms less advanta- "geous than it was his custom to insist upon, "merely because it was a *Peer* who wanted "to borrow, and that he had applied in vain "to two right honourable relations of im- "mense fortune.

"His son has just the same desire of shew- "ing his wealth that the father had; but he "takes a very different method of displaying "it. Both, however, display, not enjoy, "their wealth, and draw equal satisfaction "from the consequence derived from it in the "opinion of others. The father kept guineas "in his coffers which he never used; the son "changes, indeed, the species of property, "but has just as little the power of using it. "He keeps horses in his stable, mistresses in "lodgings, and servants in livery, to no better "purpose than his father did guineas. He "gives dinners, at which he eats made dishes "that he detests, and drinks Champaigne and "Burgundy,

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"Burgundy, inſtead of his old beverage of "port and punch, till he is ſick, becauſe they "are the diſhes and drink of great and rich "men. The ſon's ſituation has the advantage "of brilliancy, but the father's was more like-"ly to be permanent; he was daily growing "richer with the aſpect of poverty; his ſon "is daily growing poorer with the appear-"ance of wealth.

"It is impoſſible to enumerate the pranks "which the ſudden acquiſition of riches, join-"ed to this deſire of *Figure-making*, ſets people "a-playing. There is nothing ſo abſurd or "extravagant, which riches, in the hands of "a weak man, will not tempt him to commit "from the mere idea of enjoying his money "in the way of exhibition. Nay, this will "happen to perſons of whoſe ſenſe and diſ-"cretion the world had formerly a high opi-"nion, even where that opinion was a juſt "one; for wealth often makes fools where "it does not find them."—My friend happen-ing to caſt his eye towards me at that mo-ment, diſcovered a ſmile on my countenance; "You are thinking now," ſaid he, "that "you and I could endure being left twenty or "thirty thouſand pounds, notwithſtanding "the

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" the truth of my obſervation."—" It would " ſpoil your lecture, I replied; but you may " go on in the mean time."—He took the pinch of ſnuff which my remark had ſtopped in its progreſs towards his noſe, and went on.

" From this motive of *Figure-making*," continued he, turning to the ladies of the company, " beauty puts on her airs, and wit la- " bours for a *Bon-Mot*, till the firſt becomes " ugly, and the latter tireſome. You may " have frequently obſerved *Betſey Ogle*, in a " company of her ordinary acquaintance, look " charmingly, becauſe ſhe did not care how " ſhe looked, till the appearance of a gentle- " man, with a fine coat or a title, has ſet her " a-toſſing her head, rolling her eyes, biting " her lips, twiſting her neck, and bringing " her whole figure to bear upon him, till the " expreſſion of her countenance became per- " fect folly, and her attitudes downright diſ- " tortion. In the ſame way, our friend *Ned* " *Glib*, (who has more wit than any man I " know, could he but learn the economy of " it), when ſome happy ſtrokes of humour " have given him credit with himſelf and the " company, will ſet out full tilt, mimicking, " caricaturing, punning, and ſtory-telling, " till

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" till every body preſent wiſhes him dumb,
" and looks grave in proportion as he laughs.

" That wit and beauty ſhould be deſirous of
" making a figure is not to be wondered at,
" admiration being the very province they
" contend for. That folly and uglineſs ſhould
" thruſt themſelves forward to public notice,
" might be matter of ſurpriſe, did we not re-
" collect that their owners moſt probaby think
" themſelves witty and handſome. In theſe,
" indeed, as in many other inſtances, it un-
" fortunately happens, that people are ſtrange-
" ly bent upon making a figure in thoſe very
" departments where they have leaſt chance
" of ſucceeding.

" But there is a ſpecies of animal, ſeveral
" of whom muſt have fallen under the notice
" of every body preſent, which it is difficult
" to claſs either among the witty or the fool-
" iſh, the clever or the dull, the wiſe or the
" mad, who, of all others, have the greateſt
" propenſity to *figure-making*. Nature ſeems
" to have made them up in haſte, and to have
" put the different ingredients, above referred
" to, into their compoſition at random. They
" are more common in ſuch a place as this,
" than in a more extenſive ſphere, like ſome
" vermin,

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" vermin, that breed in ponds and rivulets, " which a larger ſtream or lake would de- " ſtroy. Our circle is juſt large enough to " give their talents room, and ſmall enough " to be affected by their exertion. Here, " therefore, there is never wanting a junto " of them of both ſexes, who are liked or ha- " ted, admired or deſpiſed, who make people " laugh, or ſet them aſleep, according to the " faſhion of the time, or the humour of their " audience, but who have always the ſatisfac- " tion of talking themſelves, and of being " talked of by others. With us, indeed, a " very moderate degree of genius is ſufficient " for this purpoſe; in ſmall ſocieties, folks " are ſet agape by ſmall circumſtances. I " have known a lady here contrive to make a " figure for half the winter, on the ſtrength " of a plume of feathers, or the trimming of " a petticoat; and a gentleman make ſhift to " be thought a fine-fellow, only by outdoing " every body elſe in the thickneſs of his *queue*, " or the height of his foretop.

" But people will not only make themſelves " fools; I have known inſtances of their be- " coming knaves, or, at leaſt, boaſting of " their being ſo, from this deſire of *figure-* " *making*.

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"*making*. You shall hear a fellow, who has "once got the character of being a sharp man, "tell things of himself, for which, if they "had been true, he deserved to be hanged, "merely because his line of *figure-making* "lies in trick and chicane; hence, too, pro- "ceed all those histories of their own profli- "gacy and vice, which some young men of "spirit are perpetually relating, who are will- "ing to '*record themselves villains*,' rather "than not be recorded at all.

"In the arts, as well as in the characters of "men, this same propensity is productive of "strange disorders. Hence proceed the bom- "bast of poetry, the tumor of prose, the ga- "rish light of some paintings, the unnatural "*chiaroscuro* of others; hence, in music, the "absurd mixture of discordant movements, and "the squeak of high-strained cadences; in "short, all those sins against nature and sim- "plicity, which artists of inferior merit are "glad to practise, in order to extort the no- "tice of the public, and to make a figure, by "surprise and singularity."

The accidental interruption of a new visitor now stopped the current of my friend's dis-

course;

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courſe; he had, indeed, begun to tire moſt of the company, who were not all diſpoſed to liſten quite ſo long as he ſeemed inclined to ſpeak. In truth, he had forgot that the very reproof he meant to give his neighbours, applied pretty ſtrongly to himſelf, and that, though he might ſuppoſe he was lecturing from the deſire of reformation, he was, in reality, haranguing in the ſpirit of *figure-making*.

I

N° 93.

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Parva leves capiunt animos. OVID.

THAT life conſiſts, in a great meaſure, of trifling occurrences and little occupations, there needs no uncommon ſagacity or attention to diſcover. Notwithſtanding the importance we are apt to aſcribe to the employments and the time, even of the greateſt and moſt illuſtrious, were we to trace ſuch perſons to the end of their labours and the cloſe of their purſuits, we ſhould frequently diſcover, that trifles were the ſolace of the one, and the purpoſe of the other. Public buſineſs and political arrangement, are often only the conſtrained employments to which accident or education has devoted their hours, while their willing moments are deſtined, perhaps, to light amuſements and to careleſs mirth.

It is not, then, ſurpriſing, that trifles ſhould form the chief gratification of ordinary men, on whom the public has no claim, and indivi-

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duals have little dependence. But, of thoſe trifles the nature will commonly mark the man, as much as circumſtances of greater importance. A mind capable of high exertion or delicate ſentiment, will ſtoop with a certain conſciouſneſs of its deſcent, that will not allow it to wanton into abſurdity, or ſink into groſſneſs. There is, in ſhort, a difference, which ſenſe and feeling will not eaſily forget, between the little and the mean, the ſimple and the rude, the playful and the fooliſh.

But the ſureſt mark of a weak mind is an affectation of importance amidſt the enjoyment of trifles, a buſtle of ſerious buſineſs amidſt the moſt inſignificant concerns. The bringing forward of little things to the rank of great ones, is the true burleſque in character as well as in ſtyle; yet ſuch characters are not uncommon, even among men who have acquired ſome eſtimation in the world. In this particular, the world is eaſily deceived; dullneſs may often ape ſolemnity, and arrogate importance, where brighter talents would have drawn but little regard; as objects are magnified by miſts, and made awful by darkneſs.

Of a character of this ſort I received, ſome time

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time ago, the following ſketch, from a young lady, who ſometimes honours me with her correſpondence, whoſe vivacity can give intereſt to trifles, and entertainment to abſurdity.

Dear SIR,

YOU made me promiſe, on leaving town, that I would write to you whenever the country afforded any thing worth writing about. The country, at preſent, merely as country, preſents no landſcape but one undiſtinguiſhed tract of ſnow; vegetation is locked up in froſt, and we are locked up within doors; but ſomething might be traced within doors, had I a good pencil for the purpoſe.—Mine hoſt, of whom you have heard a good deal, is no bad ſubject: Suppoſe I make him ſit for his picture.

Believe me, he is not quite the ſenſible intelligent man we were told he was.—So much the better; I like oddities—even now and then, in town; ſtill better in the country;—but in froſt and ſnow, and all the dreary confinement of winter,—Oh! your *battledore* and *ſhuttlecock* are a joke to them.

You remember, a long while ago, (ſo long, that I have forgot every part of the book but

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the name), we read *Nature displayed* together. You then told me of a certain *Mr Leeuwenhoek*, I think you called him, whose microscope shewed the circulation of frog's blood, the scales of the scales of fishes, the bristles of mites, and every other tiny thing in the world. Now, my worthy landlord, Mr G. R. has always such a glass as *Leeuwenhoeck's* in his noddle; every little thing is so great to him, and he does little things, and talks of little things, with an air of such importance!—but I hate definitions; pictures are ten times better; and now for a few sketches of my winter-quarters, and of the good man under whose government I live.

I discovered, on my first entry into his house, that every thing was in exact order, and every place inviolably appropriated to its respective use. The gentlemen were to put their hats and sticks in one corner, and the ladies their clogs in another. The very day of my arrival, I heard the family-apothecary get a severe rebuke for violating the chastity of the clog-corner with his rattan. I have hitherto escaped much censure on this score: Luckily I have attracted the regard of Mr R.'s youngest sister, a grave, considerate, orderly young

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young lady. I don't know how it is, but I have often got into favour with thoſe grave ladies.—God knows, I little deſerve it.—Miſs Sophia R. therefore keeps me right in many important particulars, or covers my deviations with ſome apology; or, if all won't do, I laugh, as is my way; Mr R. calls me Rattle-ſcull, ſays he ſhall bring me into order by and by, and there's an end on't.

By that attention to trifles, for which, from his earlieſt days, he was remarkable, Mr R. made himſelf commodious to ſome perſons of conſiderable influence, and procured many advantages, to which, neither from birth nor fortune, he was any wiſe intitled. He travelled in company with a gentleman of very high rank and diſtinguiſhed abilities, by whoſe means he procured an introduction to many eminent men in foreign countries; and, when he returned from abroad, was often in the ſociety of the eminent men of our own. But his brain, poor man! was like a gauze ſearce, it admitted nothing of any magnitude: Amidſt great men and great things, it took in only the duſt that fell from them.

He was reading, in the news-papers, the other morning, of the marriage of the Honour-

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able Miſs W—— to Sir H. S——. "Ah!" ſaid he, "to think how time paſſes! I re-"member her grandfather Lord W—— well; "a great man, a very great man. We met at "*Naples*, and afterwards went to *Parma* toge-"ther. I gave him the genuine receipt for "the *Parmeſan cheeſe*, which I went purpoſe-"ly to procure, while he was examining ſome "ſtatues and ancient manuſcripts. We were "ever afterwards on the moſt friendly foot-"ing imaginable. I was with him a few "mornings before the marriage of Lord C. "W—— this very Miſs W——'s father. I "remember it well;—it was at breakfaſt;—I "often breakfaſted with him before he went "to the houſe;—he always eat *butter'd muf-"fins*; but when I was there, he uſed to or-"der *dry toaſt*; I always eat *dry toaſt*.—The "bride was with us; I was intimately ac-"quainted with her too; ſhe let me into "the whole ſecret of the courtſhip. Her fa-"ther's principal inducement to the match,—"it was a long affair,—the B—— eſtate was "to be ſettled on the young folks at the mar-"riage;—no, not all,—part of the B—— "eſtate, with the manor in Lincolnſhire.—— "But, as I was ſaying, we were at breakfaſt

"at

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" at Lord W——'s. His ſon and the bride " were by; Lord C. had velvet breeches, and " gold clocks to his ſtockings; the queſtion " was, whether this was proper? I put it to " the bride; I made her bluſh, I warrant you; " —ſhe was a fine woman, a prodigious fine " woman; ſhe always uſed my waſh-ball; I " wrote out the receipt for her; it was given " me at *Vienna* by Count O——; a very great " man Count O——, and knew more of the " affairs of the empire than any man in Ger- " many.—From him I firſt learned with cer- " tainty, that the Ducheſs of *Lorraine*'s two " fore-teeth were falſe ones. I remember he " had an old gray monkey.—Siſter Mary, " you have heard me tell the ſtory of Count " O——'s monkey."—But here it pleaſed Hea- ven that *William* called his maſter out of the room, and ſaved us from the Count and his old gray monkey.

This ſuperficial knowledge of great men, and accidental acquaintance with ſome of the vocables of ſtate-buſineſs, has given him a conſequential ſort of phraſeology, which he applies, with all the gravity in the world, to the moſt trifling occurrences. When he or- ders the chaiſe for his eldeſt ſiſter, himſelf, and

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and me, the white pad for *Sophy*, and the old roan mare for her attendant, he calls it "*regulating the order of the proceſſion.*" When he gives out the wine from the cellar, and the groceries from the ſtore-room, (for he does both in perſon), he tells us, he has been "*granting the ſupplies*;" the acceptance, or offer of a viſit, he lays before "*a committee of the whole houſe*;" and for the killing of the fat ox this Chriſtmas, he called the gentlemen three ſucceſſive mornings to "*a grand council of war.*"

It were well if all this were only matter of amuſement; but ſome of us find it a ſource of very ſerious diſtreſs. Your managing men are commonly plagues; but Mr R. manages ſo much to a hair's-breadth, that he is a downright torment to the other members of his family. It was but yeſterday we had the honour of a ceremonious viſit from ſome great folks, as we think them, who came lately from your town to eat their *mince-pies* in the country. After a wonderful ringing of bells, calling of ſervants, and trampling upon the ſtairs all morning, Mr R. came down to the drawing-room at a quarter before three, with all his uſual *fiddle-faddleation*, but, as I thought,

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thought, in very good humour. He had on his great-company wig, and his round ſet ſhoe-buckles. The ſervants had their liveries new white-ball'd, and the beſt china was ſet out, with the large ſilver ſalvers, and the emboſſed porter-cups on the ſide-board. The covers were ſtripped from the worked chair-bottoms, and his grandmother's little diced carpet was taken off the roller, and laid, like a patch, on the middle of the floor, the naked part of which was all ſhining with bees-wax. The company came at their hour; the beef was roaſted to a turn; dinner went on with all imaginable good order and ſtupidity; ſupper was equally regular and ſleepy; in ſhort, every thing ſeemed quite as it ſhould be: Yet, next morning, I perceived foul weather in all the faces of the family; Mr R. and his ſiſter ſcarce ſpoke to one another, and he talked, all the time of breakfaſt, of female careleſſneſs and inattention. *Miſs Sophia* explained it to me when we were left alone. "Oh! do you know," ſaid ſhe, "a ſad af-"fair happened laſt night: My brother and "ſiſter had ſuch a *tiff!* You muſt under-"ſtand, before the company arrived yeſter-"day, he had, as uſual, adjuſted the ceremo-"nial

"nial of their different apartments; but he "discovered, on attending them to their "rooms at night, that my sister had put the "gilt-china bottle and bason into the *callico* "bed-chamber, and the ordinary blue and "white into the *pink damask*."—It is lucky this man is no guardian of mine; were he to watch me as he does his sisters, and see all the odds and ends about me.—But what has he to do to be a guardian. Yet Nature, perhaps, meant him for something, if fortune had allowed it; he might have been excellently employed in a *pin-shop*, in sticking the rows in a *pin-paper*.

I fancy you have got quite enough of my landlord. You used to say I was the best of your philosophers, your *Democritus* in petticoats. If I have an inch of philosophy about me, it is without my knowledge, I assure you; you are welcome to it, however, such as it is. Other folks may give you what I have heard you call the *great views* of Nature and Life; it is enough for me if I can enrich your collection with a paper of *insects*.

Yours most truly,

C. F.

V

N° 94.

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AMONG the other privileges of an anonymous periodical author, is that of writing letters in praiſe of himſelf, which he is, now and then, obliged to inſert on account of their merit, however offenſive they may be to his modeſty. This ſort of correſpondence, which I ſuppoſe is a very pleaſant one, I have not yet ventured to indulge in. The correſpondents whom I have perſonated, always talk of themſelves inſtead of the MIRROR; and, on the other hand, ſeveral of the papers I have received, are written in the perſon of the author, a character in which it were improper to praiſe him, and which, when *aſſumed*, gives, perhaps, no great inclination to do it. Of this laſt ſort is the firſt of two communications to which I devote the paper of to-day; the ſecond, containing one of the very few compliments which the MIRROR has exhibited of itſelf, is a genuine letter from London, written by a gentleman in the very ſituation

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ſituation the feelings of which he ſo naturally deſcribes.

IN my firſt paper I took occaſion to mention a few particulars of my ſituation and character, and my object in this publication. My deſign has been to afford an agreeable and innocent amuſement; and, by laying before my readers thoſe characters I was acquainted with, and which preſented themſelves before me, I had ſome hopes, though I ſhould not reclaim the completely vitious, that I might be able to guard the young and inexperienced, to alarm the inconſiderate, to confirm the wavering, and to point out, even to the worthy, ſome of thoſe errors and imperfections, from which, perhaps, the fineſt minds are in the greateſt danger of ſuffering.

How far I have been able to afford any amuſement, I will not take upon me to ſay; but, I am ſorry to find, that many of the characters which I have preſented to the public, with a view to point out mens errors and defects,

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fects, have been considered as proper objects of imitation, and that some of my readers have so far mistaken the purpose I had in presenting such characters, as to be flattered by thinking that themselves bear some resemblance to them.

When I made my readers acquainted with my friend *Mr Fleetwood*, I never meant to recommend that excessive delicacy and false refinement which often prevents him from being happy; on the contrary, my intention was, to point out the danger of that excessive refinement, and to guard such of my readers as should be disposed to indulge in it, against its fatal consequences; and yet I know a gentleman, who is so desirous of being thought possessed of delicacy and refinement, that, the other day, I saw him very much pleased when one of his friends told him he was a very *Fleetwood*. Luckily for him I know him to be possessed of Fleetwood's good qualities, without his imperfections. I cannot say so much for his acquaintance C. D.; he is a peevish discontented creature, quick in his temper, jealous of his friends, and dissatisfied with every thing about him. He has of late taken it into his head to be *a man of taste*,

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though he has not the leaſt pretenſions to the character; and, while he indulges his own peeviſhneſs and chagrin, he flatters himſelf with the thought that he is a Fleetwood, and apologies for his bad temper, by calling it the effect of his delicacy and refinement of mind. Though I confeſs my partiality for Fleetwood's good qualities, yet, had I not known C. D. I could hardly have thought, that any one would have been vain of his imperfections, who was not poſſeſſed of any of his merits.

When I introduced *Mr Umphraville* to my readers, I never meant to recommend that ſeclusion from the world, and that abſtraction from the duties of life, which, with all the dignity of mind he is poſſeſſed of, have given occaſion to his little oddities, and diſqualified him for every active purpoſe; and yet *Tom Meadows*, who gave up the profeſſion of the law, becauſe he was too idle to attend to it, and who has lately ſold his commiſſion in the army, becauſe he would not undergo the fatigues of a foreign campaign, has thought proper to juſtify his conduct, by appealing to Mr Umphraville's example, and pretends to ſay, that he, forſooth, has too much pride of mind, to occupy himſelf in applying the rules

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of law to the unintereſting diſputes of individuals, or to be engaged in aſſiſting at a review, or lining the ſtreets at a proceſſion.

H. B.'s letter, in my 51ſt number, deſcribes the dangerous effects of giving too much culture, and too many accompliſhments, and of ſoftening too much the mind of a young girl, who has to ſtruggle with the difficulties of life, and is not placed in ſuch a ſituation as makes her independent of the world. It repreſents, in a very feeling manner, the delicate diſtreſs which theſe circumſtances had occaſioned. I have lately, however, received a letter from a correſpondent who, from her language and expreſſions, ſeems to be a great reader in the circulating library. She ſays, ſhe has lately ſpent much of her time in ſtudying the *Belles Lettres*; that, of all things, ſhe would wiſh to be learned and accompliſhed;—that ſhe regrets that her father did not educate her better;—that, of all the perſons ſhe ever read of, ſhe would wiſh to be like my correſpondent H. B.;—that ſhe envies her affliction, for that "*affliction makes* "*part of her dream of happineſs.*"

The letter publiſhed in my 78th number, gives an excellent deſcription of the bad ef-

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facts of that too great easiness of temper which leads a man into folly and extravagance, and makes him be ruined by having too many friends. My neighbour *Will. Littlebit*, whose heart is so contracted, as not to be susceptible of the sentiment of friendship, and who, far from being in danger of being preyed upon by his friends, never admits a guest within his house, says, that the 78th is the only good paper he has seen in the MIRROR, and that the last paragraph in particular should be printed in letters of gold, to serve as a lesson of imitation for all the young men of the age.

The particulars above mentioned have taught me how difficult is the attempt to instruct or reform.—There is no virtue which is not nearly connected with some vice;—there is no imperfection which does not bear a near resemblance to some excellency.—And mankind, fond of indulging their favourite passions and inclinations, instead of distinguishing, endeavour to confound their vices with their virtues; instead of separating the bad from the good grain, they bind all up together, and hug themselves in the belief of holding only what is valuable.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR, *London, March* 13, 1780.

I AM, though at this diſtance, one of your conſtant readers, and mark with pleaſure not only the general good tendency of your papers, but perceive alſo, that you draw your pictures of human nature from the only pure fountain, Nature herſelf.

You muſt know I am a native of *Edinburgh*, where I paſſed my youth, and received my education; but have been long ſettled in this place. Some years ago, I was impelled by a very natural deſire to reviſit my native country, and I now ſit down to communicate to you the ſenſations I felt upon that occaſion.

On my arrival in Edinburgh, I will own, that what firſt ſtruck me was the total change of faces. Very few were left whom I knew when a boy, and thoſe ſo altered in their appearance, ſo much the ſhadows only of what they once were, as could not fail to excite many ſerious reflections. Hardly a ſingle houſe did I find inhabited by the ſame perſons I left in it; but every where a new race, new manners, and new modes of living. In ſhort,

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I found myself, in almost every sense of the word, an utter stranger. Even the improvements that had been made during my long absence displeased me. The corn-fields on the south side of the town were quite covered with substantial houses; *Barefoot's parks*, where I have had many a retired and pleasant walk, converted into a spendid city; and, in the old town, many ruinous buildings, the scenes of some of my youthful amusements, now rebuilt with equal solidity and elegance.

Nor were these my only grievances. The removal of the *Cross*, of the *Netherbow-port*, and of many other incumbrances, in short, every alteration, though evidently for the better, that had taken place since my departure, more or less displeased me. You will more easily account than I can, how it comes to pass that the human mind should be so much set against all innovations of what nature soever. This may, perhaps, insensibly arise from the picture they exhibit of the mutability of every object before us, and a tacit intimation that we ourselves are composed of the same changeable materials, and must soon quit the scene.

I will acknowledge, however, that I had the satisfaction to find many places that did not

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not hurt me by any alteration or improvement. Your *wynds* and *closes* were nearly in the state I had left them; and where, in some parts of the streets, you have got new pavements, the good people who live at the sides of them take care that there shall be no innovation in point of cleanliness. Your *Theatre* and *Concert-Hall* are new buildings; but your *Assembly-Room*, where people of the highest fashion resort, is just as paltry as ever. But, as they dance there for the benefit of the *poor*, I shall forbear any further remarks on it.—"*Charity covereth a multitude of sins.*"

The *High-School* *, and its environs, I found unaltered, though the *yards* appeared to me to be much diminished in their extent. The *College*, too, remained the same plain, mean, unadorned building it was half a century ago, and seemed to me, after having seen the splendid palaces of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, more homely than ever. Though, perhaps, in literature, as in religion, *Sister Peg* confines herself to substance, without much regard to ornament; yet, methinks, it is rather a reproach to the capital of our country, that, a-

* This school, I understand, has been since rebuilt.

midst

midſt all its improvements, this univerſity, ſo much celebrated over Europe for the ability of its Profeſſors, and the ſucceſs with which every branch of ſcience is there cultivated, ſhould preſent to the eye of a ſtranger, a ſet of buildings ſo inconvenient as well as mean. The preſent period is, perhaps, not very favourable to expenſive public deſigns; but I would have your readers, among whom, I hope, are included all the men of fortune and taſte in the kingdom, think of the *College* as ſoon as the preſſure of the times will admit. As an individual, from that regard to the honour of the land of my nativity, which, I hope, will never be extinguiſhed, I ſhall willingly and liberally contribute, whenever this neceſſary work is determined upon.

I will not tire you with my various obſervations during ſeveral excurſions I made into different parts of the country; becauſe ſome of them might, to your readers, appear too trite, and others, perhaps, too trivial. But I cannot omit telling you, that the ſpirit of induſtry, ſo conſpicuous in the various manufactures ſet on foot of late years, and in the improved face of the country, gave birth to many pleaſing ſenſations which are not eaſily deſcribed.

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deſcribed. Yet I was not much better pleaſed with ſome of the fine buildings of the country than with thoſe of the town. In many places I could not help regretting the Gothic grandeur of ancient caſtles, diſplaced by modern ſhewy edifices. Some of their owners, I fancy, are of my mind; for I was informed that their fathers uſed to reſide at the manſions in their former ſtate nine months in the year; but that the preſent poſſeſſors of thoſe elegant houſes are ſcarcely ſeen there at all. Nor could I refrain, as I paſſed along, from dropping a tear over the ruins of our religious houſes; which, however they might have been perverted from the original purpoſes of their erection, I could not help conſidering as ſplendid monuments of the piety of our anceſtors. Some of them I ſaw that had ſtill more tender ties upon my mind. I remembered having played, when a boy, under arches, which time had ſince mouldered away, with companions, the echo of whoſe voices was ſtill freſh in my memory, though they, alas! as well as thoſe arches, were now crumbled into duſt!

Were I to go on, I find I ſhould be in danger of growing too ſerious. Recalling to remembrance

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membrance days long paſt, and the juvenile ſociety of thoſe who are now no more, is an awful operation of the human mind; and, while it ſpeaks loudly the truth of *St Paul's* obſervation, that "*the faſhion of this world* "*paſſeth away*," imperceptibly leads to a train of thinking that might here be out of place, though it is neither unpleaſing nor unſuitable to the character of a rational being, who hath been taught and accuſtomed to conſider himſelf as an immortal part of the creation.

I am, &c.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you have, by ſeveral of your publications, given proof that you do not think the occurrences of domeſtic life unworthy your attention, I ſhall, without further preface, addreſs you on a ſubject full as deſerving of it as any yet offered to your conſideration. It is now above four years ſince I became the wife of a gentleman, my equal in rank and fortune; and, what was more material, of a diſpoſition and turn of mind every way ſuitable to mine. His eſtate lies at a conſiderable diſtance from the capital; but, as it is ſituated in an agreeable neighbourhood, and as we have both a taſte for reading, and Mr B. is not averſe to rural employments, we ſpent our time as happily as poſſible, till about half a year ago; that my ill ſtars directed me to renew my acquaintance with a young lady, who had been my companion at ſchool, and who

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who now came on a visit to a relation who lived at no great distance from our house.

Before I proceed in my story, I must beg a candid consideration of it. From the introduction to the disagreeable part of it, you will be apt to imagine that I am one of those self-tormentors justly ridiculed by the ingenious author of the *Jealous Wife*. No such thing, Mr MIRROR: my husband's attention to other women never gave me the slightest uneasiness. Convinced of his attachment, satisfied with his treatment of me, I never expected him to be blind to the charms of a beautiful woman, or insensible of the merit of an agreeable one; nor had I the mistaken policy of many wives, of never suffering a tolerable female to enter my doors, or of courting the intimacy of some tall elderly maiden, that I might gain by the comparison. No, Sir! I depended wholly upon my unremitting attention to please Mr B. for the continuance of his attachment. Nor can I in the least reproach myself with giving cause for the abatement I too plainly perceive in it.

But to return to my story. I was much pleased at seeing my old school-fellow: We had been parted many years, and I found the wild

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wild lively romp improved into an elegant woman. She ſtill, however, retained a good deal of the heedleſs manner that marked her childiſh days; and, though ſhe has an excellent underſtanding, ſhe never ſeemed to make uſe of it in the regulation of her conduct or behaviour. She expreſſed herſelf much pleaſed at finding me ſo happily ſettled: Mr B. appeared to her a moſt amiable man, and my children (particularly my little *Beſs*) ſhe ſaid were angels. Her attention to them, I own, endeared her to me very much; though, indeed, Mr MIRROR, no one can help loving them, for they are charming children. Her good-humoured playful ways made the little creatures doat on her. At my return from walking, I have frequently found her on her knees on the floor, building card-houſes for their entertainment. Mr B. has obſerved to me, on thoſe occaſions, how amiable it was in a young admired woman, who had ſpent her life in the uſual round of folly and diſſipation, to preſerve ſuch natural and right feelings. He generally concluded his obſervations with ſaying, that he believed ſhe would make a moſt excellent wife. I, for a long time, agreed with him in opinion, and uſed to tell

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her before his face, the fine things Mr B. said of her. She received them in a rattling good-humoured way, insisting that her conduct in the married state would depend on her husband's; for she declared that she did not find in herself that exalted turn of mind to love virtue for its own sake, and she believed she would make but an indifferent wife to half the men in the world. Such conversation generally produced an argument between her and Mr B. which, as it was carried on with spirit and temper, had no other effect than making them still more pleased with one another. If she found the argument growing serious, she would call over the children, and, putting them on their father's knee, desire them to kiss him into good humour, which never failed having the effect; or, if she said a flippant thing to him, with which he seemed half offended, she used to take his hand, and smile so sweetly in his face, it was impossible for him to continue displeased with her; and, generally, a kiss and a game of billiards sealed their reconciliation. I own to you, I began not to relish her behaviour; yet it seemed so unpremeditated, and so perfectly corresponding with her general character, that

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I did not know how to make her ſenſible of the impropriety of it. I even doubted my own judgement of the matter. I had for ſome time lived ſo much out of the gay world, that I did not know but *Maria*'s very great freedom of manner might be the faſhionable behaviour of the people ſhe had been accuſtomed to ſee: if ſo, how was ſhe to blame? or why ſhould I be uneaſy, knowing her to be a woman of honour, ſurely incapable of ſo baſe an action as endeavouring to alienate my huſband's affection from me? By ſuch reaſonings I ſtrove to quell the firſt emotions (jealous, if you will have them ſo) that roſe in my breaſt. But, alas, Mr MIRROR, to what purpoſe! I have every hour freſh cauſe of uneaſineſs. About a week ago, I went ſuddenly into the parlour, and found *Maria* ſitting on Mr B.'s knee, her head leaning on his ſhoulder: he looked a little out of countenance; but ſhe was not in the leaſt diſtreſſed at my appearance, but aſked me, with her uſual good humour, what made me look ſo grave? then ſlapping Mr B. gently on the cheek, ſaid, "It is your fault, "you harſh thing you! when I knew her "formerly, ſhe uſed to be all life and ſpirits." He anſwered, (coldly I thought), that it was

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his wiſh ever to ſee me in ſpirits, and that he was ſorry he was not ſo happy as to hit on a method to make me ſo. I turned my head aſide, to hide the ſtarting tear. *Maria*, as if gueſſing at my emotion, put her arm about my neck, and, drawing round my averted face, ſaid, in a loud whiſper, "My dear, Mrs "B. how can you indulge ſuch weakneſs?" Mr B. ſnatch'd up his hat, and left the room; I heard the word "childiſh," as he ſhut the door. I remember the time when he could not bear the leaſt cloud on my looks, without tenderly inquiring the cauſe; but now he ſeems often to forget that I am preſent, while *Maria* engroſſes his whole attention. I have been for ſome days deprived of his company, and have ſpent the time in reflecting ſeriouſly on my ſituation. The more I conſider it, the more it appears to me of a particular and diſtreſſing nature. I have at laſt determined to requeſt your opinion of it, and, through the channel of your paper, to give *Maria* a hint, that, to keep clear of the groſſneſs of vice, is not ſufficient for the delicacy of the female character; and that the woman who, by an alluring and refined coquetry, engages the thoughts and intereſts the feelings of a mar-

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ried man, is a more dangerous, and perhaps not a leſs criminal companion, than the avowed wanton who excites a ſhort-lived paſſion, ſoon extinguiſhed by remorſe, and, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, fully compenſated for by the returning tenderneſs of the repenting huſband.

I am, &c.

E. B.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Mr MIRROR,

I Married, for love, a moſt charming woman, who has made me the happy father of two very fine children: I have a thouſand a-year eſtate, and enjoy a moſt perfect ſtate of health; yet a very ſlight and contemptible cauſe was near deſtroying all thoſe fair proſpects of happineſs, by interrupting the harmony of a union founded on mutual liking, and cemented by mutual eſteem. In your obſervations on the female world, you have ſuffered to eſcape your notice, a dangerous

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and moſt deſtructive race, whoſe hearts, hardened by vanity, are equally impenetrable to the ſhafts of love and inſenſible of the charms of friendſhip: yet the buſineſs of their lives is, to excite paſſions they never mean to gratify, and ſentiments they are incapable of returning. My dear Mrs B. unfortunately for us both, ſome months ago, renewed an intimacy, formed in her childiſh days, with one of thoſe females. To *Maria* I was introduced as the huſband of her friend; as ſuch, I was received by her, without reſerve, and ſoon treated with the moſt flattering diſtinction. *Maria* poſſeſſes all thoſe powers of allurement which men for ever condemn, and can never withſtand: She can aſſume every ſhape that is fitted to captivate the ſenſes or delight the imagination, and can vary her appearance at pleaſure. So conſummate is her art, that one could not, for an inſtant, ſuſpect her of any deſign in her behaviour; and even at this moment, that an accident has laid open her whole character to me, I ſhould not anſwer for my reſolution, were ſhe to enter the room, and ſmilingly take my hand, as was her frequent cuſtom, with ſuch a mixture of ſweetneſs and tenderneſs in her looks!—I almoſt fear I

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ſhould be weak enough to forget that my opinion of her is founded on the cleareſt proofs of her diſſembling arts, and ſtand before herſelf-condemned, as the defamer of innocence and undeſigning ſimplicity.

Luckily I am out of her reach: I left my own houſe immediately upon the diſcovery I made of the fair hypocrite's real diſpoſition. I mean to ſend for my dear Mrs B. and with her pay a viſit to the capital, and there uſe all my efforts to make her amends for any uneaſineſs my fooliſh infatuation may have given her; but firſt I wiſhed to make this public acknowledgement of it; and, as *Maria* deſerves no mercy, I ſhall ſhow her none, except concealing her family-name.

For five months, Mr MIRROR, the Proteus-like animal had found out a thouſand different ways to charm me. Was I in ſpirits, ſhe was all life and good humour; when in a graver mood, I found her all ſenſe and ſerioufneſs. If what I had been reading excited in me a tender and not unpleaſing melancholy, the ſympathetic tear ſtood ready in her eye. A few days ſince, upon my reading to her the ſtory of *La Roche*, ſo beautifully told in your papers, ſhe wept, leaning upon my ſhoulder;

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ſhoulder; and I own to you, Mr MIRROR, as her tears fell upon the fineſt boſom Nature ever formed, while her white hand lightly preſſed my arm, I thought I had never beheld ſo intereſting an object. Mrs B. came ſuddenly into the room; her grave cold manner was at the moment diſagreeably contraſted to *Maria*'s animated feelings. For the firſt time ſince our marriage, I thought I ſaw a change in Mrs B.'s temper, and that ſhe was not the very amiable woman I took her for. She took amiſs ſomething I ſaid, and I left the room in diſguſt. I ſtrolled down a ſhady walk that goes round part of my improvements: at the end of it, I found *Maria* ſeated on the graſs, with one of my little girls on her lap. She roſe at my approach, and, deſiring the child to walk before us, took me under the arm, and, in the gentleſt terms, expoſtulated with me on the abruptneſs of my manner. She had, ſhe ſaid, after a vain attempt to ſooth her, left Mrs B. in tears. She acknowledged I had not given her very ſerious cauſe of uneaſineſs, but that a man of my ſenſe ſhould make allowance for the trifling blemiſhes of a very good woman; adding, with a ſmile, "My dear Mr B. we are none

of

" of us angels."—I was puppy enough to be ready to exclaim, " Upon my ſoul, you are " one."—I contented myſelf with ſaying, " Whoever you marry, *Maria*, will have no " reaſon to complain of your temper." She bluſhed, drew out her handkerchief to cover her face with it, as if to conceal her emotions, but gave me ſuch a look from below it!—A ſervant appeared to tell us that dinner waited, and we went into the houſe together.

In the afternoon, one of my little girls came into the parlour, where I was ſitting alone: " See what I found in the walk, Pappa!" ſaid ſhe, holding out a paper. I took it from the child, and ſeeing it was *Maria*'s hand, was about to go up ſtairs to reſtore it to its owner, when my own name, written in large characters, ſtruck my eye. My good manners were overpowered by the immediate impulſe of my curioſity; I opened the paper, and read what follows; it was part of an unfiniſhed letter to a friend in town.

" You aſk what havock I have made a- " mong the beaux at ———? Alas! my " dear Bell, you know but little of my ſitua- " tion, when you talk of beaux; not a crea- " ture one would allow to pick up one's fan

" within

"within ten miles of us. Having nothing up-
"on my hands, I have ſtruck up a ſort of
"ſentimental Platonic flirtation with a Mr B.
"who lives within a ſmall diſtance of our
"houſe. I knew his wife at ſchool, and ſhe
"was one of the firſt who viſited me upon
"my arrival here. Her violent praiſes of her
"beloved gave me a ſort of deſire to ſee him;
"and, I own, I found him tolerable enough
"in his appearance, and by no means deficient
"in underſtanding, but vain of his ſlight pre-
"tenſions to talents, and very fond of being
"thought profound. At the firſt glance,
"I ſaw into him, and could now twiſt him
"round my finger. It is very diverting to
"obſerve by what fooliſh principles your men
"who think themſelves very wiſe are govern-
"ed. Flatter this man's vanity, and you
"might lead him round the world. Now,
"I know you will treat me, in return for my
"frankneſs, with a lecture upon coquetry,
"married men, impropriety, and ſo forth.
"Take my advice, my dear Bell, and ſave
"yourſelf the trouble; it would be all to no
"purpoſe. A coquette I am, and a coquette
"I will remain to the laſt day of the exiſtence
"of my powers of pleaſing."

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The paper was there at an end. It raiſed in me the ſtrongeſt indignation and contempt for the writer. And I felt ſo aſhamed of my folly, that I determined not to ſee my dear Mrs B. until I had made ſome atonement, by ſending you an account of my errors and repentance.

I am, &c.

J. B.

N° 96.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM neither ugly, nor old, nor poor, nor neglected; I have a clear conſcience: nor have I ſuffered any calamity by the inconſtancy of lovers, or the death of relations. I am not unhappy. The world would laugh at me if I ſhould ſay I were unhappy. But I am not happy. I will tell you my caſe: I confide in your feelings; for you ſeem to underſtand, what few people underſtand, that a perſon may be in eaſy circumſtances, have a clear conſcience, and enjoy ſufficient reputation, and yet be — no, I will not ſay, miſerable, — but not happy.

I am the only daughter of an eminent merchant. My father made his own fortune; and a very good fortune he has made of it. He married my mother before his ſituation was ſo comfortable as it is at preſent. They are neither of them niggardly. Having wherewithal

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withal to live, not only with eaſe, but with ſome degree of ſplendour, they chuſe, as they ſay, to enjoy the fruit of their labours. Accordingly, we live in an elegant houſe, have a handſome carriage, keep a good number of ſervants, and ſee a great deal of company. You will eaſily conceive, however, that the ſhew attending my father's preſent ſyſtem of living, and the manners ſuited to his preſent condition, do not juſt agree with his former habits. But this does not ſignify much. He is a good-natured worthy man; and they muſt be very captious, indeed, who will not ſuffer his merits to conceal his defects.

With regard to myſelf, my parents, having no other daughter, and intending to give me a genteel portion, were determined I ſhould have a good education. "For," ſaid my father, "a young woman of fortune, and of "an agreeable appearance, muſt go into com-"pany. You and I, Bridget," addreſſing himſelf to my mother, "ſet out in life in a "different manner. But Mary muſt have e-"ducation."

So they ſent me to a famous boarding-ſchool; and, in ſo far as my improvement was concerned, they ſpared no expence.—Sir,

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I ſpeak to you without reſerve; and I hope you will not think me too vain, if I tell you, that my education was no difficult matter. I underſtand muſic; and had little difficulty in acquiring the French and Italian languages. Indeed, the worthy perſon who had the charge of my education, was well calculated to promote my improvement. She was a woman of family, of fine education, exquiſite taſte, great goodneſs of heart, and had ſhown ſpirit enough, on the decline of her father's fortune, rather than live a dependant on her relations, to procure an independent, and now ſhe has rendered it a reſpectable livelihood for herſelf. In a word, Sir, I am what they call tolerably accompliſhed; and you will think it ſtrange, and I think it ſtrange myſelf, that this ſhould be the ſource of my uneaſineſs.

It is now ſome time ſince I returned to my father's houſe. When I came home, I was received with raptures. My father and mother adored me. They would refuſe me nothing. They ſtrove to prevent my wiſhes.—Good people! may Heaven grant them peace of mind, and long life to enjoy the fortune they ſo juſtly deſerve.—But why, Sir, did they

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they make me, as they term it, ſo very accompliſhed? They have made me a different creature from themſelves. I am apt to fancy myſelf of a higher order.—Forgive my preſumption; and I am ſure you will forgive me, when I tell you, I really wiſh myſelf lower. Indeed, Sir, and it grieves me to the ſoul, I am ſometimes impatient of my parents. But I will not dwell upon this.

I told you, we ſee a great deal of company; and all the people we ſee are diſpoſed to admire me. "Mighty well," you will ſay: "Give a young woman admiration, and what "more can ſhe wiſh for?"—Sir, I wiſh they loved me more, and admired me leſs. I am made to ſing, and to play on the harpſicord; and, to oblige my father, am ſometimes conſtrained to repeat verſes: and all this to people who underſtand no muſic, and know no other poetry than the Pſalms of David in metre. Indeed, till I became better acquainted with them, I found, that, even in our converſation, there was a mutual miſapprehenſion; and that they were ſometimes as unintelligile to me as I was to them. I was not at all ſuprifed to hear them call ſome of our acquaintances *good* men; but, when I heard them call

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our neighbour *John Staytape* a *great* man, I could not help aſking what diſcovery he had made in arts or ſcience, or what eminent ſervice he had rendered his country? I was told, in return, that within theſe few years he had *realized* a *plumb*. This phraſe was alſo new to me; and I wiſhed to have known ſomething about the nature of ſuch *realization*. Chuſing, however, to aſk but one queſtion at a time, I ſaid nothing; and ſoon learned, that, whatever ſervices *Mr Staytape* might do his country, he had hitherto made no great diſcovery in arts or ſciences.

I confeſs, indeed, that at one time I fancied they might have ſome little notion of books; and when I heard them ſpeak about *underwriters*, I thought it might perhaps be ſome ludicrous term for the *minor poets*.

So, when they ſpoke about *policies*, I fancied they were uſing the Scotch word for improvements in gardening; and ventured to ſay ſomething in favour of *clumps*; "Clumps," ſaid a gentleman who is a frequent viſitor at our houſe, "ſhe is to be laden with Norway "fir." I found they were ſpeaking about the good ſhip Rebecca.

A grave-looking man, who ſat near me one day

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day at dinner, ſaid a good deal about the *fall*, and of events that ſhould have happened before and after the *fall*. As he alſo ſpoke about *Providence*, and *Salem*, and *Ebenezer*; and as great deference was ſhown to every thing that he ſaid; and being, as I told you, a grave-looking man in a black coat, I was not ſure but he might be ſome learned theologian; and imagined he was ſpeaking about Oriental antiquities, and the *fall of Adam*. But I was ſoon undeceived. The gentleman had lived for ſome time in *Virginia*; by *Providence* he meant the town of that name in *Rhode-iſland*; and by the *fall*, he meant, not the *fall* of our firſt parents, for, concerning them he had not the leaſt idea, but, as I ſuppoſe, the fall of the leaf; for the word is uſed, it ſeems, in the American dialect, for autumn.

In this ſituation, Sir, what ſhall I do? By my boaſted education, I have only unlearned the language and loſt the manners of that ſociety in which I am to live.—If you can put me on any method of bringing my friends up to me, or of letting myſelf down to them, you will much oblige,

Yours, &c.

MARY MUSLIN.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you are very ſucceſsful in delineating the manners of modern times, it might add, perhaps, to the effect of your pictures, if you ſometimes gave a view of former manners. The contraſt would be agreeable; and, if I may uſe the expreſſion, would give a certain *relief* to your other delineations. I offer you a ſmall ſketch of an incident, ſuppoſed to have happened in the times of our forefathers. I flatter myſelf you have no objection to it on account of its being in verſe. It is merely an outline; yet, I hope, it is ſo marked, as that concomitant circumſtances, though not expreſſed, may readily be conceived.

MONTANUS.

The MARRIAGE of EVAL.

I.

Loud from JURA's rocky ſhore,
Heard ye the tumultuous roar?—

Sudden

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Sudden from the bridal feaſt,
By impetuous ire poſſeſs'd,
Fury flaſhing in their eyes,
Kinſmen againſt kinſmen riſe:
And iſſuing to the fatal field,
Bend the bow, the falchion wield.——
From her eyry, with diſmay,
The tow'ring eagle ſoars away.
The wild-deer from their cloſe retreat,
Start with terror and amaze,
Down on the furious conflict gaze,
Then to deep foreſts bend their nimble feet.

II.

Ah! that reckleſs ſpeech ſhould fire
Kinſmen with inhuman ire!——
Goaded by vindictive rage
Lo! the martial clans engage.
Now the feather'd arrows ſing;
Now the boſſy targets ring.
With rav'ning ſwords the ſudden foes,
Now in fierce encounter cloſe.
Lo! the blade horrific gleams;
And now the purple torrent ſtreams:
The torrent ſtreams from EVAL's ſide,
Tinging, with his flowing gore
The white foam on the ſea-beat ſhore.—
Ah! who will ſuccour his afflicted bride?

III.

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III.

Lo! ſhe flies with headlong ſpeed;
" Bloody, bloody was the deed;"
Wild with piteous wail, ſhe cries,
Treſſes torn and ſtreaming eyes;
" Lift, O! gently lift his head:
" Lay him on the bridal bed;
" My kinſmen!— cruel kinſmen ye!
" Theſe your kindlieſt deeds to me!——
" Yes, the clay-cold bed prepare,
" The willing bride and bridegroom there
" Will tarry; will for ever dwell.——
" Now, inhuman men, depart;
" Go, triumph in my broken heart:"—
She ſaid, ſhe ſigh'd, a breathleſs corſe ſhe fell.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR correſpondent K. B. has well deſcribed the calamitous condition of *a private tutor*, without money or friends. Perhaps it will afford him ſome conſolation, to hear of one who needleſsly entangled himſelf in difficulties of a like nature.

My father bred me to the ſtudy of letters, and, at his death, left me in poſſeſſion of a fortune, not ſufficient to check my induſtry in the purſuit of knowledge, but more than ſufficient to ſecure me from ſervile dependence.

Through the intereſt of his friends, I obtained an honourable and lucrative office; but there were certain arrangements to be made, which delayed my admiſſion to it for a twelvemonth. While I was conſidering in what way I might beſt fill up this interval of life, an acquaintance of mine requeſted, as a particular favour, that I would beſtow the year

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year which I could call *mine*, in *reading* with the only ſon of the rich Mr *Flint*. The conditions offered were uncommonly advantageous, and ſuch as indeed flattered the vanity of a young man.

For underſtanding my ſtory, it is fit that you ſhould be informed of the characters of that family into which I was received with ſo many marks of favour and diſtinction.

Rowland Flint, Eſq; was born of poor but honeſt parents; they made a hard ſhift to have him inſtructed in reading, and even in writing and arithmetic, and then they left him to find his way through the world as he beſt could. The young man, like a philoſopher, carried about with him all that was truly his own, his quill and his ink-holder; he attached himſelf to one of the ſubordinate departments of the law, in which his drudgery was great and his profits ſcanty. After having toiled for many years in this humble, contented, and happy vocation, he was ſuddenly raiſed to opulence by the death of an uncle.

This uncle went abroad at a very early period of life, with the fixed reſolution of acquiring a competency, and then of enjoying it at home. But *that competency*, which filled up

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up the measure of the ambition of a bare Scotch lad, proved far short of the desires of an eminent foreign merchant. He imperceptibly became "in easy circumstances, well in the "world, of great credit, a man to be relied "on, and to be advised with, and even one "superior to all shocks, calls, and runs."

While engaged in making his fortune, he thought it needless to inquire after his poor relations, whom he could not assist; and, after he had made his fortune, he thought it equally needless, as he was to see them so soon in Scotland. Yet, a multitude of unforeseen obstacles retarded his return: Some new mortgage was to be settled, some company-concerns to be wound up, or some bottomry-account to be adjusted; and thus, year glided along after year, till at length, death surprised him at the age of three score and ten.

Busied in making money, he had never bestowed a thought on providing an heir to it: *that* he left to the impartial determination of the laws of his country; and, dying intestate, he was succeeded by his nephew, *Rowland Flint*.

This gentleman, on his becoming rich, discovered himself to be eminently skilled in the science

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ſcience of law, the ſtudy, as he boaſted, of his earlier years; and this knowledge engaged him in three or four law-ſuits, which the court uniformly determined againſt him, with coſts.

But of every other ſcience he honeſtly avowed his want of knowledge; and he did not even pretend to underſtand painting or politics; but he had a mighty veneration for literature and its profeſſors, and he was reſolved to make his ſon a great ſcholar, *although it ſhould ſtand him in ten thouſand pounds Sterling.*

My pupil is in his fifteenth year. They had taken him from ſchool before it was diſcovered that his proficiency in literature did not qualify him for college; and it became my taſk to *bring him forward*, that is, to teach him what he ought to have known already.

The youth is of a docile diſpoſition, and of moderate talents; his memory good, and his application ſuch as is generally to be found among thoſe who, having no particular incentives to ſtudy, perform their taſks merely as taſks.

I have little to ſay concerning his mother: her mind was wholly abſorbed in the contemplation

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temptation of her husband's riches, and in the care of her son's health and her own. Baron *Bielfield*, an eminent German author, observes, that, in our island, there is a disease called *le catch-cold*, of which the natives are exceedingly apprehensive. Mrs *Flint* lived under the perpetual terror of that disease.

Being thus rendered incapable of the active duties of house-keeping, she committed them to her brother, Captain *Winterbottom*, who, as he was wont to say, "could bear a hand at "any thing." But his chief excellence lay in the conduct of the stew-pan and the nation. He had long commanded a vessel in the Baltic trade; and it having been once employed as a transport in the service of government, he affected to wear a cockade, and wished to have it understood that he belonged to the navy. The captain had dealt occasionally in borough-politics, belonged to several respectable clubs in London, and was one of the original members of the Robin-Hood society.

The last of the family that I shall mention is Miss *Juliana Winterbottom*, a maiden sister of Mrs *Flint*. Her original name was *Judith*; but, when she arrived at the years of discre-

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tion, she changed it to *Juliana*, as being more genteel.

Many years ago Lady —— was advised to pass a winter at *Nice*, for recovery of her health, worn out by the vigils and dissipation of a London winter; and she easily prevailed on Miss Juliana to go as her companion. The heat of the climate, and the cold blasts from the Alps, soon completed what the corrupted air of good company, and the damps from the Thames, had begun, and Lady —— lived not to *re-fee* her British physicians.

Miss *Juliana*, on her return home, passed by the castle of *Fernay*, and got a peep of *M. de Voltaire*, in his furred cap and night-gown. At Paris, she chanced to be in company with Count *Buffon* for half an hour; and she actually purchased a volume of music *written* by the great *Rousseau* himself. Having thus become acquainted with the foreign *literati*, she commenced a sort of *literata* in her own person. She frequently advances those opinions in history, morals, and physics, which, as she imagines, are to be found in the writings of the French philosophers. But, whether through the habits of education, or through conscious ignorance, it must be confessed, that she

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ſhe dogmatizes with diffidence, and is a very ſtammerer in infidelity.'

Having ſeen Paris, and having picked up a good many French words in the courſe of her travels, ſhe thinks that ſhe is authoriſed, and, in ſome ſort, obliged to ſpeak French. Nothing can be more groteſque than her travelled language. When ſhe left Scotland, "her "ſpeech," to uſe a phraſe of Lord *Bacon*, "was in the full dialect of her nation." At *Nice* ſhe converſed with Engliſh and Iriſh; and, by imitating the language of each, ſhe has, in her pronunciation, completed the union of the three kingdoms. But ſtill her own country language predominates; for, during her reſidence abroad, ſhe had an opportunity of preſerving, and even of improving it, by daily conferences with the houſe-maid, who was born and educated in the county of *Banff*.

In pronouncing French, ſhe blends the tone of all thoſe dialects: and her phraſeology is as ſingular as her pronunciation; for ſhe faithfully tranſlates every word from her own mother-tongue. An example of this preſents itſelf, which I ſhall never forget. One day, addreſſing her diſcourſe to me, ſhe ſaid, "*Je*

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" *doute pas que vous avez* perusé *les ouvraiges* " *de Mongſeer le Counte de Bauffon; que un* " *charmang creature! il met philoſophes et di-* " vins *par les oreilles.*" That is, " I doubt " not that you have read the works of Count " *Buffon*; what a charming creature! he ſets " philoſophers and divines by the ears." I anſwered her, that I had never read the works of that renowned author, but that I had read the *Principia* of *Sir Iſaac Newton*. Why, indeed, replied ſhe, *Sir Iſaac* may have been a man of better *principles*, but *aſſheurement* the *theöries* of the *Count* are wittier.

It is a happy circumſtance that Miſs *Winterbottom* did not make the grand tour. Had ſhe viſited Italy, ſhe would have proved as great an adept in ſtatuary and in painting, as ſhe is at preſent in philoſopy. But Miſs *Winterbottom* cannot, in conſcience, talk of her having viſited Italy, while her travels were limited to the borders of Piedmont.

I never heard her mention Italy but once, and then ſhe got no great encouragement to proceed in her remarks. At dinner ſhe ſaid, " I remember that, in Italy, they have ſome- " thing very like our veal, which they call " *vitello*." " Well, Siſter *Juddy*," cried Captain

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tain *Winterbottom*, "and why should they not? "for if *vitello* means *veal* in their *lingo*, what "elſe would you have the poor devils call "it?"

It was reſolved to poſtpone my leſſons for a while, "that," as Mr Flint expreſſed it, "I "might come to know the ways of the houſe "firſt."

Miſs *Juliana* conſtantly teaſed me with queſtions about my plan for her nephew's education. To puzzle her a little, I ſaid, that, ſome weeks hence, I propoſed to teach him to make "nonſenſe verſes. "*Miſericorde*," cried ſhe, "*nonſenſe verſes!*" Is that part of the *etiquaitte?*

"Let the boy alone," added Captain *Winterbottom*, "when he is old enough to be in "love, he will make *nonſenſe verſes*, I warn't "you, without any help of your's; ay, al"though it ſhould be on Mamma's dairy"maid." Mr Flint laughed loud, and Mrs Flint ſaid gently, "Oh! fy, brother."

Perceiving that, on this encouragement, the captain was about to be more witty, I recalled the converſation to nonſenſe verſes, endeavoured to explain their nature, and obſerved,

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that their main uſe was to inſtruct one in the quantity of ſyllables.

"Quantity of ſyllables," exclaimed the captain, "there is modern education for you! "Boys have their heads lumbered with great "quantities of Latin ſyllables and words, when "they ſhould be taught to underſtand *things*, "to ſpeak their own language rough and "round, and ſo *cut* a figure in parliament. "I remember *Will. Fitzdriver*; but he is "gone! Honeſt *Will.* knew no tongue ex- "cept a little of his own, and yet he would "talk to you for an hour, and you would "have thought that he had ſcarcely entered "on the ſubject at all. He never valued any "of your outlandiſh *lingos*, not he!"

I ſaid, that, if my pupil were of an age to go into parliament, I ſhould be apt to adviſe him to follow the precepts of *Pythagoras*, and be ſilent for ſeven years. "He muſt have "been a ſure card, *that* Mr *Pythagoras*," obſerved the captain, "and I do ſuppoſe that "he lived up to his own precepts; for I ne- "ver heard of any ſpeaker of that name; no, "not even in committees. People, to be "ſure, may hold their tongues, and have a "ſlice of the great pudding; but *this* is not a "time

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"time for your dumb ſenators. No, we muſt "have bold, well-ſpoken men, to tell poor "Britannia, that ſhe is beggared, and bleed- "ing, and expiring, ay, and dead too, for "ought that ſome folks care." He rounded this pathetical period with one of his beſt oaths.

"Were all men to make ſpeeches," ſaid I, "what time would there be left for doing bu- "ſineſs?" "Buſineſs," cried the captain, "is not oratory buſineſs? and why cannot "they ſet to it, *watch and watch*, as we do at "ſea?"

Mrs *Flint* expreſſed her hope, that I would not load her poor boy's memory, by making him get a deal by heart.

"When I firſt got the multiplication-table "by heart," ſaid Mr Flint, who generally falls in the rear of converſation, "it was a plaguy "troubleſome job; but now that I am maſter "of it, I don't perceive that it loads my me- "mory at all."

"Learned men have remarked," ſaid Miſs *Juliana*, "that it is not the getting by heart "that is cenſurable, but the getting by rote, "as one does one's catechiſm."

"*There* ſhe goes, the travelled lady," cried the

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the captain; "she must always have a fling at "her catechism."

"Mr *Winterbottom*," replied Miss *Juliana*, with exceeding dignity, "you wrong me "much. I am sure that I should be the last "woman alive to say any thing, especially in "mixed companies, to the disparagement of "the religion of the state, which I have al- "ways considered as the great *lyeng* [*lien*] of "society."

"You have always considered religion as "*great lying*; and who taught you that, sister "*Juddy?* your god-fathers and your god- "mothers! No, sure."

Here I was laid under the necessity of interposing, and of assuring Captain *Winterbottom*, that he mistook his sister, and that she had inadvertently used a French word to express her own *idea*, "that religion was the great *tie* of "society." Perhaps I prevaricated a little in my office of interpreter.

"Well, well," said the captain, "if *her* "tongue was *tied*, society would be no loser."

To divert the storm which seemed gathering, I spoke of my purpose to explain the tenth satire of *Juvenal*, a poem, for method, composition,

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compoſition, and animated language, univerſally admired.

"What does that *Juvenal* write about?" ſaid Miſs *Juliana*; "I am not acquainted "with his works: was he a member of the "*French academy?*"—"Perhaps," replied I, ſmiling, "he would be no favourite with you, "Miſs *Juliana*; he has been very ſevere upon "the Roman ladies."

"Ay, they were Papiſts," ſaid Captain "*Winterbottom*, "and they are all wh——." "Give me leave to tell you," cried Miſs *Juliana*, in a higher key, "when I was abroad, I had "the honour of being known to ſeveral ladies "of the Roman perſuaſion, and they were "perſons of the ſtricteſt virtue."

"I ſuppoſe you aſked them whether they "were wh——, and they ſaid they were not. "Poor ſiſter *Juddy!* it is true, I never was "in the gallies at *Nice*, as you have been; "but I have touched at *Marſeilles*, and have "laid cloſe off the mole of *Genoa*, and that "is farther than ever you travelled; and I "ſay they are all wh——."

How this wonderful controverſy would have ended, I know not; but happily we were called to coffee, which ſeparated the combatants.

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I was now pretty well acquainted with *the ways of a houſe*, in which ignorance, ſelf-conceit, and illiberality of ſentiment and manners, had fixed their reſidence. It was agreed, that, on the Monday following, I ſhould begin my leſſons. Appearances, I muſt acknowledge, were not very favourable. My pupil had been generally preſent at the converſations of which I have given you a ſpecimen, and, indeed, they were not ſuch as could either enlarge his mind, or improve his underſtanding. I flattered myſelf, however, that he would be left to proſecute his ſtudies under my direction, and that every new acquiſition in knowledge would increaſe his love for letters.

In what way our ſtudies were conducted, will beſt appear from a faithful journal of the progreſs which we made during the firſt week. But of this hereafter. Meanwhile, I am, Sir, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

N° 98.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I Now ſend you a faithful narrative of the progreſs of our ſtudies in Mr *Flint's* family, from Mondy morning to Saturday at bed-time, carefully diſtinguiſhing the proficiency made in each day.

MONDAY.

Mrs *Flint* had previouſly informed me, that her ſon's conſtitution did not agree with much ſtudy before breakfaſt, and that, whenever he read on an empty ſtomach, he was apt to be diſturbed with uneaſy *yawnings*; we therefore reſolved that he ſhould have a ſhort leſſon only at eight in the morning.

After waiting in the parlour till within a quarter of nine, I learned from Mrs Flint, that her ſon had been obſerved to turn himſelf twice or thrice during the night, and that he

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he ſeemed to be threatened with a ſort of *ſtuffing* and *wheeſing*; and that, by way of prevention, ſhe judged it beſt to give him a little *ſenna*, and confine him to his chamber for a few hours; but that, in the evening, we might proſecute our ſtudies without farther interruption.

Accordingly, at ſix, my pupil and I prepared to read the tenth ſatire of *Juvenal*. After having explained to him the general ſcope and method of the ſatiriſt, I began,

Omnibus in terris quæ ſunt a Gadibus uſque,
Auroram et Gangem.

At that moment I heard a gentle tap at the door, and then entered Miſs *Juliana* and her ſiſter, with Mr *Flint* and the captain, a little behind, walking on tiptoe. "You muſt par-"don our *femelle curioſité*," ſaid Miſs *Juliana*, "we come to ſee *Jemmy* take his firſt leſſon "from you. What have you got here? I "fancy, from my knowledge of French, that "I could pick out the meaning of ſome part "of it. Oh! I underſtand; *there* is *auroram*, "does not *that* mean, *break of day?*

"*Que l'aurore*
"*Nous trouve encore.*

I

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"I learned it in a French *Chanſong a boar.* "What is that *boar ſong*," demanded Captain *Winterbottom*, "is it a hunting one?" "Oh "fy, no," ſaid Miſs *Juliana*, "it is a drinking "ſong." "And *who* taught you drinking "ſongs," ſiſter *Juddy*; "did you learn them "from your outlandiſh ladies of honour?" A tremendous aſſault on the knocker announced the approach of a perſon of quality. —"The Counteſs of ——." On this joyful news the ladies hurried to the drawing-room.

Mrs *Flint* preſently returned. "I muſt "make an apology," ſaid ſhe, "for thus "interrupting the courſe of my ſon's ſtudies; "but the Counteſs has made a flying viſit to "tell me, that there is a meeting of young "people at her houſe this evening, and that "there will be a dance and a little ſupper, "and ſhe inſiſts to have *Jemmy* of the party; "but I would not engage, for any thing, "without aſking your leave, as you have the "whole charge of his education. There will "be many rich folks, and many fine folks; "and there will be Miſs *Punaiſe*, the great "heireſs; ſhe has a vaſt improveable eſtate, "hard by the borough of *Ayno*, and who can "tell."—The good woman was buſy in weaving the web of futurities, when I reminded

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her that her ſon had taken medicine that morning, and that, poſſibly, he might catch cold. At another time, the mention of *catch cold* would have awakened all her feelings; but, at preſent, Mrs *Flint* was elevated above the region of alarms. "Never fear," ſaid ſhe, "we are going to a cloſe warm houſe, "without a breath of air in it. Come away, "*Jemmy*, and put on a pair of white ſilk "ſtockings as faſt as you can; the Counteſs "waits us."

TUESDAY.

My pupil had been kept out of bed ſo much beyond his uſual hour, that he did not make his appearance till after breakfaſt. "Chear "up, my boy," cried Mrs *Flint*, "you look "as if you had been dreaming all night of "your partner Miſs *Punaiſe*: come, let us "take an airing, and refreſh ourſelves after "the fatigues of the ball. Theſe late ſittings "don't anſwer with my old bones. You ſee, "Mr ———, that I have been as good as my "word, and that *Jemmy*, poor man, has caught "no cold. You ſhall go along with us on "our airing; there is room for you in Mr "*Flint's*

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"*Flint*'s carriage and ſix, and you may talk "over your leſſons by the way; for you will "find the carriage quite eaſy." Nothing, indeed, could be more admirably calculated to elude every jolt; and there wanted only ſolitude and independence to make it reſemble a down-bed. "We muſt, firſt of all, ſhut out "the common enemy, the eaſt wind," ſaid Mrs *Flint*, pulling up the glaſſes. The weather was warm, and Mrs *Flint* grew eloquent on the fund of knowledge ſhe had acquired the night before. She gave me *the catalogue and character* of the company: ſhe dwelt moſt on her ſon's looks and dancing. "A "gentleman at the Counteſs's, who ſaid he "was lately come from *Paris*, told me, *Jemmy* "was vaſtly like the *Count de Provence*, the "King of France's brother, particularly in "the *minuet*: but remember, *Jemmy*, that, "to be a great ſcholar, is a much finer thing "than to be a great dancer. I am ſure, Mr "———, that my boy will profit by your in-"ſtructions: he has a charming memory, "and he will take in his learning as faſt as "you can give it him; and I am ſure *that* is "ſaying a great deal; for, from all that I can "diſcover, Mr *Flint* could not have beſtow-

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"ed his money better."—She was going on; but, alas, flattery vibrated faintly on my ear: we had got above pine-apple heat, and I became ſick and oppreſſed. I aſked leave to get out, and walk home, as I felt myſelf not well. "Oh, to be ſure," ſaid ſhe: "I have known "people ſick in carriages for want of prac- "tice; don't be alarmed, Mr ———: but "here, *Jemmy*, do you wrap this handker- "chief about your neck, before the coach "door is opened."

I walked home in great ſpirits, animated by every gale around me; and I forgot, for a while, that I was not my own maſter.

In the evening, my pupil came to me dreſſed out and powdered: "Mamma," ſaid he ſheepiſhly, "has made me engage to drink tea "with Miſs *Punaiſe*, my laſt night's partner. "I don't much like her neither; for ſhe is "pitted with the ſmall-pox, has a yellow ſkin, "and a bleared eye; and, beſides, ſhe dances "out of time.—There was a Miſs with black "hair"—Not inclining to become his confident, I ſaid, "Maſter *Flint*, all engagements "that *can* be kept with honour, *muſt* be kept; "and, therefore, you *muſt* go." "Nay," ſaid he, "there is not any *muſt* in the matter; "for,

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"for, I believe, the Miſs with the black hair "lives with *their* Miſs *Punaiſe*. However, I "can do a double taſk to-morrow; and my "aunt is wont to ſay, that a young man ought "not to be always at his books." He ſeemed to have treaſured up this precious apophthegm in his memory.

WEDNESDAY.

My pupil was punctual to his hour. But we had hardly ſeated ourſelves, when Captain *Winterbottom* arrived. "No leſſons to-day," roared he; "*This is my Lady's wedding-day*, "*and therefore we keep holiday, and come for to* "*be merry*. Why, you young dog, if it had "not been for this day, you would either "have not been at all, or have been a ba-"ſtard." It was indeed a day of feſtivity and riot.

THURSDAY.

All the ſervants having dutifully got drunk over night, my pupil was not called, and ſo he overſlept himſelf. He came down to the parlour about eleven, and we reſumed the fatal

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first line of the tenth satire of Juvenal. "The "French master is here," said a servant. I begged that he might return in about an hour; but I soon learned that *that* was impossible, without deranging the system of education in all parts of the city. "It is no great matter "for an hour," said Miss *Juliana*, "you "have *always* my nephew at your command; "but poor *Signor Bergamesca* is much hur- "ried, and his time is not his own." *Signor* "*Bergamesco*," cried I, "is your French ma- "ster an Italian?" "Yes," said she, "of a "Noble family in the dominions of the *Doge* "of Venice, but a younger brother, with a "small patrimony, which he unfortunately "consumed *en travaillant par l'Europe*. It "was a fancy of my own; I thought that, "after the *Signor* had taught my nephew "French, he might teach him Italian also; "for you know that it is a great loss to "change preceptors, and that young men "who have not seen much of the world, are "shy with strangers."

The task imposed on my pupil by *S. Bergamesco* occupied all his leisure till dinner-time; but I thought that I should have the absolute command of the evening. I was beginning to read,

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read, *Omnibus in terris*, when a ſervant ſaid, "Here is the Freneh maſter." "What," "cried I, "can *S. Bergameſco*, who is ſo "much hurried, afford to give two leſſons in "one day to the ſame ſcholar?" "It is an- "other French maſter, whom they have got "for me," ſaid my pupil. I applied to Miſs *Juliana* for the explanation of this *phænomenon*. "It was none of my adviſing," ſaid ſhe; "but my brother knew Mr *O'Callachan* "when linguiſt to Commodore *Firebrace*, and "*he wiſhed to throw a good job in the poor fel-* "*low's way*; theſe were his very words; and "ſo Mr *O'Callachan* came to be employed: "but, indeed, after recollection, I thought it "would anſwer well enough, as both maſters "tanght by the ſame grammar, and both of "them read *Telemac*."

The linguiſt of Commodore *Firebrace* had juſt taken his leave, when a ſmart young fellow burſt into the room, with an air of much hurry and importance. "What," cried I, "*more* French maſters?" "Don't be alarm- "ed," ſaid Mrs *Flint*, who accompanied him; "it is only the *Friſeur*, who comes to put up "my boy's hair in papers. Pray don't aſk me "*why*,

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" *why*, for it is a great ſecret; but you ſhall " know it all to-morrow."

FRIDAY.

" You muſt know," ſaid Mrs *Flint* at breakfaſt, " that I am aſſured that *Jemmy* is " very like the Count de *Provence*, the King " of France's own brother. Now *Jemmy* is " ſitting for his picture to *Martin*; and I " thought it would be right to get the *friſeur*, " whom you ſaw laſt night, [he is juſt arri- " ved from Paris], to dreſs his hair like the " Count *de Provence*, that Mr *Martin* might " make the reſemblance more complete. *Jem-* " *my* has been under his hands ſince ſeven " o'clock — Oh, here he comes." " Is it not " *charmang?*" exclaimed Miſs *Juliana*. " I " wiſh Miſs *Punaiſe* ſaw you," added the happy mother. My pupil, loſt in the laby- rinth of croſs curls, ſeemed to look about for himſelf. " What a powdered ſheep's-head " have we got here?" cried Captain *Winter- bottom*.— We all went to Mr *Martin*'s to aſſiſt him in drawing *Jemmy*'s picture. On our re- turn, Mrs *Flint* diſcovered that her ſon had got an inflammation in his right eye, by look- ing

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ing ſtedfaſtly on the painter. She ordered a poultice of bread and milk, and put him to bed; ſo there was no more talk of "*Omnibus* "*in terris*" for that evening.

SATURDAY.

My pupil came down to breakfaſt in a complete ſuit of black, with weepers, and a long mourning-cravat. The Count *de Provence*'s curls were all demoliſhed, and there remained not a veſtige of powder on his hair. "Bleſs "me," cried I, "what is the matter?" "Oh, "nothing," ſaid Mrs *Flint*; "a relation of "mine is to be interred at twelve, and *Jemmy* "has got a burial-letter. We ought to ac- "knowledge our friends on ſuch melancholy "occaſions. I mean to ſend *Jemmy* with the "coach and ſix. It will teach him how to be- "have himſelf in public places."

At dinner, my pupil expreſſed a vehement deſire to go to the play. "There is to be "*Harlequin Highlander*, and the blowing up "of the St *Domingo* man of war," ſaid he; "it will be vaſtly comical and curious." "Why, *Jemmy*," ſaid Mrs *Flint*, "ſince "this is Saturday, I ſuppoſe your tutor will "have

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"have no objection; but be sure to put on "your great coat, and to take a chair in co- "ming home." "I thought," said I, "that "we might have made some progress at our "books this evening." "Books on Satur- "day afternoon," cried the whole company, "it was never heard of." I yielded to conviction; for, indeed, it would have been very unreasonable to expect, that he who had spent the whole week in idleness, should begin to apply himself to his studies on the evening of Saturday.

I am, Sir, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

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Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum, mœrore gravi, deducit et angit.
HOR.

CRITICISM, like every thing elſe, is ſubject to the prejudices of our education or of our country. National prejudice, indeed, is, of all deviations from juſtice, the moſt common, and the moſt allowable; it is a near, though perhaps an illegitimate, relation of that patriotiſm which has been ranked among the firſt virtues of characters the moſt eminent and illuſtrious. To authors, however, of a rank ſo elevated as to aſpire to univerſal fame, the partiality of their countrymen has been ſometimes prejudicial; in proportion as they have unreaſonably applauded, the critics of other countries, from a very common ſort of feeling, have unreaſonably cenſured; and there are few great writers, whom prejudice on either ſide may not, from a partial view of their works, find ſome ground for eſtimating

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eſtimating at a rate much above or much below the ſtandard of juſtice.

No author, perhaps, ever exiſted, of whom opinion has been ſo various as *Shakeſpeare*. Endowed with all the ſublimity and ſubject to all the irregularities of genius, his advocates have room for unbounded praiſe, and their opponents for frequent blame. His departure from all the common rules which criticiſm, ſomewhat arbitrarily, perhaps, has impoſed, leaves no legal code by which the deciſion can be regulated; and, in the feelings of different readers, the ſame paſſage may appear ſimple or mean, natural or prepoſterous, may excite admiration, or create diſguſt.

But it is not, I apprehend, from particular paſſages or incidents that *Shakeſpeare* is to be judged. Though his admirers frequently contend for beauty in the moſt diſtorted of the former, and probability in the moſt unaccountable of the latter; yet, it muſt be owned, that, in both, there are often groſs defects, which criticiſm cannot juſtify, though the ſituation of the poet, and the times in which he wrote, may eaſily excuſe. But we are to look for the ſuperiority of *Shakeſpeare* in the aſtoniſhing, and almoſt ſupernatural, powers

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powers of his invention, his abſolute command over the paſſions, and his wonderful knowledge of Nature. Of the ſtructure of his ſtories, or the probability of his incidents, he is frequently careleſs; theſe he took, at random, from the legendary tale, or the extravagant romance; but his intimate acquaintance with the human mind ſeldom or never forſakes him, and, amidſt the moſt fantaſtic and improbable ſituations, the perſons of his drama ſpeak in the language of the heart, and in the ſtyle of their characters.

Of all the characters of *Shakeſpeare*, that of *Hamlet* has been generally thought the moſt difficult to be reduced to any fixed or ſettled principle. With the ſtrongeſt purpoſes of revenge, he is irreſolute and inactive; amidſt the gloom of the deepeſt melancholy, he is gay and jocular; and, while he is deſcribed as a paſſionate lover, he ſeems indifferent about the object of his affections. It may be worth while to inquire whether any leading idea can be found, upon which theſe apparent contradictions may be reconciled, and a character ſo pleaſing in the cloſet, and ſo much applauded on the ſtage, rendered as unambiguous in the general as it is ſtriking in

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detail. I will venture to lay before my readers ſome obſervations on this ſubject, though with the diffidence due to a queſtion of which the public has doubted, and much abler critics have already written.

The baſis of *Hamlet*'s character ſeems to be an extreme ſenſibility of mind, apt to be ſtrongly impreſſed by its ſituation, and overpowered by the feelings which that ſituation excites. Naturally of the moſt virtuous and moſt amiable diſpoſitions, the circumſtances in which he was placed unhinged thoſe principles of action which, in another ſituation, would have delighted mankind, and made himſelf happy. That kind of diſtreſs which he ſuffered was, beyond all others, calculated to produce this effect. His misfortunes were not the misfortunes of accident, which, tho' they may overwhelm at firſt, the mind will ſoon call up reflections to alleviate, and hopes to cheer; they were ſuch as reflection only ſerves to irritate, ſuch as rankle in the ſoul's tendereſt part, her ſenſe of virtue, and feelings of natural affection; they aroſe from an uncle's villany, a mother's guilt, a father's murder! — Yet, amidſt the gloom of melancholy, and the agitation of paſſion, in which his

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his calamities involve him, there are occasional breakings-out of a mind, richly endowed by nature, and cultivated by education. We perceive gentleness in his demeanour, wit in his conversation, taste in his amusements, and wisdom in his reflections.

That *Hamlet*'s character, thus formed by Nature, and thus modelled by situation, is often variable and uncertain, I am not disposed to deny. I will content myself with the supposition, that this is the very character which *Shakespeare* meant to allot him. Finding such a character in real life, of a person endowed with feelings so delicate as to border on weakness, with sensibility too exquisite to allow of determined action, he has placed it where it could be best exhibited, in scenes of wonder, of terror, and of indignation, where its varying emotions might be most strongly marked amidst the workings of imagination, and the war of the passions.

This is the very management of the character by which, above all others, we could be interested in its behalf. Had *Shakespeare* made *Hamlet* pursue his vengeance with a steady determined purpose, had he led him through difficulties arising from accidental causes, and

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not from the doubts and hesitation of his own mind, the anxiety of the spectator might have been highly raised; but it would have been anxiety for the event, not for the person. As it is, we feel not only the virtues, but the weaknesses of *Hamlet*, as our own; we see a man who, in other circumstances, would have exercised all the moral and social virtues, one whom Nature had formed to be

" Th' Expectancy and Rose of the fair State,
" The Glass of Fashion, and the Mold of Form,
" Th' observ'd of all Observers,"

placed in a situation in which even the amiable qualities of his mind serve but to aggravate his distress, and to perplex his conduct. Our compassion for the first, and our anxiety for the latter, are excited in the strongest manner; and hence arises that indescribable charm in *Hamlet* which attracts every reader and every spectator, which the more perfect characters of other tragedies never dispose us to feel.

The *Orestes* of the Greek poet, who, at his first appearance, lays down a plan of vengeance which he resolutely pursues, interests us for the accomplishment of his purpose; but

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but of him we think only as the inſtrument of that juſtice which we wiſh to overtake the murderers of *Agamemnon*. We feel with *Oreſtes*, (or rather with *Sophocles*, for in ſuch paſſages we always hear the poet in his hero), that "it is fit that ſuch groſs infringements "of the moral law ſhould be puniſhed with "death, in order to render wickedneſs leſs "frequent;" but when *Horatio* exclaims on the death of his friend,

"Now crack'd a noble heart!"

we forget the murder of the King, the villany of *Claudius*, the guilt of *Gertrude*; our recollection dwells only on the memory of that "*ſweet prince*," the delicacy of whoſe feelings a milder planet ſhould have ruled, whoſe gentle virtues ſhould have bloomed through a life of felicity and of uſefulneſs.

Hamlet, from the very opening of the piece, is delineated as one under the dominion of melancholy, whoſe ſpirits were overborn by his feelings. Grief for his father's death, and diſpleaſure at his mother's marriage, prey on his mind, and he ſeems, with the weakneſs natural to ſuch a diſpoſition, to yield to their

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controul. He does not attempt to reſiſt or combat theſe impreſſions, but is willing to fly from the conteſt, though it were into the grave:

" Oh! that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt,"
&c.

Even after his father's ghoſt has informed him of his murder, and commiſſioned him to avenge it, we find him complaining of that ſituation in which his fate had placed him.

" The time is out of joint; oh! curſed ſpight,
" That ever I was born to ſet it right!"

And afterwards, in the perplexity of his condition, meditating on the expediency of ſuicide,

" To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion."

The account he gives of his own feelings to *Rozincratz* and *Guildenſtern*, which is evidently ſpoken in earneſt, though ſomewhat covered with the miſt of his affected diſtraction, is exactly deſcriptive of a mind full of that wearineſs of life which is characteriſtic of low ſpirits;

" This

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" This goodly frame the earth, ſeems to me a
" ſteril promontory," &c.

And, indeed, he expreſsly delineates his own character as of the kind above mentioned, when, heſitating on the evidence of his uncle's villany, he ſays,

" The ſpirit that I have ſeen
" May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
" T' aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and perhaps,
" *Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy*
" Abuſes me to damn me."

This doubt of the grounds on which our purpoſe is founded, is as often the effect, as the cauſe of irreſolution, which firſt heſitates, and then ſeeks out an excuſe for its heſitation.

It may, perhaps, be doing *Shakeſpeare* no injuſtice to ſuppoſe, that he ſometimes began a play, without having fixed in his mind, in any determined manner, the plan or conduct of his piece. The character of ſome principal perſon of the drama might ſtrike his imagination ſtrongly in the opening ſcenes; as he went on, this character would continue to impreſs itſelf on the conduct as well as the diſcourſe

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discourse of that person, and, it is possible, might affect the situations and incidents, especially in those romantic or legendary subjects, where history did not confine him to certain unchangeable events. In the story of *Amleth*, the son of *Horwondil*, told by *Saxo-Grammaticus*, from which the tragedy of *Hamlet* is taken, the young prince, who is to revenge the death of his father, murdered by his uncle *Fengo*, counterfeits madness, that he may be allowed to remain about the court in safety and without suspicion. He never forgets his purposed vengeance, and acts with much more cunning towards its accomplishment than the *Hamlet* of *Shakespeare*. But *Shakespeare*, wishing to elevate the hero of his tragedy, and at the same time to interest the audience in his behalf, throws around him, from the beginning, the majesty of melancholy, along with that sort of weakness and irresolution which frequently attends it. The incident of the *Ghost*, which is entirely the poet's own, and not to be found in the Danish legend, not only produces the happiest stage-effect, but is also of the greatest advantage in unfolding that character which is stamped on the young prince at the opening of the play. In the communications

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communications of ſuch a viſionary being, there is an uncertain kind of belief, and a dark unlimited horror, which are aptly ſuited to diſplay the wavering purpoſe and varied emotions of a mind endowed with a delicacy of feeling that often ſhakes its fortitude, with ſenſibility that overpowers its ſtrength.

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THE view of *Hamlet*'s character exhibited in my laſt number, may, perhaps, ſerve to explain a difficulty which has always occurred both to the reader and the ſpectator, on perceiving his madneſs, at one time, put on the appearance, not of fiction, but of reality; a difficulty by which ſome have been induced to ſuppoſe the diſtraction of the prince a ſtrange unaccountable mixture, throughout, of real inſanity and counterfeit diſorder.

The diſtraction of *Hamlet*, however, is clearly affected through the whole play, always ſubject to the controul of his reaſon, and ſubſervient to the accompliſhment of his deſigns. At the grave of *Ophelia*, indeed, it exhibits ſome temporary marks of a real diſorder. His mind, ſubject from Nature to all the weakneſs of ſenſibility, agitated by the incidental misfortune of *Ophelia*'s death, amidſt the dark and permanent impreſſion of his revenge, is thrown for a while off its poiſe, and, in the paroxyſm of the moment, breaks forth into

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into that extravagant rhapſody which he utters to *Laertes*.

Counterfeited madneſs, in a perſon of the character I have aſcribed to *Hamlet*, could not be ſo uniformly kept up as not to allow the reigning impreſſions of his mind to ſhew themſelves in the midſt of his affected extravagance. It turned chiefly on his love to *Ophelia*, which he meant to hold forth as its great ſubject; but it frequently glanced on the wickedneſs of his uncle, his knowledge of which it was certainly his buſineſs to conceal.

In two of *Shakeſpeare*'s tragedies are introduced, at the ſame time, inſtances of counterfeit madneſs and of real diſtraction. In both plays the ſame diſtinction is obſerved, and the falſe diſcriminated from the true by ſimilar appearances. *Lear*'s imagination conſtantly runs on the ingratitude of his daughters, and the reſignation of his crown; and *Ophelia*, after ſhe has waſted the firſt ebullience of her diſtraction in ſome wild and incoherent ſentences, fixes on the death of her father for the ſubject of her ſong:

" They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier——
" And will he not come again,
" And will he not come again?" &c.

But

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But *Edgar* puts on a ſemblance as oppoſite as may be to his real ſituation and his ruling thoughts. He never ventures on any expreſſion bordering on the ſubjects of a father's cruelty or a ſon's misfortune. *Hamlet*, in the ſame manner, were he as firm in mind as *Edgar*, would never hint any thing in his affected diſorder, that might lead to a ſuſpicion of his having diſcovered the villany of his uncle; but his feeling, too powerful for his prudence, often breaks through that diſguiſe which it ſeems to have been his original, and ought to have continued his invariable purpoſe to maintain, till an opportunity ſhould preſent itſelf of accompliſhing the revenge which he meditated.

Of the reality of *Hamlet's* love, doubts alſo have been ſuggeſted. But, if that delicacy of feeling, approaching to weakneſs, for which I contend, be allowed him, the affected abuſe, which he ſuffers at laſt to grow into ſcurrility, of his miſtreſs, will, I think, be found not inconſiſtent with the truth of his affection for her. Feeling its real force, and deſigning to play the madman on that ground, he would naturally go as far from the reality as poſſible. Had he not loved her at all, or

ſlightly

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slightly loved her, he might have kept up some appearance of passion amidst his feigned insanity; but really loving her, he would have been hurt by such a resemblance in the counterfeit. We can bear a downright caricature of our friend much easier than an unfavourable likeness.

It must be allowed, however, that the momentous scenes in which he is afterwards engaged, seem to have smothered, if not extinguished, the feelings of his love. His total forgetfulness of *Ophelia* so soon after her death, cannot easily be justified. It is vain, indeed, to attempt justifying *Shakespeare* in such particulars. "*Time*," says Dr Johnson, "*toil'd after him in vain.*" He seems often to forget its rights, as well in the progress of the passions, as in the business of the stage. That change of feeling and of resolution which time only can effect, he brings forth within the limits of a single scene. Whether love is to be excited, or resentment allayed, guilt to be made penitent, or sorrow chearful, the effect is frequently produced in a space hardly sufficient for words to express it.

It has been remarked, that our great poet

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was not so happy in the delineation of *love* as of the other passions. Were it not treason against the majesty of *Shakespeare*, one might observe, that, though he looked with a sort of instinctive perception into the recesses of Nature, yet it was impossible for him to possess a knowledge of the refinements of delicacy, or to catch in his pictures the nicer shades of polished manners; and, without this knowledge, love can seldom be introduced on the stage but with a degree of coarseness which will offend an audience of good taste. This observation is not meant to extend to *Shakespeare's* tragic scenes: in situations of deep distress or violent emotion, the *manners* are lost in the *passions*; but if we examine his *lovers* in the lighter scenes of ordinary life, we shall generally find them trespassing against the rules of decorum, and the feelings of delicacy.

That gaiety and playfulness of deportment and of conversation which *Hamlet* sometimes not only assumes, but seems actually disposed to, is, I apprehend, no contradiction to the general tone of melancholy in his character. That sort of melancholy which is the most genuine as well as the most amiable of any, neither

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neither ariſing from natural ſourneſs of temper, nor prompted by accidental chagrin, but the effect of delicate ſenſibility, impreſſed with a ſenſe of ſorrow, or a feeling of its own weakneſs, will, I believe, often be found indulging itſelf in a ſportfulneſs of external behaviour, amidſt the preſſure of a ſad, or even the anguiſh of a broken heart. Slighter emotions affect our ordinary diſcourſe; but deep diſtreſs, ſitting in the ſecret gloom of the ſoul, caſts not its regard on the common occurrences of life, but ſuffers them to trick themſelves out in the uſual garb of indifference, or of gaiety, according to the faſhion of the ſociety around it, or the ſituation in which they chance to ariſe. The melancholy man feels in himſelf (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) a ſort of double perſon; one, which, covered with the darkneſs of its imagination, looks not forth into the world, nor takes any concern in vulgar objects or frivolous purſuits; another, which he lends, as it were, to ordinary men, which can accommodate itſelf to their tempers and manners, and indulge, without feeling any degradation from the indulgence, a ſmile with the chearful, and a laugh with the giddy.

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The converſation of *Hamlet* with the *Grave-digger* ſeems to me to be perfectly accounted for under this ſuppoſition; and, inſtead of feeling it counteract the tragic effect of the ſtory, I never ſee him in that ſcene, without receiving, from his tranſient jeſts with the clown before him, an idea of the deepeſt melancholy being rooted at his heart. The light point of view in which he places ſerious and important things, marks the power of that great impreſſion, which ſwallows up every thing elſe in his mind, which makes *Cæſar* and *Alexander* ſo indifferent to him, that he can trace their remains in the plaſter of a cottage, or the ſtopper of a beer-barrel. It is from the ſame turn of mind, which, from the elevation of its ſorrow, looks down on the buſtle of ambition, and the pride of fame, that he breaks forth into the reflection in the 4th act, on the expedition of *Fortinbras*.

It is with regret, as well as deference, that I accuſe the judgement of Mr *Garrick*, or the taſte of his audience; but I cannot help thinking, that the excluſion of the ſcene of the *Grave-digger*, in his alteration of the tragedy of *Hamlet*, was not only a needleſs, but an unnatural

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unnatural violence done to the work of his favourite poet.

Shakeſpeare's genius attended him in all his extravagancies. In the licence he took of departing from the regularity of the drama, or in his ignorance of thoſe critical rules which might have reſtrained him within it, there is this advantage, that it gives him an opportunity of delineating the paſſions and affections of the human mind, as they exiſt in reality, with all the various colourings which they receive in the mixed ſcenes of life; not as they are accommodated, by the hands of more artificial poets, to one great undivided impreſſion, or an uninterrupted chain of congenial events. It ſeems, therefore, prepoſterous, to endeavour to *regularize* his plays, at the expence of depriving them of this peculiar excellence, eſpecially as the alteration can only produce a very partial and limited improvement, and can never bring his pieces to the ſtandard of criticiſm, or the form of the *Ariſtotelian* drama. Within the bounds of a pleaſure-garden, we may be allowed to ſmooth our terraſſes and trim our hedge-rows; but it were equally abſurd as impracticable to

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apply the minute labours of the *roller* and the *pruning-knife* to the noble irregularity of trackleſs mountains and impenetrable forefts.

Z.

N° 101.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN books, whether moral or amuſing, there are no paſſages more captivating both to the writer and the reader, than thoſe delicate ſtrokes of ſentimental morality which refer our actions to the determination of feeling. In theſe the poet, the novel-writer, and the eſſayiſt, have always delighted; you are not, therefore, ſingular for having dedicated ſo much of the MIRROR to ſentiment and ſenſibility. I imagine, however, Sir, there is much danger in puſhing theſe qualities too far: the rules of our conduct ſhould be founded on a baſis more ſolid, if they are to guide us through the various ſituations of life; but the young enthuſiaſt of ſentiment and feeling is apt to deſpiſe thoſe leſſons of vulgar virtue and prudence, which would confine the movements of a ſoul formed to regulate itſelf by finer impulſes. I ſpeak from experience, Mr MIRROR;

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MIRROR; with what juſtice, you ſhall judge, when you have heard the little family-hiſtory I am going to relate.

My niece, *Emilia* ———, was left to my care by a brother whom I dearly loved, when ſhe was a girl of about ten years old. The beauty of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure, had already attracted univerſal notice; as her mind opened, it was found not leſs worthy of admiration. To the ſweeteſt natural diſpoſitions, ſhe united uncommon powers both of genius and of underſtanding: theſe I ſpared no pains to cultivate and improve; and I think I ſo far ſucceeded, that, in her eighteenth year, *Emilia* was inferior to few women of her age, either in perſonal attractions or in accompliſhments of the mind. My fond hopes (for ſhe was a daughter to me, Mr MIRROR) looked now for the reward of my labour, and I pictured her future life as full of happineſs as of virtue.

One feature of her mind was ſtrongly predominant; a certain delicacy and fineneſs of feeling, which ſhe had inherited from Nature, and which her earlieſt reading had tended to encourage and increaſe. To this ſtandard ſhe was apt to bring both her own actions and the

actions

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actions of others; and allowed more to its effects, both in praise and blame, than was consistent either with justice or expediency. I sometimes endeavoured gently to combat these notions. She was not always logical, but she was always eloquent in their defence; and I found her more confirmed on their side, the more I obliged her to be their advocate. I preferred, therefore, being silent on the subject, trusting that a little more experience and knowledge of the world would necessarily weaken their influence.

At her age, and with her feelings, it is necessary to have a *friend: Emilia* had found one at a very early period. *Harriet S*——— was the daughter of a neighbour of my brother's, a few years older than my niece. Several branches of their education the two young ladies had received together; in these the superiority lay much on the side of *Emilia*. *Harriet* was no wise remarkable for fineness of genius or quickness of parts; but though her acquirements were moderate, she knew how to manage them to advantage; and there was often a certain avowal of her inferiority, which conciliated affection the more, as it did not claim admiration. Her manners were soft

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ſoft and winning, like thoſe of *Emilia*, her ſentiments as delicate and exalted; there ſeemed, however, leſs of nature in both.

Emilia's attachment to this young lady I found every day increaſe, till, at laſt, it ſo totally ingroſſed her as rather to diſpleaſe me. When together, their attention was confined almoſt entirely to each other; or, what politeneſs forced them to beſtow upon others, they conſidered as a tax which it was fair to elude as much as poſſible. The *world*, a term which they applied indiſcriminately to almoſt every one but themſelves, they ſeemed to feel as much pride as happineſs in being ſecluded from; and its laws of prudence and propriety they held the invention of cold and ſelfiſh minds, inſenſible to the delights of feeling, of ſentiment, and of friendſhip. Theſe ideas were, I believe, much ſtrengthened by a correſpondence that occupied moſt of the hours (not many indeed) in which they were ſeparated. Againſt this I ventured to remonſtrate, in a jocular manner, with *Emilia*; ſhe anſwered me in a ſtrain ſo ſerious, as convinced me of the danger of ſo romantic an attachment. Our diſcourſe on the ſubject grew inſenſibly warm: *Emilia*, at laſt, burſt into tears;

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tears; and I apologized for having, I knew not how, offended her. From that day forth, though I continued her adviſer, I found I had ceaſed to be her friend.

That office was now *Harriet*'s alone; the tie only wanted ſome difficulty to rivet it cloſer, ſome ſecret to be intruſted with, ſome diſtreſs to alleviate. Of this an opportunity ſoon after preſented itſelf. *Harriet* became enamoured of a young gentleman of the name of *Marlow*, an officer of dragoons, who had come to the country on a viſit to her brother, with whom he had been acquainted at college. As ſhe inherited ſeveral thouſand pounds, independent of her expectations from her father, ſuch a match was a very favourable one for a young man who poſſeſſed no revenue but his commiſſion. But, for that very reaſon, the conſent of the young lady's relations was not to be looked for. After ſome time, therefore, of ſecret and ardent attachment, of which my niece was the confident, the young folks married without it, and truſted to the common relentings of parental affection, to forgive a fault which could not be remedied. But the father of *Harriet* remained quite inexorable: nor was his reſentment

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ſoftened even by her huſband's leaving the army; a ſtep, which, it was hoped, might have mitigated his anger, as he had often declared it principally to ariſe from his daughter's marrying a ſoldier.

After ſome fruitleſs attempts to reinſtate themſelves in the old gentleman's affections, they took up their reſidence in a provincial town, in a diſtant part of the kingdom; where, as *Harriet* deſcribed their ſituation to *Emilia*, they found every wiſh gratified in the increaſing tenderneſs of one another. *Emilia*, ſoon after, went to ſee them in their new abode: her deſcription of their happineſs on her return, was warm to a degree of rapture. Her viſit was repeated on occaſion of *Harriet*'s lying-in of her firſt child. This incident was a new ſource of delight to *Emilia's* friends, and of pleaſure to her in their ſociety. *Harriet*, whoſe recovery was ſlow, eaſily prevailed on her to ſtay till it was completed. She became a member of the family, and it was not without much regret on both ſides, that ſhe left, at the end of ſix months, a houſe, from which, as ſhe told me, the world was ſecluded, where ſentiment regulated the conduct, and happineſs rewarded it. All this while I was not

without

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without alarm, and could not conceal my uneaſineſs from *Emilia*; I repreſented the ſituation in which her friend ſtood, whom prudent people muſt conſider as having, at leaſt, made a bold ſtep, if not a blameable one.—I was anſwered rather angrily, by a warm remonſtrance againſt the inhumanity of parents, the unfeelingneſs of age, and the injuſtice of the world.

That happineſs which my niece had deſcribed as the inmate of *Harriet*'s family, was not of long duration. Her huſband, tired of the inactive ſcene into which his marriage had caſt him, grew firſt diſcontented at home, and then ſought for that pleaſure abroad which his own houſe could not afford him. His wife felt this change warmly, and could not reſtrain herſelf from expreſſing her feelings. Her complaints grew into reproaches, and rivetted her huſband's diſlike to her ſociety, and his reliſh for the ſociety of others. *Emilia* was, as uſual, the confident of her friend's diſtreſs; it was now increaſed by a lingering illneſs which had ſucceeded the birth of her ſecond girl. After informing me of thoſe diſagreeable circumſtances in which her *Harriet* was ſituated, *Emilia* told me ſhe had

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formed the reſolution of participating, at leaſt, if ſhe could not alleviate her friend's diſtreſs, by going directly to reſide in her houſe. Though I had now loſt the affections of my niece, ſhe had not yet forced me into indifference for her. Againſt this propoſal I remonſtrated in the ſtrongeſt manner. You will eaſily gueſs my arguments; but *Emilia* would not allow them any force. In vain I urged the ties of duty, of prudence, and of character. They only produced an eulogium on generoſity, on friendſhip, and on ſentiment. I could not ſo far command my temper as to forbear ſome obſervations, which my niece interpreted into reflections upon her *Harriet*. She grew warm on the ſubject; my affection for her would not ſuffer me to be cool. At laſt, in the enthuſiaſm of her friendſhip, ſhe told me I had cancelled every bond of relationſhip between us; that ſhe would inſtantly leave my houſe, and return to it no more. She left it accordingly, and ſet out for *Harriet*'s that very evening.

There, as I learned, ſhe found that lady in a ſituation truly deplorable: Her health declined, her huſband cruel, and the fortune ſhe had brought him waſted among his companions

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panions at the tavern and the gaming-table. The last calamity the fortune of *Emilia* enabled her to relieve; but the two first she could not cure, and her friend was fast sinking under them. She was at last seized with a disorder which her weak frame was unable to resist, and which, her physicians informed *Emilia*, would soon put a period to her life. This intelligence she communicated to the husband in a manner suited to wring his heart for the treatment he had given his wife. In effect, *Marlow* was touched with that remorse which the consequences of profligate folly will sometimes produce in men more weak than wicked. He too had been in use to talk of feeling and of sentiment. He was willing to be impelled by the passions, though not restrained by the principles of virtue, and to taste the pleasures of vice while he thought he abhorred its depravity. His conversion was now as violent as sudden. *Emilia* believed it sincere, because confidence was natural to her, and the effects of sudden emotion her favourite system. By her means a thorough reunion took place between *Mr* and *Mrs Marlow*; and the short while the latter survived was passed in that luxury of reconcile-

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ment which more than reinstates the injurer in our affection. *Harriet* died in the arms of her husband; and, by a solemn adjuration, left to *Emilia* the comfort of him, and the care of her children.

There is in the communion of sorrow one of the strongest of all connections; and the charge which *Emilia* had received from her dying friend of her daughters, necessarily produced the freest and most frequent intercourse with their father. Debts which his former course of life had obliged him to contract, he was unable to pay; and the demands of his creditors were the more peremptory, as, by the death of his wife, the hopes of any pecuniary assistance from her father were cut off. In the extremity of this distress, he communicated it to *Emilia*. Her generosity relieved him from the embarrassment, and gave him that further tie which is formed by the gratitude of those we oblige. Meanwhile, from the exertions of that generosity, she suffered considerable inconvenience. The world was loud, and sometimes scurrilous, in its censure of her conduct. I tried, once more, by a letter written with all the art I was master of, to recal

recal her from the labyrinth in which this falſe ſort of virtue had involved her. My endeavours were vain. I found that *ſentiment*, like religion, had its ſuperſtition and its martyrdom. Every hardſhip ſhe ſuffered ſhe accounted a trial, every cenſure ſhe endured ſhe conſidered as a teſtimony of her virtue. At laſt, my poor deluded niece was ſo entangled in the toils which her own imagination and the art of *Marlow* had ſpread for her, that ſhe gave to the dying charge of *Harriet* the romantic interpretation of becoming the wife of her widower, and the mother of her children. My heart bleeds, Mr MIRROR, while I foreſee the conſequences! She will be wretched, with feelings ill accommodated to her wretchedneſs. Her ſenſibility will aggravate that ruin to which it has led her, and the world will not even afford their pity to diſtreſſes which the prudent may blame, and the ſelfiſh will deride.

Let me warn, at leaſt, where I cannot remedy. Tell your readers this ſtory, Sir. Tell them there are bounds beyond which virtuous feelings ceaſe to be virtue; that the deciſions of ſentiment are ſubject to the controul of

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prudence, and the ties of friendſhip ſubordinate to the obligations of duty.

I am, &c.

LEONTIUS.

V

N° 102.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOU have already obſerved how difficult it is to reduce the ſcience of *manners* to general denominations, and have ſhown how liable to miſapplication are ſome of the terms which are uſed in it. To your inſtances of *man of faſhion* and *good company*, you will give me leave to add another, of which, I think, the perverſion is neither leſs common nor leſs dangerous: I mean the term applied to a certain ſpecies of character, which we diſtinguiſh by the appellation of a *man of ſpirit*.

Lord Cheſterfield ſays ſomewhere, that, to ſpeak and act with ſpirit, is to ſpeak rudely and act fooliſhly; and his Lordſhip's definition is frequently right. At the ſame time, SPIRIT may be, and certainly is, often applied to that line of conduct and ſentiment that deſerves it: A perſon of virtue, dignity, and prudence,

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prudence, is, with much propriety, denominated a "MAN OF SPIRIT;" but, by the abuſe I complain of, "man of ſpirit" is, for the moſt part, very differently applied.

In the various departments of buſineſs, the term *ſpirit* is frequently applied to unprofitable projects and viſionary ſpeculations. Let a man be bold enough to riſk his own fortune, and the fortunes of other people, upon ſchemes brilliant but improbable; let him go on, ſanguine amidſt repeated loſſes, and dreaming of wealth till he wakes in bankruptcy; and it is ten to one, that, after he fails, the world will give a ſort of fame to his folly, and hold him up to future truſt and patronage, under the title of an unfortunate *man of ſpirit*.

But theſe are not the moſt glaring inſtances of the monſtrous perverſion of this character; the airy adventurer, or the magnificent but ruined projector, may both be men of ſpirit, though it is not ſpirit, but want of judgement, and viſionary impetuoſity, that have procured them the character. They may, however, poſſeſs that dignity and independence of mind in which alone true ſpirit conſiſts, and may have been ruined by whim and

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want of foreſight, not want of ſpirit. But there is one ſet of men on whom the appellation is beſtowed, whoſe conduct, for the moſt part, is, in every article, the reverſe of dignity or ſpirit, and perfectly inconſiſtent with it.

The men I mean are thoſe, who, by a train of intemperance and profuſion, run out their fortunes, and reduce themſelves to miſery.—Such men are common, and will be ſo, while vice, folly, and want of foreſight, prevail among mankind.—They have been frequently ridiculed and expoſed by the ableſt pens: and it is not the character itſelf that falls under my obſervation; it is the unaccountable abſurdity of beſtowing upon ſuch characters the appellation of "men of ſpirit;" which they uniformly acquire, whether the fortune they have ſquandered is new, or has been handed down to them through a long line of anceſtors.

The miſapplication of the term is ſo completely ridiculous, as to be beneath contempt, were it not for the miſchief that I am convinced has been occaſioned by it. Youths entering on the ſtage of life are catched with the engaging appellation, "a man of ſpirit:" they become

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become ambitious of acquiring that epithet; and perceiving it to be moſt generally beſtowed on ſuch men as I have deſcribed, they look up to them as patterns of life and manners, and begin to ape them at an age which thinks only of enjoyment, and deſpiſes conſequences; nay, if they ſhould look forward, and view the "man of ſpirit" reduced, by his own profuſion, to the moſt abject ſtate of ſervile dependence, it does not mend the matter. In the voice of the world, he is "a man of ſpi-"rit" ſtill.—It is ſaid, that the eaſy engaging manners of Captain Macheath have induced many young men to go on the highway. I am convinced the character of a "man of "ſpirit" tempts many a young man to enter on a courſe of intemperance and prodigality, that moſt frequently ends in deſperate circumſtances and a broken conſtitution.

This perverſion is the more provoking, that, of all human characters, the intemperate prodigal is, in every feature and every ſtage, the moſt diametrically oppoſite to a man of ſpirit. —True *ſpirit* is founded on a love and deſire of *independence*, and the two are ſo blended together, that it is impoſſible, even in idea, to ſeparate them. But the intemperate prodi-

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gal is the moſt dependent of all human beings. —He depends on others for amuſement and company; and, however faſhionable he may be in the beginning, his decline in the article of companions is certain and rapid. — In the courſe of his profuſion, he becomes dependent on others for the means of ſupporting it; and when his race of prodigality is run, he ſuffers a miſerable dependence for the ſupport even of that wretched life to which it has reduced him. After all, the world calls him a "man of ſpirit," when he is really in a ſtate of ſervile indigence, with a broken conſtitution, without ſpirit, and without the power of exerting it; with the additional reflection of having himſelf been the cauſe of his diſtreſſes.

Nor is it only in the *affirmative* uſe of the term that I have to complain of its perverſion; the ſame injuſtice takes place when it is applied in the *negative*. Calling an intemperate and ruined prodigal a "MAN OF SPIRIT," may proceed ſometimes from pity; but when you hear a man of moderation and virtue, eſpecially if he happen alſo to be opulent, blamed as "*wanting ſpirit*," the accuſation is generally the child of detraction and malignity.

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malignity.—I do not apply my obſervation to the avaricious and niggardly, to men whoſe purſes are ſhut againſt their friends, and whoſe doors are barred againſt every body; ſuch men certainly want ſpirit, and are, for the moſt part, defective in every virtue; but I am afraid that it often happens, that a perſon, benevolent to his friends, hoſpitable to the deſerving, kind to his ſervants, and indulgent to his children, is blamed as "*wanting ſpirit*," for no reaſon but becauſe he is proof againſt the abſurdities of faſhion and vanity, becauſe he guards againſt the tricks of the deſigning, deſpiſes the opinions and diſapprobation of the fooliſh, and perſiſts in that train of moderate economy which he knows is beſt ſuited to his fortune and rational views.

Inſtead of wanting "*ſpirit*," ſuch a character is the true idea of "a man of ſpirit." In every part of his manners and conduct, he paſſes through life with an uniform ſteadineſs and dignity. His moderation ſecures his independence, and his attention ſupplies the means of hoſpitality and benevolence. While the prodigal is running his feverous and diſtempered courſe, the man of moderation and virtue proceeds in a train of quiet content-

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ment and reſpectable induſtry; and, at the end of their race, when the prodigal, with a ſhattered conſtitution, without fortune and without friends, is in abſolute want, or, at beſt, become the mean flatterer of ſome inſolent minion of wealth or power, the man of moderation and virtue, feeling his independence without pride, is happy in himſelf, uſeful to his family and friends, and beneficent to mankind, contributing, perhaps, from charity, not reſpect, his aſſiſtance to that very decayed prodigal who had frequently characteriſed him as a *man of no ſpirit.*

But it was not my purpoſe to delineate at length the character of a real "man of ſpirit." —I propoſed only to explode a very abſurd and miſchievous abuſe of an epithet, that too generally prevails. I ſhall, therefore, conclude, with aſſuring thoſe who are ambitious of being "men of ſpirit," by putting on the life and manners of an intemperate prodigal, that, though they may attain the character, and even preſerve it, after their fortunes are ſpent, and their conſtitutions broken; yet they will be "men of ſpirit" only nominally; and, in the mouths of the world, in reality, and in their hearts, they will be the meaneſt as well

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as the moſt unhappy of mankind, lingering out a uſeleſs and contemptible life, on which intemperance has entailed diſeaſe, and extravagance and profuſion inflicted poverty and dependence.

I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

My correſpondent has confined his obſervations to one half of the world, and remarked the abuſe of the term *ſpirit*, when applied to the *men* only. Might he not have extended his remarks a little farther, and traced the application of the phraſe to the conduct and behaviour of the other ſex? Perhaps, indeed, the *character* is not ſo univerſally in repute, as to come within the line of *Moderatus*'s complaint; but the *thing* is more in vogue than it ſeems to have been at any period of which my predeceſſors, who are a ſort of chroniclers of manners and faſhions, have preſerved the hiſtory.

In *London*, to which place we are always to look

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look for the "*Glaſs of Faſhion*," the ladies, not ſatisfied with ſhewing their *ſpirit* in the bold look, the maſculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly conſidered as abſolutely excluded; I mean that of public oratory. Half a dozen ſocieties have ſtarted up this winter, in which female ſpeakers exerciſe their powers of elocution before numerous audiences, and canvaſs all manner of ſubjects with the freedom and ſpirit of the boldeſt male orators. We in Edinburgh have not yet attempted to rival the polite people of the metropolis in this reſpect: ſome of our ladies, however, do all they can to put us on a footing with them. There is ſeldom a crouded play, or a full concert, at which ſome of our *public ſpeakers* do not exert themſelves with a moſt laudable ſpirit to drown the declamation of the ſtage or the muſic of the orcheſtra.

Nor is the ambition of thoſe ſpirited ladies ſatisfied with ſpeaking in public, and carrying off the attention of the audience from the voice of the actor or the tones of the muſician. The public eye, as well as ear, is to be commanded; and, in the ſide-box of the theatre, or the front-bench of the concert-

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room, there is often such a collection of beauty, animated with so much *spirit* of *exhibition*, that it is impossible the male part of the company should look at the scene, or think of the music. One of my predecessors has mentioned the art which the ladies of his day used in the unfurling of their *fans*, so as to display certain little *Cupids* and *Venuses* which lurked in their folds. Had he seen some of our ladies in the attitudes which modern *spirit* has taught them to assume — such unfurlings and unfoldings! — his *Venuses* and *Cupids* were mere ice and snow to them.

It is but justice to those ladies to remark, that this part of their behaviour seems calculated merely to shew their accomplishment in fashionable freedom of manner, without any motive of an interested or selfish kind. They are contented with the reputation of ease and spirit, without procuring much indulgence from the one or licence from the other. I have sometimes, however, been inclined to think, that there was a degree of unfairness in this, and to doubt, if a lady was intitled thus to hang out false colours, and to be in reality innocent and harmless, while she was quite a different sort of creature in appearance.

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ance. I could not help allowing ſome juſtice in the complaint of a girl whom I overheard ſome weeks ago, in the paſſage from the upper boxes, thus addreſſing her companion: "Did you obſerve that pert, giggling, naked "thing, in the ſtage box? There's not a "man in the houſe ſhe cares a farthing for; "and yet ſhe has the aſſurance to look like "one of us."

Z.

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To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

FROM my earlieſt infancy, I have been remarkable for good-humour, and a gentle, complying, inoffenſive diſpoſition; qualities, which, I am told, I inherit of my father, the late *Mr Paul Softly*, an eminent linen-draper. Though I myſelf ſoon recover any diſappointment or contradiction I meet with; yet ſo tender is my regard to the feelings of others, that I am led ſomehow, conſtitutionally, and almoſt againſt my reaſon, to comply with their requeſts, humour them in their foibles, and acquieſce in their opinions. I cannot bear, Mr MIRROR, it hurts me more than you can imagine, to diſappoint the hopes, or withſtand the ſolicitation of any human being whatever. There is a ſturdy, idle, impudent, merry looking dog of a ſailor, with a wooden leg, ſtationed at the corner of the ſtreet where I live, who, I do believe, has eſtabliſhed

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ſtabliſhed himſelf as a penſioner upon me for life, by the earneſtneſs of his tones, and his conſtant prayers to heaven for bleſſings on my goodneſs. Often and often have I been engaged in midnight-riots, though fond of peace and good neighbourhood, and frequently, though I abhor wine, have I been betrayed into intoxication, from a want of power to reſiſt the hoſpitable importunity of my landlord preſſing me to fill a bumper.

From this, I would not have you imagine that I am devoid of reſolution, or a will of my own. On the contrary, I do aſſure you, that, upon extraordinary occaſions, and, when it is neceſſary, I can reſiſt and reſent too. Nay, my wife (if you will believe her) frequently complains of my obſtinacy and perverſeneſs; and declares, that, of all the men ſhe ever knew, *Simon Softly* (for that is my name) is the leaſt ſenſible of indulgence. However, Sir, as for my wife, conſidering that I married her, not ſo much from any perſonal regard, as in order to pleaſe her worthy family who had ſerved me, though I dare ſay without any expectation of reward, I thank God, I lead a pretty tolerable ſort of life with her.—Upon the whole, Sir, this diſpoſition

of

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of mine has always appeared to me more amiable as well as convenient, than that named firm and decisive, which, I confess to you, I suspect, is at the bottom nothing else but conceit and ill-humour. Upon one occasion in my life, however, (I think it is the very first), which I am going to lay before you, I must own that it has given me a good deal of serious disturbance.

About six months ago, I succeeded, by the death of an uncle, to a land-estate of L. 100 a-year, which, unfortunately, lies contiguous to that of the greatest proprietor in the county. Along with it, I inherited a law-suit, kept alive, by various means, ever since the year thirty-three. The subject of it was a fourth part of the estate, which, though it had long been possessed by my predecessors, as part of the farm of *Oxentown*, Sir *Ralph Holdencourt*, our adversary and neighbour above mentioned, contended must belong to him, as included in his charters of the barony of *Acredale*.—But, before I go on, I must make you acquainted with Sir *Ralph*. He is descended from one of the oldest and most choleric families in the kingdom. The stem of it, as appears from the tree drawn by the hand

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hand of his great-grandfather, *Sir Euſtace*, was a Norman baron, who came over with the Conqueror. One of his poſterity intermarried with a Welſh heireſs; they were driven out of England for ſome act of rebellion, and, ſince their ſettlement in the north, their blood has been further heightened by alliance with the family of a Scots Peer and a Highland Chieftain. Their jealous pride, and the ſuddenneſs of their paſſion, have all along borne ample teſtimony to the purity of their lineage. *Sir Euſtace* himſelf fought four duels, and was twice run through the body. In *Sir Ralph*'s veins, this ſpirit, though ſomewhat mitigated by his father's marriage with one, who, as it is whiſpered, had once ſerved him in the capacity of dairy-maid, is far from being extinct. In his youth, he experienced the vengeance of the law, for beating a merchant of the ſame ſurname, who, without juſt title, claimed kindred with him, and aſſumed the arms of his family. I have heard too, that he himſelf was once ſoundly peppered by a gentleman of ſmall fortune, whoſe gun *Sir Ralph* had attempted to ſeize, upon his own ground, under pretence of his being unqualified to carry one. Though now old, he is ſtill

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ſtill noted for his tenacious adherence to all his pretenſions, the ceremonious politeneſs with which he receives the great gentry, and his ſupercilious treatment of all thoſe who are not intitled to that name.—— But to go on with my ſtory. Soon after my ſucceſſion, being on a viſit to another neighbour, Mr B. I found him with his wife preparing to depart, in great form, for the ſeat of my adverſary, to whom they are annually in uſe of paying their reſpects. Being ignorant of my ſituation, they preſſed me much to accompany them; and I, deſirous to pleaſe them, Sir, and not knowing how to excuſe myſelf, at the ſame time thinking it unreaſonable that I ſhould be at enmity with a man whom I did not know, merely becauſe we were at law together, was prevailed on to comply.

In a long avenue of lofty elms, terminated at one end by a large iron gate, at the top of which the family arms are worked, and at the other, by the manſion-houſe, a large old-faſhioned building, with a moat and turrets, we overtook the knight himſelf returning from a ride. He ſeemed to be about ſixty, but retained a robuſt make and florid complexion. He was ſeated on a ſuperb ſaddle with holſters,

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sters, and a housing of fur: he rode a long-tailed horse, which had once been gray, but had now become white with age; and was attended, at due distance, by a sedate elderly-looking servant, in an ample livery surtout, mounted on a black dock-tailed coach nag. No sooner had he perceived us, than he pushed on at a gallop, that he might be ready to present himself upon the platform of a large outer stone stair, to pay his compliments upon our arrival. I was introduced to him as his new neighbour *Mr Softly*: but the moment the name reached his ears, the blood rushed into his face, and eying me with a look of indignation, he turned upon his heel and left me. At this I was a good deal nettled, (for I do not want spirit), and wished to retire: but, perceiving that my horse had been led into the stable, and that I must pass through a crowd of servants, who were laughing at my reception, I thought it might be just as good to go on, and so followed them into the great hall. This was a large room, wainscotted with oak, and decorated with some portaits, a map of the estate, a tree of the family-descent, beside a spear and a cross-bow, which had been borne, I suppose, by some

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ſome of the knight's progenitors. Here we were received by *Miſs Primroſe Holdencourt*, his ſiſter, a maiden lady of fifty-five, who, ever ſince the death of his wife, has done the honours of his table. To her I made a profound bow, of which ſhe took no notice, unleſs by bridling up her head, and toſſing a look of diſdain at me.

Our preſent company, beſide the perſons already mentioned, conſiſted of the Knight's agent or attorney, and the parſon of the pariſh. The two latter, who, for ſome reaſon or other, had all along kept ſtanding together by one of the windows near the door, were baniſhed, upon the appearance of dinner, to a by-table in a corner of the room, where, I likewiſe, finding no place unoccupied at the other table, was obliged to take my ſeat. But, for this diſgrace, I was ſoon comforted by the good-humour and facetiouſneſs of the attorney, (who ſeemed to take a liking for me), as well as by ſome excellent ale, in which we both, along with the parſon, participated pretty liberally. We had no communication with the other table, unleſs by an overture of mine towards a reconciliation with *Miſs Primroſe*, by drinking her health, which met with a very ungracious

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ungracious reception. We had, however, no great cauſe to envy their converſation, as it conſiſted chiefly of ſome annotations by her upon the table-linen, in which the heads of the twelve apoſtles, and ſome worthies of the family, were woven; beſides a hiſtory from the Knight, of ſome exploits performed by the latter. Dinner being removed, and the ladies retiring along with it, the other table was naturally compelled to an union with ours; which, however, did not take place without ſtrong marks of repugnance on the part of the Knight. Theſe became ſtill more and more manifeſt, as the liquor elevated his pride: he puſhed the bottle paſt me, neglected to require my toaſt, and every now and then eyed me over his ſhoulder with a look of the utmoſt jealouſy and averſion. I did not value the looks of him or any other man a farthing; ſo I kept my ſeat manfully. In a ſhort time, my friend Mr B. having, for ſome purpoſe or other, left the room, the attorney, with an appearance of great candour and cordiality, inquired of me, whether that unhappy conteſt relative to the farm of Oxentown were drawing to an iſſue? "*Nothing* "*that depends on my will for that purpoſe, ſhall*

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"*be wanting,*" answered I. "*You allow,* "*then,*" immediately interposed the Knight, "*that the lands of Harrow-field make part of* "*my barony of Acredale: you are at last be-* "*come sensible of the justice of my claims.*" *I* "*am glad of it, heartily glad of it,*" rejoined the attorney; "*but, indeed, it is impossible to* "*doubt of it, for*"—and here he began a long dissertation, so full of law-terms and bad Latin, that I did not understand a word on't, which he finished with, "*From all which, it* "*is* luce clarius, *that the lands belong to Sir* "*Ralph.*" *Most assuredly,*" echoed the parson. "*And when, my dear Sir, do you mean to* "*renounce your claim,*" resumed the attorney? All this, Mr MIRROR, passed with so much rapidity, that I had no time for recollection or reply. Nothing could be farther from my intention, than totally to surrender my claim: an amicable accommodation was all that I meant to hint at. But what could I do, Mr MIRROR? My friend, who might have supported me, had left the room: I had no answer ready to the attorney's argument: the whole company concurred in regarding my claim as groundless; my meaning had been misunderstood, and an explanation, besides exposing me

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me to their reſentment, (but that I did not value a ſtraw), would have ſubjected me to the ſuſpicion of inſincerity and looſe dealing. Still, however, I was loath thus to play away ſo conſiderable a part of my inheritance. After heſitating a little while, aukward and embarraſſed, between theſe oppoſite motives, I did, at laſt, reſolve to undeceive them, and had actually begun to meditate an addreſs for that purpoſe, which, I do believe, I ſhould have delivered, when the attorney, ſlapping me on the ſhoulder with one hand, and ſtretching out the other to me, with an air of the greateſt cordiality, cut me ſhort, "*What ſay you, Mr Softly? faſt bind, faſt* "*find; what ſay you to finiſhing the matter* "*immediately?*" This propoſal, being quite unexpected, utterly diſconcerted me. Between ſurpriſe, embarraſſment, and the deſire of relieving myſelf by a deciſion one way or other, ſeeing them, at the ſame time, full of expectation, I haſtily, almoſt without knowing what I did, took him by the hand, and anſwered, *Sir, with all my heart.* In ſhort, Mr MIRROR, paper, pen, and ink, were called for, and a deed drawn out, which I inſtantly executed. The Knight, immediately after,

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coming up to me, ſhook me by the hand, and commanding a bumper to my health, deſired and inſiſted to ſee me often at *Caſtle Holden-court*.

Being naturally of an eaſy temper, and ſeeing that the matter could not be mended, touched at the ſame time with the ſatisfaction it had diffuſed, I ſoon, in ſome degree, regained my good humour. More wine was called for repeatedly; and next morning, I found myſelf at my friend Mr B.'s houſe, without knowing how or when I had been tranſported to it.

Upon ſerious deliberation, however, and after ſome converſation upon the ſubject with my wife, I am really vexed and diſpirited with this affair. In making application to you, I have three views; the firſt merely to diſburden my mind by telling the ſtory, (I fear it is a dull and tedious one); the ſecond, to learn from any of your readers who is at the bar, whether my facility be a ground for *reducing* my conſent; the third, to warn perſons of a ſimilar diſpoſition from going into company with their adverſaries in a law-ſuit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SIMON SOFTLY.

As

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As I ſincerely ſympathiſe with *Mr Softly* in his diſtreſs, I have publiſhed his letter for the firſt purpoſe mentioned in its concluſion, to diſburden his mind of the ſtory. As to the ſecond, I am afraid I can be of little uſe to him, as a law-opinion delivered through the channel of the MIRROR would be deſtitute of ſome of the pre-requiſites, without which it would be dangerous to rely on it as the ground of legal proceedings. The third, which is a very diſintereſted motive, is, I believe, more charitable in him, that it will be uſeful to his readers. There is, I fancy, very little occaſion for warning people againſt going into the company of thoſe with whom they are at law, leſt they ſhould be ſurpriſed into improper conceſſions; I have generally obſerved, that, being in company with an adverſary in a law-ſuit, has a greater tendency to make a man tenacious of his rights, than to diſpoſe him to relinquiſh them.

Z.

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IT has been remarked, that the *country-life* prevails more in Great Britain than in any civilized nation in Europe. However true this obſervation may be in the general, there is one ſet of men among us, to whom, in the preſent times, it will by no means apply: I mean our great nobles, and men of high fortune. It is indeed vain to expect, that perſons in that rank of life ſhould be able to withſtand the attractions of a court, and the ſeductions of a luxurious capital.

It is, nevertheleſs, a melancholy circumſtance, in travelling through this iſland, to find ſo many noble palaces deſerted by their illuſtrious owners, even in that ſeaſon of the year when, to every man of taſte, the country muſt afford true pleaſure. How mortifying is it to hear a great man tell you, that he cannot *afford* to live at his country-ſeat, and to ſee him, after paſſing a winter in London, and loſing thouſands in a week, reduced to the neceſſity of murdering the ſummer, by lounging

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lounging from watering-place to watering-place, or retiring with two or three humble friends to a *villa* in the *environs* of London, instead of living with a becoming dignity in the manſion of his anceſtors! To ſuch men I would beg leave to recommend the advice of King James I. who, as Lord Bacon tells us, "was wont to be very earneſt with the coun-"try-gentlemen to go from London to their "country-ſeats; and ſometimes would ſay to "them, *Gentlemen, at London you are like* "*ſhips in the ſea, which ſhew like nothing;* "*but, in your country-villages, you are like* "*ſhips in a river, which look like great things.*"

I do not mean, however, to ſay, that a *great man* ſhould live always in the country. The duties of his ſtation, and the rank he holds in ſociety, require, that he ſhould paſs part of the year in the capital; and, independent of thoſe conſiderations, I believe it will be allowed, that a man of high rank, who has paſſed his whole life immured within the walls of his own *chateau*, and conſtantly ſurrounded by a circle who look up to him, is, of all mortals, the moſt inſupportable.

Nay, I will go farther; I am diſpoſed to believe, that it is an improper and a hurtful thing,

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thing, even for a private gentleman of moderate fortune, to retire from the world, and betake himſelf altogether to a country-life.

A remarkable inſtance of the bad conſequences of abandoning ſociety, I lately met with in a viſit I had occaſion to pay to a gentleman, with whom I had become acquainted at college, and whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of *Acaſto*. Soon after he quitted the univerſity, where he had been diſtinguiſhed by an ardent love of literature, *Acaſto* retired to his eſtate in the country, which, tho' not great, was fully ſufficient for all his wants. There he had reſided ever ſince; and, either from inclination or indolence, had remained a bachelor. I had not ſeen him for many years. Time had made ſome alteration on his figure; but that was little when compared with the change I found in him in all other reſpects. In his dreſs and manners he was indeed completely ruſticated; and, by living much alone, he had contracted an indifference to that decorum, and to thoſe little attentions, without which no man can be agreeable in ſociety. The day I arrived at his houſe, I found him ſauntering in his garden, waiting a call to dinner, dreſſed in an old coat,

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coat, which had once been black, a ſlouched hat of the ſame complexion, with a long pole in his hand, and with a beard that did not appear to have felt a razor for many days.

After a hearty welcome, he carried me in to dinner. In his converſation, I found as great a change as in his outward appearance and deportment. From living in a narrow circle, he had contracted a peculiarity in his notions, which ſometimes amuſed, from its oddity; and, from converſing chiefly with perſons rather of an inferior ſtation to himſelf, he had become as tenacious of his opinions, as if they had been ſelf-evident truths, and as impatient of contradiction, as if to differ from him had been a crime.

From the ſame cauſes, the verieſt trifle, particularly if it concerned himſelf, had become to him an object of importance. A *country-gentleman* he conſidered as the moſt reſpectable character in nature; and he talked as if honour, truth, and ſincerity, were confined to them alone. Every man who lived in the world, he conſidered as a villain; and every woman who paſſed much of her time in town, he made no ſcruple to ſay, was *no better than ſhe ſhould be*. At firſt, it aſtoniſhed me

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me to hear a man of his good ſenſe and benevolent diſpoſitions, talk of ſome of the moſt amiable characters of the age in the moſt diſreſpectful terms. When I endeavoured to put him to rights, he at once cut me ſhort, by ſaying, he could have no doubt of the truth of what he advanced, as he had been told ſuch and ſuch a thing by his friend and neighbour Mr *Downright*, who ſcorned to flatter any man, or to tell any thing but the truth.

I ſoon had an opportunity of judging how far the country-gentlemen were intitled to the high character my friend had given them for honour and integrity. The morning after I arrived, my hoſt informed me he was obliged to attend a county-meeting, where there was to be buſineſs of conſiderable importance, in which he was deeply intereſted; and, as he could not ſtay at home with me, I readily conſented to accompany him. He had dreſſed himſelf for the occaſion; that is, he had ſhaved his beard, and put on a clean ſhirt. It remained to determine how we ſhould travel. At firſt, he propoſed to go a-horſeback; but the appearance of a black cloud made him think of the carriage. It then occurred, that taking the carriage would ſtop the plough; and

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and it was determined we ſhould ride. But, as we were going to mount, the recollection of a cold, attended with ſome threatenings of a ſore throat he had had the week before, made him again reſolve upon the carriage. In ſhort, I found, that my poor friend, naturally of an undeciſive temper, and having no proper object to fill his mind, had accuſtomed himſelf to deliberate on every trifle, as if it had been an affair of the greateſt conſequence. At length, we ſet out in the carriage; but not till repeated inſtructions were given to *John* to drive only two miles the firſt hour, and not more than three, or three and a quarter, afterwards.

On the road, we met with ſome incidents that were amuſing enough. In the midſt of a ſerious converſation on the *ſtate of the nation*, in which *Acaſto* was propoſing plans of reformation, and tracing all our preſent calamities to the prevalence of the mercantile intereſt in parliament, and the ſhameful neglect of the country-gentlemen, we happened to paſs the houſe of a cottager, who had laid down a load of coals rather too near the high-road; which *Acaſto* no ſooner perceived than he ſtopped the carriage, and calling out the poor man,

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man, began to rate him as if he had been guilty of the groſſeſt offence. Not ſatisfied with ordering the nuiſance to be removed, he thought it neceſſary to repreſent, in ſtrong colours, all the poſſible miſchiefs that might have enſued from it. "What might have "happened," ſaid he, "if my horſes had "ſtartled, God only knows!—Had we been "overturned, my carriage might have been "broken, or my horſes killed, and even I "myſelf might have been hurt."

This circumſtance, trifling as it was, ruffled my friend ſo much, that it was ſome time before he could reſume the thread of his converſation. Some other incidents of the ſame kind gave him an opportunity of diſplaying his attention to the police of the country, and of impreſſing me with an idea of the obligations he had thereby conferred on his fellow-citizens. At length we arrived at the county-town, and immediately drove to the court-houſe, where we found a very numerous meeting.

I ſoon found, that the important buſineſs which had brought ſo many gentlemen from their own houſes, was to determine whether a bridge ſhould be built at one end of a village or

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or the other. From the courſe of the argument, if argument it could be called, I plainly perceived, that, to the *public*, it was a matter of the moſt perfect indifference. But, if executed in one way, it would accommodate a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in the courſe of trade, and had lately purchaſed an eſtate in the neighbourhood, on which he had built an elegant houſe. *Acaſto*, and his friend Mr *Downright*, ſtrenuouſly oppoſed the plan of accommodating this *novus homo*, who had preſumed to buy one of the beſt eſtates in the county, from the heir of an ancient family, at a higher price than any body elſe would have given for it. For my own part, I was truly mortified to obſerve in both parties as much trick and chicane as might, when properly varniſhed, have done honour to the moſt finiſhed ſtateſmen. In one thing only I diſcovered that *open plainneſs* on which country-gentlemen are ſo apt to value themſelves, and that was in the *language* in which they addreſſed each other. *There*, indeed, they were ſufficiently plain; and no where did I ever obſerve a more total neglect of the favourite maxim of Lord Cheſterfield, *fortiter in re, ſuaviter in modo*.

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On our way home, *Acaſto* entertained me with the characters of the gentlemen we had ſeen; but he might have ſaved himſelf the trouble; for, by recollecting how they *voted*, I ſhould immediately have known which of them were honeſt and ſincere, and which mean time-ſerving ſycophants.

I ſhall not trouble my readers with any reflections on *Acaſto*'s character. It is plain, that the little peculiarities which, with all his natural good ſenſe and benevolence, expoſe him hourly to ridicule or to cenſure, have been occaſioned by his retreat from the world, and by that ſolitude in which he has lived ſo long. Seldom, indeed, have I known any one that did not, in ſome degree, ſuffer from it; that did not, more or leſs, become ſelfiſh and contracted, conceited and opinionative. I never ſee a young heir fluttering about town in the circle of gaiety, without feeling an emotion of compaſſion. In a few years, when he comes to be ſupplanted in that circle by a younger ſet, no reſource remains for him but a retreat to the country, where he muſt paſs his days either in a ſtate of liſtleſs inactivity, or in purſuits unworthy of a rational being. I would, therefore, earneſtly recommend it to every

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every parent, to educate the heir of his fortune to some profession; to set before him some object that may fill his mind, may rouse him to action, and may make him at once a happy and respectable member of society.

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THE winter, which, like an untaught viſitor, had prolonged its ſtay with us to a very unreaſonable length, has, at laſt, given place to vernal breezes and a more indulgent ſky; and many of my readers will now leave the buſineſs or amuſements of the *town*, for the purer air and leſs tumultuous enjoyments of the *country*. As I have, now and then, ventured ſome obſervations on the manners and faſhions of the former, I could not forbear, from a friendly concern for thoſe whom the ſeaſon now calls into the latter, to offer a few remarks on certain errors which are more generally prevalent in the country. My laſt paper was intended for the ſerious peruſal of *country-gentlemen*. I mean, in this, to make a few lighter obſervations on ſome little failings, in point of manners, to which I have ſeen a propenſity in country-gentlemen, country-ladies, and in thoſe who, though of the town for the greateſt part of the year, make their appearance, like the *cuckow*, (I mean

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no offence by the compariſon), when the trees have put on their leaves, and the meadows their verdure.

In the *firſt* place, I would beg of thoſe who migrate from the city, not to carry too much of the town with them into the country. I will allow a lady to exhibit the neweſt-faſhioned cut in her riding-habit, or to aſtoniſh a country-congregation with the height of her head-dreſs; and a gentleman, in like manner, to *ſport*, as they term it, a groteſque pattern of a waiſtcoat, or to ſet the children agape by the enormous ſize of his buckles. Theſe are privileges to which gentlemen and ladies may be thought to have intitled themſelves by the expence and trouble of a winter's reſidence in the capital. But there is a provoking, though a civil ſort of conſequence ſuch people are apt to aſſume in converſation, which, I think, goes beyond the juſt prerogative of *townſhip*, and is a very unfair encroachment on the natural rights of their friends and relations in the country. They ſhould conſider, that, though there are certain ſubjects of *ton* and faſhion, on which they may pronounce *ex cathedra*, (if I may be allowed ſo pedantic a phraſe), yet that, even in

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the country, the ſenſes of hearing, ſeeing, taſting, and ſmelling, may be enjoyed to a certain extent, and that a perſon may like or diſlike a new ſong, a new lutſtring, a French diſh, or an Italian perfume, though ſuch perſon has been unfortunate enough to paſs, laſt winter, at a hundred miles diſtance from the metropolis.

On the other hand, it is but fair to inform the ladies and gentlemen of the country, that there is a certain deference which ought to be paid, in thoſe matters, to the enlightened judgement of their friends who are newly arrived from the ſeat of information and of knowledge. I have heard a lady in the country, when her couſin from Edinburgh had been very obligingly communicating ſome extraordinary piece of intelligence, or exhibiting ſome remarkable piece of dreſs or finery, cut her ſhort, by ſaying, with all the coolneſs, in the world, "That is ſingular enough, but "it is nothing to what I heard from Miſs "B——, with whom I have correſponded "ever ſince ſhe went to London;" or, "This "is very pretty, to be ſure, but not to be "compared to Mrs C——'s, which ſhe had "ſent her in a preſent from Paris." This

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ſort of *brag-playing* in converſation I have ſometimes heard carried to a very diſagreeable length, which would be in a great meaſure prevented, if people were not to be allowed credit for what they may have heard, or have been told, but to take conſequence only from what they have ſeen. If we town-people are to be thus out-wondered on report, there is an end of all order and ſubordination in the matter. To borrow another alluſion from the *game* above mentioned, I think it is but reaſonable, that the wonders of perſons from town ſhould take the ſame precedence of the wonders of the people in the country, that *natural cards* do of *makers*.

But it is ſometimes from the oppoſite feeling, from too high an idea of the importance of their town-viſitors, that the good people of the country are apt to fall into improprieties. It is wonderful to ſee the confuſion into which the appearance of the new-faſhioned carriage of a gentleman juſt arrived from town throws the family, eſpecially the female part of it, of his rural neighbour. Such a peeping from windows, ſuch a running backwards and forwards of bare-headed boys and girls to fetch their maſter from the field, and their miſtreſs

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miſtreſs from the waſh-houſe! Then, after waiting a long while in the parlour, which the chamber-maid has had but time to put half in order, comes the old lady with ſome aukward apology, followed by a ſcold to the maid for leaving her rubber or hearth-bruſh in view of the company. By and by appears the maſter of the houſe, with another apology for appearing before ladies in his farmer's dreſs. After a long ſeries of common inquiries, a frequent pulling out of watches on the part of the viſitors, and two or three meſſages upſtairs from the miſtreſs of the family; down come the young ladies, with their caps awry, their long pins but half ſtuck in, their hair powdered in patches, and their aprons ſtiff from the folds. Here follows a ſecond courſe of the ſame queſtions and anſwers, which being cloſed by an obſervation of the late hour from the one ſide, and ſome ſtrictures on the ſhortneſs of town-viſits from the other, the company are ſuffered to depart, who, it is ten to one, laugh all the way home at the good people who were at ſuch pains to make themſelves fit, as they thought, to be ſeen by them. Let theſe laſt remember, that there is a ſtyle, as it is called, proper to every thing; decen-

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cy and cleanlineſs they owe to themſelves; an imitation of the faſhionable fineries of the town they owe to nobody; moſt of theſe, indeed, are quite prepoſterous in the country; it is only when people get into crowds that they are at liberty to make fools of themſelves.

As I have, in the beginning of this paper, deſired the city-emigrants not to carry the town into the country, ſo I muſt intreat their country-friends not to forget that the others have but lately arrived there. Their reliſh for draining, ditching, hedging, horſe-hoeing, liming, and marling, and ſuch other branches of the fine arts as an afternoon's converſation at a gentleman farmer's frequently runs into, has been a good deal blunted by ſeven months reſidence in the region of amuſement and diſſipation. The like caution will apply to thoſe female orators who occupy the intervals of tea-drinking with diſſertations on the cow-houſe, the dairy, and the poultry-yard.

There are ſome topics which may be introduced at that ſeaſon, in which both town and country ladies are qualified to join, though even of them I would recommend a ſparing

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and moderate uſe; I mean thoſe little lectures on morality, ſometimes known by the name of *ſcandal*. In theſe the town ladies, however, have ſome advantage, as their ſubjects are often ſuch as may be reckoned fair game, perſons of whom the world has a right to talk, and who ſeem to act as if they wiſhed to be talked of. Theſe notorious offenders againſt decency and decorum, of which there are always ſome inſtances in great towns, may be compared to certain atrocious criminals, whom the law has ordered to be ſent, after execution, to *Surgeons Hall*: their characters may be diſſected at all tea-tables, without any danger of the crime of defamation. But the beauty of a country town or village is rarely ſo unguarded in her conduct, as to give this licence to the tongues of her neighbours, who are, therefore, generally obliged to reſort to the whiſpering of little private anecdotes and family-ſecrets, which I very much doubt if they be legally intitled to do, at leaſt except in caſes of great neceſſity, as on a rainy Sunday, or where the party conſiſts but of two, who can neither play cribbage, picquet, or backgammon.

Somewhat

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Somewhat akin to the lovers of detraction are the *offence-takers*, a ſpecies of people I have obſerved more common in the country than in popular cities. They are deeply verſed in the ſcience of precedency, in the etiquette of paying and returning viſits, in the ceremonial of drinking healths, and of acknowledging bows and curtſies. I have been aſtoniſhed to find the circle of my acquaintance ſo circumſcribed as I have ſometimes experienced, when I have happened to take up my head-quarters at a gentleman's who could only accompany me to the houſes of one half the neighbourhood, having contrived to be totally eſtranged from the other by neglects of himſelf, affronts to his wife, ſquabbles about dancing at annual balls, or toaſts at county-meetings after the ſecond bottle.

This diſeaſe of offence-taking is particularly epidemic in ſome places every *ſeventh* year, or ſometimes it returns a little ſooner by royal proclamation. As this ſummer may probably be the ſeaſon of its recurring with violence, I take the preſent opportunity of warning my readers againſt the company of the infected; and even to theſe a regimen of temper and good-manners may be found a very powerful

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powerful and ſalutary alterative. The feelings of an offence-taker are always very diſagreeable; and, as to the external effects of this mental malady, whether it go off in oblique reflections, or break out into ſcurrility and abuſe, I need not, I fancy, enlarge on the danger of their conſequences. To gentlemen concerned in politics and electioneering, I would particularly obſerve, that the period of their canvaſs is not the proper time for indulging any ſuch freedoms in converſation or behaviour. When the conteſt is determined, the loſers have ſome ſort of privilege for railing; the ſucceſsful candidates, as things go now-a-days, ſhould keep all their foul language for that place to which the ſuffrages of their conſtituents are to ſend them.

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Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
HOR.

THE importance of education to fit men for the world, has been univerſally ſeen and acknowledged; but I think it has not been always ſufficiently attended to as neceſſary to fit men for retiring from the world; as qualifying them to act their part with propriety when they retreat from the buſineſs of life, and to enjoy themſelves when enjoyment becomes their object. There is a certain time of life, when almoſt every man wiſhes to eſcape from the hurry and buſtle of the world, and to taſte the ſweets of retirement and repoſe; but how few are there, who, when they have arrived at that period which they fixed for this retreat, and have put their deſigns in execution, meet with that enjoyment which they looked for! Inſtead of pleaſure, they find ſatiety, wearineſs, and diſguſt; time becomes a heavy burden upon them, and in

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what way they may kill the tedious hours, grows, at length, their only object. But, had these men received a good education, they would never be at a loss how to fill up their time; rich fields of entertainment would open to them from various sources. Company and conversation would receive a finer relish; books would give perpetual enjoyment; the gay prospects of the country, the romantic scenes which it affords, the adorning and beautifying those scenes, and the culture of all the elegant arts, would make that fortune, which many possess without knowing how to use, the minister of every thing that can afford delight.

I believe it may be true, that neither learning, nor a taste for the elegant arts, is requisite to enable a person engaged in the ordinary business of life, to succeed in his profession; and, while so engaged, the occupations of that profession will prevent his feeling any vacuity, or suffering any inconvenience from his ignorance, and want of refinement. But when such a person has acquired a fortune, and given up business, I have often observed, that, from this uncultivated state of mind, he is at a loss how to enjoy himself or his riches.

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He either becomes a prey to chagrin and *ennui*, or he gives himself up to the coarsest intemperance; or, should he wish to figure as a man of taste or fashion, he receives but little entertainment himself, and his attempts are so absurd and preposterous, as to make him the object of scoff and ridicule to others.

Drexelius was put early to business: his whole learning consisted in being able to read English, to write, and keep accounts. He got soon into a very good branch of trade; his attention was unremitted; and his economy was equal to his attention. His labours, far from being a burden upon him, only gave him an exertion of mind, which kept him in an equal and unceasing flow of spirits. By the time he was fifty, *Drexelius* had acquired a fortune equal to that of the richest of his fellow-citizens. He now began to think seriously of enjoying it. The resolution which he had early formed of retiring to the country when he should have acquired a fortune, and which had supported him during the labours of acquiring it, he now determined to put in practice. He, therefore, wound up his business, sold off his stock, and purchased an estate in the country. The novelty of the

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situation, and the flattering thought that he was proprietor of so many acres, supported him for a while. But he soon began to find, that the fields, and woods, and rivers, gave him no sort of pleasure. He could receive no amusement from farming, and books he was unable to enjoy. A volume of the *Spectator*, recommended to him by the clergyman of the parish, lay half-read upon the chimney-piece; and the prospects which he heard others admire, appeared to him not more beautiful than the front of the Exchange, or the pavement of the street on which he used to tread. Tired, therefore, of the country, and weary of every thing, he began to long for the town which he had abandoned, and to become again a frequenter of the Change. Accordingly he hired a house in town, and resolved to spend in it the winter-months at least. But the town had now also lost its charms, and he found it impossible to recover them. He had no longer business to occupy his mind: when he rose in the morning he knew not what to do; he had no bargains to settle, and no ships to insure. His acquaintance around him were busy, while he was idle; he found himself alone in the midst of a crowd,

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an unintereſted ſpectator of what uſed to employ him. Change of ſituation, therefore, gave him no relief; for the town was now as dull as the country. The purchaſe he had made was a dear one: upon his *eſtate*, which had coſt him more than at firſt he intended to give for it, he was obliged to build a houſe, and to make ſome other improvements, the expence of which, like that of all other buildings and improvements, greatly exceeded what their owner had made his account with. This, however, was little to one of *Drexelius*'s fortune. On former occaſions, he had loſt more upon one adventure in trade, without being much affected by the loſs; but then he had different objects to intereſt him, and he expected to make up by other adventures what he had loſt upon one; now he had nothing elſe to think of but the daily expenditure. This took poſſeſſion of his imagination; he thought he ſaw poverty and ruin before him; and his health began to ſink under the vexation of his mind. In vain did his friends repreſent to him the greatneſs of his fortune; that the money he was laying out was a trifle to what he poſſeſſed; and that, after all his plans were finiſhed, he would ſtill have more

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than he could ſpend. It is to no purpoſe to reaſon with a diſeaſed imagination: the only thing which can relieve it, is a change of objects, and a variety of amuſements. But this method could not be followed by *Drexelius*: there was no object to intereſt him; and his mind was incapable of amuſement. His diſeaſe, therefore, increaſed upon him every day. The proprietor of a fine place, poſſeſſed of a great fortune, in ſhort, with all the means of pleaſure and enjoyment, he was haunted with the demon of poverty, and actually believed, that, if he lived many years, he ſhould die of want.

Clavius was a partner in trade with *Drexelius*, whoſe example he followed in the ſcheme of enjoying a retreat in the country. But his mind was as empty and uneducated as that of *Drexelius*, equally incapable of amuſing itſelf in ſolitude, or of receiving pleaſure from thoſe enjoyments which a country-life is calculated to beſtow. He was, however, a man of greater natural ſpirits, and was not, therefore, ſo apt to become a prey to liſtleſſneſs, or to the effects of gloomy avarice. Company was his reſource; and, that the hours might not lie heavy upon him, he took care never to be alone.

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lone. But as he had no talent for converſation, every ſort of company was equally welcome to him; and, where converſation was not the object, it became neceſſary to ſupport the ſociety by ſome adventitious aid. The bottle, therefore, was had recourſe to. This was the employment during the fineſt ſummer-evenings; and the morning-ſun often roſe upon the ſame company on which it had gone down. Men flocked to *Clavius*'s country-ſeat, not to enjoy the charms of the country, but the charms of ſociety, and what they called good fellowſhip. Thus were *Clavius*'s nights ſpent in getting intoxicated, and his mornings in ſleeping off that intoxication. His conſtitution was not long able to ſupport this courſe of life; he died, a few years after he had quitted buſineſs, a martyr to that fortune which his wiſhes had formerly repreſented as the certain ſource of felicity.

Pomponius took a different turn from the perſons I have mentioned. He was equally ignorant and uneducated as they; but, when he had acquired his fortune, as he had heard much of taſte, of elegance, and of refinement, he reſolved to be a *man of taſte*. The eſtate he purchaſed had been the old hereditary

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tary poſſeſſion of a man of conſiderable rank. *Pomponius* gave ſeveral years purchaſe more than its value, that he might be poſſeſſed of the demeſne of an ancient family, and have the pleaſure of adding to his name "Eſquire, "of ———." When he came to live at this eſtate, he found, the old manſion-houſe muſt be pulled down, and a new one erected. But, inſtead of truſting to the ſkill and taſte of his architect, the plan muſt be his own. In this he heaped ornament upon ornament, and pillar upon pillar. The columns are large enough to have ſupported a Gothic cathedral; the inſide is crowded with painted compartments; and every pannel and window is bedaubed with gilding. His fields are laid out in the moſt abſurd taſte. A clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a *canal*, made at an exorbitant expence, runs parallel with the front of his houſe; at each end, is a circular puddle, called a *baſon*; in which is a little bank of rubbiſh, dignified with the name of *iſland*. Not a walk but is ſtuck full of ſtatues; and temples and grottoes appear in every field. In ſhewing you his grounds, he tells you the price of every ſtatue; and every temple is honoured with the account of what it coſt.

Not

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Not satisfied with being a man of taste out of doors, he pretends to connoisseurship and to literature within. He shews pictures, painted, as he thinks, by masters, whose names he has not learned to pronounce. If doubts are started of their originality, *Pomponius* stops all further question by the mention of the sum he paid for them. His library has its statues like his fields; it is furnished with a profusion of *bronzes* and *busts*; and the books are as liberally gilded as the rest of his furniture. In talking of them (for he runs all risks to be thought a man of learning) he gets into the most ridiculous blunders. He mistakes a Greek for a Roman author; and, to show himself a philosopher, praises a writer, in the belief that he is an infidel, when, in fact, his books are written in defence of religion. The other day, somebody happening to mention the *World*, he asked if the author Mr *Fitzadam* was still alive, and if he had written any other book.

Drexelius and *Clavius* were miserable in the midst of their wealth; *Pomponius* is ridiculous in the enjoyment of his.

How much is it to be regretted, that these persons had not, in their earlier years, received the benefit of a liberal education? Had their

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their minds been cultivated in their youth, had they then acquired the firſt principles of elegance and taſte, they would have been enabled, after attaining a fortune, to have enjoyed it with propriety and dignity: while they were reaping the fruits of their honeſt induſtry and ſucceſs, they might have been uſeful to others, and proved ornaments to their country.

S

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And love *and* war *take turns like day and night.*
ROWE.

IN every art and ſcience, practitioners complain how often they are deceived by ſpecious theories and deluſive ſpeculation. Learned men, in the ſolitude of their ſtudies, are apt to imagine, that nothing which they can reconcile to their own ideas upon paper, can fail to be evinced by actual experiment, or to be reduced into eaſy and conſtant practice. But thoſe who are to apply the doctrine to the fact, too often find, that what was infallible in the brain of the demonſtrator, is ſadly fallacious in the hands of him who is to execute it.

There is ſomething, however, ſo delightful in this art of *theory-building*, that the experience of a thouſand diſappointments will never be able to extinguiſh it. Nor, indeed, ſhould any body wiſh for its extinction, when it is remembered, that the perſon who builds

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is delighted with the expectation of ſucceſs, and that other people are often little leſs pleaſed with tracing the diſappointment. The laſt are flattered by ſeeing the ſuperiority of ſcience thus levelled and brought down; the firſt ſolaces himſelf by imputing the failure to errors in the execution, and, ſhutting his cloſet-door, returns to freſh theories and new ſpeculation.

In the courſe of my reading, I have met with two theoretical deſcriptions, which pleaſed me ſo much by the appearance they exhibited of ſelf-ſatisfaction in the ſages who compoſed them, that I cannot reſiſt the deſire of laying them before my readers in this day's paper. The firſt I found in an obſcure author of the age of Queen Eliſabeth, who, in tracing the progreſs of certain affections of the mind, thus perſonifies his ideas of *Honourable Love*.

"WHEN a young man," ſays he, "of illuſtrious deſcent, rarely gifted by Nature in mind and body, the which he hath, through the care of his noble parents and his own ſpecial induſtry, much helped by art, firſt cometh from the retired haunts of learning into the

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the reſort of the world, he is ſuddenly ſmitten by the beauty and rare accompliſhments of ſome young damſel, of parentage no leſs honourable than his own, and of endowments no leſs precious than thoſe wherewith himſelf is graced. He ſeeketh all opportunities of converſe with, and of courteſy towards her; which nevertheleſs ſhe, out of maiden ſhyneſs, whereof her lady-mother hath well inſtructed her, doth, with a determined ſtatelineſs of aſpect, moſt conſtantly avoid; whereat the young man, being grieved in his mind, but no wiſe damped in his love, he reſteth not till by all means he render himſelf more worthy of her regard, not only by excelling in all gentlemanlike exerciſes, ſuch as dancing, horſemanſhip, ſkill in his rapier, and the like, but likewiſe in all becoming ſoftneſs of behaviour, and courtly niceneſs of ſpeech, adding thereunto the ſtudy of ſweet poeſy, wherewith, in curious ſonnets, he ſpeaketh the praiſe of his miſtreſs's manifold perfections. But ſhe, no wiſe yielding to ſuch flatteries, nor abating the rigour of her looks, he ſometimes complaineth of his thraldom in more bitter terms, and for a while, as ſeeking freedom from his fair tyrant, ſhunneth her company, and reſorteth

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to that of jovial companions, much given to the ſports of the field and the joys of wine, thinking thereby to efface her image quite from his mind. But, after no great ſpace, he groweth uneaſy and unquiet, and, though ſtoutly denying all allegiance to that dominion, whereof he hath ſworn to be free, he goeth ſecretly where he can again ſteal a glance of her lovely face, by one look of which being, as he deemeth, encouraged to better hope, he reneweth his ſuit with freſh warmth, renouncing his paſt rebellion as a grievous ſin, the which he is to expiate by tenfold increaſed love. Nevertheleſs ſhe, willing to ſhew her power thus marvelouſly confirmed and increaſed, demeaneth herſelf as haughtily as before, and, haply, to puniſh his late treaſonous lapſe and falling off, ſeemeth to caſt upon others more ſoft and favourable looks; whereat our lover, being ſtung with envy and jealous wrath, doth encounter the chiefeſt of his rivals with ſharp and angry words, which growing into keener and more deadly rage, they agree to decide which is the worthieſt, by trial of arms; and having met, in ſome retired place, either on horſeback or on foot, attended by their ſquires, a furious combat enſueth,

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enſueth, in which the valour of both ſhineth out worthy of their noble birth, and of that love wherewith it is more eſpecially inflamed and ſpurred on. After various turns of fortune, and many wounds on both ſides, our lover doth, with difficulty, maſter his adverſary, to whom he ſheweth no leſs courteſy in defeat, than fierceneſs in fight. After a time, having recovered of his wounds, at hearing whereof the lady hath ſhewed as much grief and pity as beſeemeth a modeſt maiden to ſhew for man, he appeareth before her, his arm ſcarfed, and his cheeks yet pale from loſs of blood, and, kneeling at her feet, imploreth forgiveneſs for paſt faults, and voweth conſtancy and love, not ſhorter than he hath life to feel them, and breath to utter; while ſhe, without ſpeaking a word, doth, by looks and ſilent bluſhes, in ſome ſort confeſs herſelf propitious to his vows; whereof, having paſſed a probation of years, one or more, he arriveth at the end of his wiſhes, and obtaineth her conſent to be his wedded wife. Laſtly, their noble parents being well ſatisfied with this union of their blood, the marriage is celebrated with much ceremony and pomp, at the caſtle of the bride's princely father, where-

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at there is all manner of good cheer, of dancing, and of minſtrelſy, for many days."

THIS theory of ancient love and courtſhip, inſtead of ſimplifying the matter, makes it much more difficult than, in modern practice at leaſt, it is actually found. The lover, now-a-days, finds but little of that ſtately pride and maiden ſhyneſs above deſcribed; nor is he obliged to cultivate poetry to celebrate his miſtreſs, nor to meet any rival attended by his ſquire, nor to ſuffer wounds and loſs of blood for her ſake, nor to go through a probation of years, one or more. All he has to do is, to dance with the lady at a ball, ſay a few ſoft things to her in plain proſe, then meet her father attended by his lawyer, go through a probation of deeds and ſettlements, and ſo proceed to the bridal ceremony, and to good cheer and jollity for as ſhort or as long a time as he thinks proper.

THE ſecond theoretical deſcription which I ſhall lay before my readers, is ſo far different from the firſt, that it renders a very confuſed and intricate buſineſs, as I have been told it is, perfectly clear and obvious to the meaneſt capacity.

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capacity. This, however, is by no means owing to any want in the theoretical situation of that incident or bustle which occurs in the real; on the contrary, the events are infinitely more numerous and astonishing in the first than in the latter, though the art of the theorist carries the imagination through them all with wonderful distinctness and regularity. The instance to which I allude is the description of a *battle*, given by the ingenious Mr *Abel Boyer*, in his *French Dictionary*, under the word *Battaille*.

DESCRIPTION of a BATTLE.

"THE two armies being in sight, the cannon roar on each side; and the signal of the fight being given, they both move, and begin the encounter. In the height of danger, the generals shew their intrepidity, by preserving their cool temper, and by giving their orders without emotion and without hurry. In the close engagement, the officers perform wonders, and shew extraordinary valour and judgement; and seconded by their men, who fight like lions, they cut the enemy in pieces, kill and overthrow all they meet in their way,

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break through battalions, and bear down squadrons. Upon the point of being overpowered by numbers, they resolutely sustain the effort of the enemy; and the generals being informed by their aids-de-camp of what passes on that side, cause succours to march thither with all speed, revive the spirits of the soldiers by their presence, rally the broken battalions, bring them again to the charge, repulse the enemy, drive them before them, regain the ground they had lost, retrieve the whole affair, pursue the enemy close, trample them under foot or ride over them, entirely disable them, put all that resist to the sword; and, after having sustained continual discharges of cannon and small shot, and gained an entire and complete victory, cause a retreat to be sounded, and lie on the field of battle, while the air resounds with the flourishes of trumpets."

The above description is contained in an edition of Mr *Boyer*'s learned and useful work, now become exceedingly scarce. It is there given in *French* and *English*; but I chuse to publish the translation only, as I mean it for the sole use of our *British* commanders, from whose

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whoſe practice at the time of its firſt publication (about the beginning of this century) the deſcription was probably taken. Perhaps, in ſome late campaigns, our generals had conſulted other Dictionaries, containing a much leſs animated and deciſive definition of a battle than that which I have tranſcribed from the ingenious Mr *Boyer*.

I

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Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay.
SHENSTONE.

IF we examine impartially that eſtimate of pleaſure, which the higher ranks of ſociety are apt to form, we ſhall probably be ſurpriſed to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real ſatisfaction. Many a faſhionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taſte or his judgement, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has ſuffered from the inſipidity, or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were ſometimes worth while, even on the ſcore of pleaſure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward ———, to whom I had the pleaſure of being introduced at *Florence*, was a character much beyond that which diſtinguiſhes the generality of Engliſh travellers of fortune. His ſtory was known to ſome of his countrymen who then reſided in Italy; from one

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one of whom, who could now and then talk of ſomething beſide pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been firſt abroad at an early period of life, ſoon after the death of his father had left him maſter of a very large eſtate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always ſumptuous, however, and ſometimes profuſe, he was obſerved never to be ridiculous in his expences; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleaſure and diſſipation, he always left behind him more inſtances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that reſpect and eſteem in which his character, amidſt all his little errors, was generally held, he was ſuppoſed a good deal indebted to the ſociety of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the univerſity, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, ſeized at *Marſeilles* with a lingering diſorder, for which he was under the neceſſity of taking a ſea-voyage, leaving *Sir Edward* to proſecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Deſcending into one of the valleys of *Piedmont*, where, notwithſtanding the ruggedneſs of

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of the road, *Sir Edward*, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an Engliſh *hunter* to that of an Italian mule, his horſe, unluckily, made a falſe ſtep, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which *Sir Edward* was lifted by his ſervants with ſcarce any ſigns of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the neareſt houſe, which happened to be the dwelling of a peaſant rather above the common rank, before whoſe door ſome of his neighbours were aſſembled at a ſcene of rural merriment, when the train of *Sir Edward* brought up their maſter in the condition I have deſcribed. The compaſſion natural to his ſituation was excited in all; but the owner of the manſion, whoſe name was *Venoni*, was particularly moved with it. He applied himſelf immediately to the care of the ſtranger, and, with the aſſiſtance of his daughter, who had left the dance ſhe was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, ſoon reſtored *Sir Edward* to ſenſe and life. *Venoni* poſſeſſed ſome little ſkill in ſurgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. *Sir Edward*, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every poſſible care by his hoſt and his family. A conſiderable degree

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degree of fever was the conſequence of his accident; but after ſome days it abated, and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the ſociety of *Venoni* and his daughter.

He could not help expreſſing ſome ſurpriſe at the appearance of refinement in the converſation of the latter, much beyond what her ſituation ſeemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the houſe of a lady, who happened to paſs through the valley, and to take ſhelter in *Venoni*'s cottage, (for his houſe was but a better ſort of cottage), the night of her birth. "When her mother died," ſaid he, "the "Signora, whoſe name, at her deſire, we had "given the child, took her home to her own "houſe; there ſhe was taught many things, "of which there is no need here; yet ſhe is "not ſo proud of her learning as to wiſh to "leave her father in his old age; and I hope "ſoon to have her ſettled near me for life."

But *Sir Edward* had now an opportunity of knowing *Louiſa* better than from the deſcription of her father. Muſic and painting, in both of which arts ſhe was a tolerable proficient, *Sir Edward* had ſtudied with ſucceſs. *Louiſa* felt a ſort of pleaſure from her drawings,

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ings, which they had never given her before, when they were praiſed by *Sir Edward*; and the family-concerts of *Venoni* were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his gueſt was ſo far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of *Venoni* excelled all the other muſic of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; *Sir Edward's* violin was finer than either. But his converſation with *Louiſa* — it was that of a ſuperior order of beings! — ſcience, taſte, ſentiment! —— it was long ſince *Louiſa* had heard theſe ſounds; amidſt the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from *Sir Edward*, who was one of the moſt engaging figures I ever ſaw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expreſſion, animated and intereſting; his ſickneſs had overcome ſomewhat of the firſt, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louiſa's was not leſs captivating — and *Sir Edward* had not ſeen it ſo long without emotion. During his illneſs, he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it firſt grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her ſituation, and of the debt he owed her.

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But the ſtruggle was too ineffectual to overcome, and, of conſequence, increaſed his paſſion. There was but one way in which the pride of *Sir Edward* allowed of its being gratified. He ſometimes thought of this as a baſe and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often deſpiſed, the ſlave of manners he had often condemned. He at laſt compromiſed matters with himſelf; he reſolved, if he could, to think no more of *Louiſa*; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the reſtraints of virtue.

Louiſa, who truſted to both, now communicated to *Sir Edward* an important ſecret. It was at the cloſe of a piece of muſic which they had been playing in the abſence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which ſhe had compoſed to the memory of her mother. "That," ſaid ſhe, "nobody ever heard except my fa-"ther; I play it ſometimes when I am alone, "and in low ſpirits. I don't know how I "came to think of it now; yet I have ſome "reaſon to be ſad." *Sir Edward* preſſed to know the cauſe; after ſome heſitation ſhe told it all. Her father had fixed on the ſon of a neighbour, rich in poſſeſſions, but rude

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in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but *Venoni* was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it. —— "To marry, "where one cannot love, — to marry such a "man, *Sir Edward!* —— It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. *Sir Edward* pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded, by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. *Sir Edward* improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. *Louisa* started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just

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juſt ſuch a man as *Louiſa* had repreſented him, coarſe, vulgar, and ignorant. But *Venoni*, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and diſcovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aſide, told her he had brought her future huſband, and that he intended they ſhould be married in a week at fartheſt.

Next morning *Louiſa* was indiſpoſed, and kept her chamber. *Sir Edward* was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with *Venoni*; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by *Louiſa*.

In the evening ſhe wandered forth to indulge her ſorrows alone. She had reached a ſequeſtered ſpot, where ſome poplars formed a thicket on the banks of a little ſtream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accuſtomed ſong. *Louiſa* ſat down on a withered ſtump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was ſcared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. *Louiſa* roſe from the ground, and

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burſt into tears. She turned—and beheld *Sir Edward*. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he caſt on the earth a melancholy look, and ſeemed unable to ſpeak his feelings. "Are "you not well, *Sir Edward?*" ſaid *Louiſa*, with a voice faint and broken.—"I am ill; "indeed," ſaid he, "but my illneſs is of the "mind. *Louiſa* cannot cure me of that. I "am wretched; but I deſerve to be ſo. I "have broken every law of hoſpitality, and "every obligation of gratitude. I have dared "to wiſh for happineſs, and to ſpeak what I "wiſhed, though it wounded the heart of my "deareſt benefactreſs—but I will make a ſe- "vere expiation. This moment I leave you, "*Louiſa?* I go to be wretched; but you may "be happy, happy in your duty to a father, "happy, it may be, in the arms of a huſband, "whom the poſſeſſion of ſuch a wife may "teach refinement and ſenſibility.—I go to "my native country, to hurry through ſcenes "of irkſome buſineſs or taſteleſs amuſement; "that I may, if poſſible, procure a ſort of "half-oblivion of that happineſs which I have "left behind, a liſtleſs endurance of that life

"which.

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" which I once dream'd might be made de-
" lightful with *Louisa*."

Tears were the only answer she could give. *Sir Edward*'s servants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of *Louisa*, he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. " This," said he, " if *Louisa* will accept of it, " may sometimes put her in mind of him who " once offended, who can never cease to adore " her. She may look on it, perhaps, after " the original is no more; when this heart " shall have forgot to love, and ceased to be " wretched."

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. " Oh! *Sir Ed-* " *ward!*" said she, " What—what would " you have me do!"—He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and, driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate *Venoni*.

V

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THE virtue of *Louiſa* was vanquiſhed; but her ſenſe of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her ſeducer, nor the conſtant and reſpectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguiſh which ſhe ſuffered at the recollection of her paſt, and the thoughts of her preſent ſituation. *Sir Edward* felt ſtrongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was ſtill ſubject to remorſe, to compaſſion, and to love. Theſe emotions, perhaps, he might ſoon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding ſorrows of *Louiſa* nouriſhed thoſe feelings of tenderneſs and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: ſometimes a few ſtarting tears would ſpeak them; and, when time had given her a little

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little more compoſure, her lute diſcourſed melancholy muſic.

On their arrival in England, *Sir Edward* carried *Louiſa* to his ſeat in the country. There ſhe was treated with all the obſervance of a wife; and, had ſhe choſen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary ſplendour of one. But ſhe would not allow the indulgence of *Sir Edward* to blazon with equipage, and ſhow that ſtate which ſhe wiſhed always to hide, and, if poſſible, to forget. Her books and her muſic were her only pleaſures; if pleaſures they could be called, that ſerved but to alleviate miſery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

Theſe were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's diſgrace. *Sir Edward* was too generous not to think of providing for *Venoni*. He meant to make ſome atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the baſe, but to the honeſt is inſult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accompliſhing his purpoſe. He learned that *Venoni*, ſoon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of reſidence,

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residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of *Savoy*. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. *Sir Edward's* whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to *London*, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like *Sir Edward's*, the affliction of *Louisa* gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her lodgings separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt which she now considered, as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London *Sir Edward* found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her, because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, neces-

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situous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea *Sir Edward* had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth, and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of *Louisa* he found sensibility and truth; hers was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare:—she saw the return of virtue in *Sir Edward*, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to

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their force; her reſt forſook her; the colour faded in her cheek, the luſtre of her eyes grew dim. *Sir Edward* ſaw theſe ſymptoms of decay with the deepeſt remorſe. Often did he curſe thoſe falſe ideas of pleaſure which had led him to conſider the ruin of an artleſs girl, who loved and truſted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain and pride to accompliſh. Often did he wiſh to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again reſtored to an opportunity of giving happineſs to that family, whoſe unſuſpecting kindneſs he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an aſſaſſin.

One evening, while he ſat in a little parlour with *Louiſa*, his mind alternately agitated and ſoftened with this impreſſion, a *hand-organ*, of a remarkably ſweet tone, was heard in the ſtreet. *Louiſa* laid aſide her lute, and liſtened: the airs it played were thoſe of her native country; and a few tears, which ſhe endeavoured to hide, ſtole from her on hearing them. *Sir Edward* ordered a ſervant to fetch the organiſt into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and ſeated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two ſprightly tunes, to which

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which *Louisa* had often danced in her infancy: she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the musician changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.— *Louisa* started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.— He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch.— It was her father! —She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But Nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.— "I come not to upbraid you," said *Venoni*; "I am a poor, weak, old man, "unable for upbraidings; I am come but to "find my child, to forgive her, and to die! "When you saw us first, *Sir Edward*, we "were not thus. You found us virtuous "and happy; we danced and we sung, and "there was not a sad heart in the valley "where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, "our songs, and our chearfulness; you were "distressed, and we pitied you. Since that "day the pipe has never been heard in *Veno-*

"*ni's*

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"*ni*'s fields: grief and ſickneſs have almoſt "brought him to the grave; and his neigh- "bours, who loved and pitied him, have been "chearful no more. Yet, methinks, though "you robbed us of happineſs, you are not "happy;—elſe why that dejected look which, "amidſt all the grandeur around you, I "ſaw you wear, and thoſe tears which, un- "der all the gaudineſs of her apparel, I ſaw "that poor deluded girl ſhed?"—"But ſhe "ſhall ſhed no more," cried *Sir Edward*; "you ſhall be happy, and I ſhall be juſt. For- "give, my venerable friend, the injuries "which I have done thee; forgive me, my "*Louiſa*, for rating your excellence at a price "ſo mean. I have ſeen thoſe high-born fe- "males to which my rank might have allied "me; I am aſhamed of their vices, and ſick "of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, "amidſt affected purity, they are ſlaves to "pleaſure without the ſincerity of paſſion; and, "with the name of honour, are inſenſible to "the feelings of virtue. You, my *Louiſa!* "—but I will not call up recollections that "might render me leſs worthy of your future "eſteem.—Continue to love your *Edward*; "but a few hours, and you ſhall add the title

"to

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"to the affections of a wife; let the care "and tenderneſs of a huſband bring back its "peace to your mind, and its bloom to your "cheek. We will leave for a while the won-"der and the envy of the faſhionable circle "here. We will reſtore your father to his "native home; under that roof I ſhall once "more be happy; happy without allay, be-"cauſe I ſhall deſerve my happineſs. Again "ſhall the pipe and the dance gladden the "valley, and innocence and peace beam on "the cottage of *Venoni*."

V

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Extremum concede laborem. VIRG.

AS, at the close of life, people confess the secrets and explain the mysteries of their conduct, endeavour to do justice to those with whom they have had dealings, and to die in peace with all the world; so, in the *concluding number* of a *periodical publication*, it is usual to lay aside the assumed name, or fictitious character, to ascribe the different papers to their true authors, and to wind up the whole with a modest appeal to the candour or indulgence of the public.

In the course of these papers, the author has not often ventured to introduce himself, or to give an account of his own situation; in this, therefore, which is to be the *last*, he has not much to unravel on that score. From the narrowness of the place of its appearance, the MIRROR did not admit of much personification of its editor; the little disguise he has used

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uſed has been rather to conceal what he was, than to give himſelf out for what he was not.

The idea of publiſhing a *periodical paper* in *Edinburgh* took its riſe in a company of gentlemen, whom particular circumſtances of connection brought frequently together. Their diſcourſe often turned upon ſubjects of manners, of taſte, and of literature. By one of thoſe accidental reſolutions, of which the origin cannot eaſily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. Their eſſays aſſumed the form, and, ſoon after, ſome one gave them the name of a periodical publication: The writers of it were naturally aſſociated; and their meetings increaſed the importance, as well as the number of their productions. Cultivating letters in the midſt of buſineſs, compoſition was to them an amuſement only; that amuſement was heightened by the audience which this ſociety afforded; the idea of publication ſuggeſted itſelf as productive of ſtill higher entertainment.

It was not, however, without diffidence that ſuch a reſolution was taken. From that, and ſeveral other circumſtances, it was thought proper to obſerve the ſtricteſt ſecrecy with re-

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gard to the authors; a purpose in which they have been so successful, that, at this moment, the very publisher of the work knows only one of their number, to whom the conduct of it was entrusted.

The assistance received from correspondents has been considerable. To them the MIRROR is indebted for the following papers; the 8th, the note from IGNORAMUS in the 9th, the letter in the 17th, the 22d, the 24th, the 29th, (except the short letter at the end), the first letter in the 35th, the 37th, the letter in the 46th, the 50th, the letter in the 56th, the 59th, 62d, 66th, 73d, 74th, and 75th, the first letter in the 79th, the 82d, 86th, the first letter in the 89th, the letter in the 94th, the 95th, 96th, 97th, and 98th, the letter in the 102d, and the letter in the 103d. Of some of their correspondents, were they at liberty to disclose them, the names would do credit to their work; of others they are entirely ignorant, and can only return this general acknowledgement for their favours. To many of them they have to apologize for several abridgements, additions, and alterations, which sometimes the composition of the essays themselves, and sometimes the nature of the work

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work in which they were to appear, seemed to render necessary.

The situation of the authors of the MIRROR was such as neither to prompt much ambition of literary success, nor to create much dependence on it. Without this advantage, they had scarcely ventured to send abroad into the world a performance, the reception of which was liable to so much uncertainty. They foresaw many difficulties, which a publication like the MIRROR, even in hands much abler than theirs, must necessarily encounter.

The state of the *times*, they were sensible, was very unpropitious to a work of this sort. In a conjuncture so critical as the present, at a period so big with national danger and public solicitude, it was not to be expected that much attention should be paid to speculation or to sentiment, to minute investigations of character, or pictures of private manners. A volume which we can lay aside and resume at pleasure, may suffer less materially from the interruption of national concerns; but a single sheet, that measures its daily importance with the vehicles of public intelligence and political disquisition, can hardly fail to be neglected.

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But, excluſive of this general diſadvantage, there were particular circumſtances which its authors knew muſt be unfavourable to the MIRROR. That ſecrecy which they thought it neceſſary to keep, prevented all the aids of patronage and friendſhip; it even damped thoſe common exertions to which other works are indebted, if not for fame, at leaſt for introduction to the world. We cannot expect to create an intereſt in thoſe whom we have not ventured to truſt; and the claims even of merit are often little regarded, if that merit be anonymous and unknown.

The *place* of its publication was, in ſeveral reſpects, diſadvantageous. There is a certain diſtance at which writings, as well as men, ſhould be placed, in order to command our attention and reſpect. We do not eaſily allow a title to inſtruct or to amuſe the public in our neighbour, with whom we have been in the uſe of comparing our own abilities. Hence the faſtidiouſneſs with which, in a place ſo narrow as Edinburgh, home productions are commonly received; which, if they are grave, are pronounced dull; if pathetic, are called unnatural; if ludicrous, are termed low. In the circle around him, the man of buſineſs ſees

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sees few who should be willing, and the man of genius, few who are able, to be authors; and a work that comes out unsupported by established names, is liable alike to the censure of the grave, and the sneer of the witty. Even Folly herself acquires some merit from being displeased, when name or fashion has not sanctified a work from her displeasure.

This desire of levelling the pride of authorship is in none more prevalent than in those who themselves have written. Of these the unsuccessful have a prescriptive title to criticism; and, though established literary reputation commonly sets men above the necessity of detracting from the merit of other candidates for fame, yet there are not wanting instances of monopolists of public favour, who wish not only to enjoy, but to guide it, and are willing to confine its influence within the pale of their own circle, or their own patronage. General censure is of all things the easiest; from such men it passes unexamined, and its sentence is decisive; nay, even a studied silence will go far to smother a production, which, if they have not the meanness to envy, they want the candour to appretiate with justice.

In

In point of subject, as well as of reception, the place where it appeared was unfavourable to the MIRROR. Whoever will examine the works of a similar kind that have preceded it, will easily perceive for how many topics they were indebted to local characters and temporary follies, to places of public amusement, and circumstances of reigning fashion. But, with us, besides the danger of personal application, these are hardly various enough for the subject, or important enough for the dignity of writing. There is a sort of classic privilege in the very names of places in *London*, which does not extend to those of *Edinburgh*. The *Canongate* is almost as long as the *Strand*, but it will not bear the comparison upon paper; and *Blackfriars-wynd* can never vie with *Drury-lane* in point of sound, however they may rank in the article of chastity. In the department of *humour*, these circumstances must necessarily have great weight; and, for papers of humour, the bulk of readers will generally call, because the number is much greater of those who can laugh than of those who can think. To add to the difficulty, people are too proud to laugh upon easy terms with one, of whose title to make them

laugh

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laugh they are not appriſed. A joke in writing is like a joke in converſation; much of its wit depends upon the rank of its author.

How far the authors of this paper have been able to overcome theſe difficulties, it is not for them to determine. Of its merits with the public, the public will judge; as to themſelves, they may be allowed to ſay, that they have found it an amuſement of an elegant, and, they are inclined to believe, of a uſeful kind. They imagine, that, by tracing the manners and ſentiments of others, they have performed a ſort of exerciſe which may have ſome tendency to cultivate and refine their own; and, in that ſociety which was formed by this publication, they have drawn ſomewhat cloſer the ties of a friendſhip, which they flatter themſelves they may long enjoy, with a recollection, not unpleaſing, of the literary adventure by which it was ſtrengthened and improved.

The diſadvantages attending their publication they have not enumerated, by way of plea for favour, or apology for faults. They will give their *volumes* as they gave their *papers*, to the world, not meanly dependent on its favour, nor coldly indifferent to it. There is

no-

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no idea, perhaps, more pleasing to an ingenuous mind, than that the sentences which it dictates in silence and obscurity, may give pleasure and entertainment to those by whom the writer has never been seen, to whom even his name is unknown. There is something peculiarly interesting in the hope of this intercourse of sentiment, this invisible sort of friendship, with the virtuous and the good; and the visionary warmth of an author may be allowed to extend it to distant places, and to future times. If, in this hope, the authors of the MIRROR may indulge, they trust, that, whatever may be thought of the execution, the motive of their publication will do them no dishonour; that, if they have failed in wit, they have been faultless in sentiment; and that, if they shall not be allowed the praise of genius, they have, at least, not forfeited the commendation of virtue.

Z

THE END.

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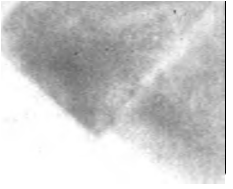

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